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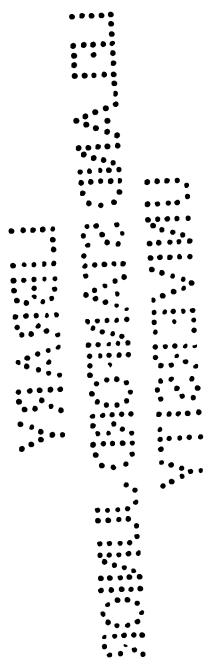
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Aug. Twistenii Commentatio Critica de Hesiodi Carmine quod inscribitur: Opera et Dies.* Kilix. 1825.
2. *Godof. Hermannii Epistola ad C. D. Ilgenum Hymnorum Homericorum editioni Lips. præmissa.* 1822.
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4. *Gottfr. Hermanns und Fr. Creuzers Briefe über Homer und Hesiodus, vorzüglich über die Theogonie.* Heidelberg. 1829.

IN a late Number we offered some remarks upon that curious and interesting point of classical scholarship,—the probable origin and mode of composition of the Homeric poems. With regard, however, to the subject of the present article, Hesiod, whose name was scarcely less celebrated in ancient times than that of the great poet of heroes himself,—we do not know that even the Germans,—those immitigable tormentors of literary faith,—have assigned any doubt to his existence. The genuine-
if not of the present

have been composed only so much less minutely detailed than those were more recorded facts to control the invention of the biographers. As historical documents these productions are undeserving of any serious belief, whenever they wander beyond the warrant of Hesiod himself; and, in particular, when we bear in mind the uncertainty in which modern criticism has involved the date and the origination of the *Iliad*, we shall have little difficulty in esti-

* *Paterculus* remarks—'vixisse (Hesiodum) ne in id, quod *Homerus*, incidere, patriamque et parentes testatum esse.' There is no mention of Hesiod's mother in any part of the poems. May not this be considered as one of the earliest instances of that known corruption of the later Latin, derived from the camp and the Suburra (Borough?)—militari vulgarique sermone—the usage of *parentes* for relations generally, whence the French *parents*?

mating at their true value all those very conspicuous parts of these pretended narratives, in which the two primary poets of Greece are brought into contact with each other. And here we cannot help remarking, with some earnestness, that, however a familiarity with the copious supplement, which ancient invention delighted to forge out of ancient tradition, may be necessary to the scholar and amusing to every one, it never should be forgotten for a moment that this supplemental narrative may be safely pronounced, upon sound grounds of criticism, to be entirely, or all but entirely, fictitious. The evil consequences of disregarding the quality of ancient historical evidence are incalculable; and in this particular instance of biography the certain and the uncertain have been so mixed together, and form so complete and pleasing a whole, that a deep and vigilant sense of the importance of truth, everywhere, and in everything, can alone stimulate the critic to detect, or enable the student to remember, the line between Fact and Romance.

We learn, then, from sundry passages in the *Works and Days* the following leading particulars;—that the father of the author was a native or citizen of Cuma, in *Æolis*, in *Asia Minor*, where he earned a scanty livelihood by maritime trading; that he subsequently abandoned his country in hopes of bettering his condition, and came to reside at *Ascera*, a village at the foot of *Mount Helicon*, in *Bœotia*; that he had two sons, *Hesiod* and *Perses*; and that at his death he left to them jointly an undivided estate, on the partition of which *Perses*, by the corrupt adjudication of the arbitrators, succeeded in defrauding his brother of the principal part of his rightful share; that, nevertheless, like the *Industrious* and *Idle Apprentices*, *Hesiod*, in course of time, became opulent, and *Perses* so distressed as to be actually dependent for bread on his injured brother; that, beside bread, *Hesiod* bestowed on *Perses* the sound advice contained in the verses which now constitute the celebrated poem of the *Works and Days*; that, upon one occasion, the poet took a trip from *Aulis* to *Chalcis*, in *Eubœa*, for the purpose of attending a poetical contest at the funeral solemnity of *Amphidamas*; that, upon that occasion, although it seems to have been his first essay in verse, he carried off the prize, a tripod, and that he dedicated it to the *Muses of Helicon*.*

So much may be thought authentic, as coming from *Hesiod* himself. The principal event in what may be called his fabulous life is his contest with *Homer*, in which the prince of poets is said to have been unsuccessful. The whole of this elaborate fiction is built upon the simple fact of the before-mentioned poetical prize—coupled with an expression to be found in the *Homeric*

* *Op. et Di.* 631—8, 37—9, 392—4, 648—57.

hymn to Venus, in which the poet prays for victory in a certain contest of the same nature. Homer is not named by Hesiod. Plutarch, in one work,* seems to adopt the story; in another,† he speaks of it with contempt. Various other writers, subsequent to Plutarch, notice this adventure in the life and actions of Hesiod; but the most famous document upon the subject is the *Ὁμήρου καὶ Ἡσίοδου ἀγών*—which work could not have been written earlier than the first half of the second century, as the Emperor Adrian, who reigned from A.D. 117 to 138, is mentioned in it by name. It is a prose composition by some one duly impressed with the transcendent superiority of Homer; and the story is so told as to reflect exclusive honour upon him, although the ancient tradition is followed in assigning the prize to Hesiod. The latter began by putting several questions to Homer, which were answered chiefly out of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and, in particular, when questioned as to the greatest happiness which men could enjoy on earth, Homer declared his opinion in a passage from the *Odyssey*, which savours something of the great poet's alleged jovial temperament:—

Ὅππότεν εὐφροσύνη μὲν ἔχη κατὰ δῆμον ἅπαντα,
 δαιτυμόνες δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' ἀκούζωνται αἰδοῦ,
 ἡμεῖνοι ἐξεῖναι· παρὰ δὲ πλήθωσι τράπεζαι
 αἴτου καὶ κρείων· μέθυ δ' ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
 οἶνοχόος φορέησι, καὶ ἐγχείρῃ δεπάεσσι·
 τοῦτό τι μοι κάλλιστον ἐνὶ φρεσὶν εἶδεται εἶναι.

When joyance swells the people's heart around,
 And guests sit list'ning to the minstrel's sound;
 When tables groan 'neath bread and festal meat,
 And with sweet wine each guest the heralds greet,—
 Seems to my soul of earth-permitted bliss,
 This the fair haven and the glory this!

The assembly were so transported with the sweetness of the original of these lines, that they were from that time forward always called 'the golden verses,' and were, for a thousand years afterwards, constantly pronounced as a sort of grace at all public sacrifices and festivals.

Cid Hamet goes on to state, that Hesiod, getting vexed at the manifest popularity of his rival, proceeded to ask him the meaning of sundry crabbed riddles, and then recited a certain number of unconnected lines, with a requisition that Homer should immediately answer each of them by a verse corresponding with and com-

* Con. sept. Sap.

† *Sympos.* This work is undoubtedly genuine, and the discrepancy of opinion to be found in it and the Con. sept. Sap. is one amongst the many reasons for condemning the latter.

pleting it. In these, and other equally unfair trials of skill, success still attended Homer, and all the Greeks present loudly demanded that he should be crowned victor. However, Panoides ordered each competitor to recite the passage esteemed by himself as the most beautiful in his own works; upon which Hesiod is very unwarrantably made to stake his fame as a poet upon the smooth, but, otherwise, not remarkable, commencement of the georgic, or husbandry part of his *Works and Days*. After him, Homer recited the famous passage* about the two Ajaces and their conflict with Hector at the ships; at the conclusion of which, the bystanders called again for a declaration of victory in favour of Homer. But the judge awarded the prize to Hesiod, with a remark, that it was more just to pronounce him superior who exhorted men to agriculture and peace than one who celebrated, and must, naturally, stimulate his audience to wars and bloodshed. This decision, which, if the question had been whether Homer or Hesiod taught the better political economy, might not have been amiss, became, under the expression of Πάνιδος or Πανοίδου ψῆφος, universally proverbial for an absurd and perverse judgment. Hesiod, however, took the compliment on the score of his poetry, and dedicated his tripod to his native patrons with the following inscription:—

Ἡσίοδος Μούσαις Ἑλικωνίσι τόνδ' ἀνέθηκεν,
ὕμνων νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεῖον Ὀμηρον.

This Hesiod to the Heliconian Nine!—

Conquering at Chalcis Homer the divine.

As to Hesiod's age, (for it is not necessary to pursue the veracious biographer any further,) it is involved in the same general obscurity with that of Homer. Newton places it B.C. 870; the Arundelian Marble B.C. 944.† Herodotus, as is well known, limits the age of Hesiod and Homer to not more than 400 years before his own time, which computation supports the chronology of Newton. In addition to historical testimony, recourse has been had to astronomy for the purpose of fixing the age of Hesiod. Scaliger,‡ Vossius,§ and others have undertaken to determine the point upon a calculation of the rising of Arcturus, and from one or two other celestial phenomena noted by the poet in designating different seasons for certain agricultural operations. If any one has the patient curiosity to examine this matter, it may be found stated and discussed at great length by Robinson, in the dissertation prefixed to his instructive edition of Hesiod. It looks as like

* Il. N°. xiii. 126—33; 339—44.

† This is upon the faith of Selden's reading; but the difference would not be material without his suggestion.

‡ Animad. ad Euseb. 1255.

§ De Græc. Poet. ii. sub fine.

learned

learned folly as anything we ever remember to have seen in the course of our reading. The date founded on the opinion of Herodotus is probable, and there is certainly nothing in such date in *Hesiod's* case inconsistent with history or the internal evidence of the poems themselves. We have, indeed, no doubt of the great comparative recency even of the *Works and Days*; yet, long subsequent as that poem seems to us to have been to the date of the Homeric epics, Homer and Hesiod are to us, as they were to Herodotus himself, the two primary poets of Greece, and the sole representatives of the ancient and, if we may so speak, rhapsodic verse. More than this we can have no grounds for assuming, and the results of such conjectural computations as we have noticed above, may serve to amuse the very leisurely scholar, but can be of little use to the industrious inquirer after the fact. *Ignotum per ignotius* seems the fitting motto for such learned lumber.

The poem of the *Works and Days* (Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι) is the most ancient, the most celebrated, and, as we believe, the only remaining production of Hesiod's muse. Pausanias says,* that the Bœotians resident in the neighbourhood of Mount Helicon acknowledged this alone as genuine among the numerous works attributed to their famous countryman. The same Bœotians rejected the first ten introductory verses, and Pausanias adds, that he had himself seen in that district a very ancient copy of the *Works and Days* engraved on leaden plates; in which copy these lines were not contained. Upon the whole, we are disposed to agree with the majority of the old critics in their belief that these lines were composed in a subsequent age, as a proemium, in order to smooth away the abruptness of the genuine commencement of the poem. A separation has frequently been made at v. 764, between the two portions of the poem called, respectively, the *Works* and the *Days*; and sometimes a triple division may be found, in which the first 382 lines are considered as an introductory exhortation to industry and a moral life. Twisten, adopting the spirit and groundwork of the Wolfian theory, in the very ingenious essay named at the head of this article, has conjectured that this poem of the *Works and Days* never came, in its present form, from the hand of Hesiod, but that it has been compiled from passages recited by the rhapsodists, to whom the genuine or supposed works of Hesiod were as familiar as those of Homer; and he points out, in the following manner, the parts which, according to him, were originally distinct: I. v. 42-105, an epopea, or narrative poem, on the subject of Prometheus, Epimetheus, and Pandora's box. II. v. 108-201, a poem of the same sort on the traditional degeneration of the human race.

* In Bœot.

III. v. 11-41, v. 202-326, an exhortation to justice and moral conduct in general. IV. v. 383-693, a didactic discourse on agriculture and navigation, interspersed with exhortations to industry. V. v. 768-828, the doctrine of lucky and unlucky days. VI. v. 327-382, v. 692-764, two general exhortations to virtue, prudence, and moderation. The verses not included in any of the foregoing sections are considered by Twesten as the connecting lines, inserted by the compilers of the existing poem, or perhaps even by the rhapsodists themselves, for the purpose of more continuous recitation. Some of this criticism seems unnecessarily minute; yet it is deserving of attention, at least from all favourers of Wolf's theory: and in particular, although the internal evidence of the genuineness of the verses themselves is, with some few exceptions, quite convincing to us, we can scarcely hesitate in considering line 383,—

Πληϊάδων Ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομένων—

as the commencement of a work distinct from the legendary and moral poetry which precedes it. Still it must be remembered that none of these divisions were recognized by the ancients, who quote all parts of the poem under the title of *The Works and Days*, or, more briefly, of the *Works* alone. In the grammarians, indeed, we find such titles as *Δαιμονολογία*, *Πανδώρα*, *Πιθουρία*, and the like, just as it is well known was the practice in citing the Homeric poems;—a practice which naturally arose from the universal habit of recitation by rhapsodists, in consequence of which some particular passages became more popular than others, and were then familiarly designated, for convenience' sake, by appellations derived from the immediate subjects therein treated. The truth is, that the desultory and miscellaneous character of the composition of the *Works and Days*, even if we consider its present *form* to be genuine, peculiarly admitted separate recitation and distinct naming; and it is probable that many will be disposed to countenance the conjectures of Twesten, as to Hesiod, who reject, with something like scorn and anger, the scepticism of Heyne as to the individual authorship of the *Iliad*. The unity of the *Works and Days*, like that of the *Iliad*, is a unity of feeling and of style; but this, in the one, arises from the operation of a single mind upon distinct, though not uncongenial, subjects; whilst, in the other, it may seem to be the result of several minds working contemporaneously on one and the same general theme in the catholic spirit of primeval national poetry.

Be this, however, as it may, the verses now constituting the *Works and Days* have been handed down to us from a high antiquity, indissolubly connected in one piece; and a more remarkable, and, in some respects, a more admirable poem does not exist

exist among all the precious reliques of the Greek Muse. It is said,* that a poem of the same name, by Orpheus, was the original of the *Works and Days* of Hesiod; but—independently of the uncertainty in which we are as to the very existence of the Thracian bard himself, and of the absolute certainty that all the poetry now remaining to us under his name is of a date long subsequent to the age in which he is supposed to have lived—Pliny the elder expressly affirms,† that Hesiod was the first person upon record who had undertaken to deliver precepts on agriculture. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that the exclusive, or even the principal, object of the *Works and Days*, as the poem now stands, is the mere inculcation of rules for good husbandry. The leading aim of the poet is to reform the manners and to strengthen the mind of his brother Perses, by pointing out to him, in strong language, as well the miseries of indigence and consequent dependence on the charity of strangers, as the certain rewards of industry and virtuous habits in the competence and reputation which they can alone ensure. This leads him to that didactic treatise on rural and nautical pursuits, and the propitious days for commencing them respectively, which has given the title and the character to the whole poem. Agriculture and maritime adventures were the only means of obtaining, in a peaceable way, an independent livelihood; and it may be observed, that the word *Ἔργα*, Works, properly denotes all the duties which may be incumbent upon a good and prudent man in the course of an industrious life.

After the invocation—in which Hesiod, or some other congenial poet, declares, in reverential language, the omnipotence and universal providence of God in the moral government of the world—he notices that there are two kinds of rivalry or strife, the one hateful, and the cause of war and trouble—the other, profitable, and rooted deeply in the hearts of men. Under the influence of this honest emulation, tradesmen and artisans endeavour to surpass each other, and beggars and poets (thus ancient is that fatal association!) wrangle among themselves for precedence!—

‘You, O Perses,’ says the poet, ‘should bear this distinction in mind, and not permit a mean litigious spirit to divert you from your proper work, and make you a wretched hanger-on of the judicial assembly. No man ought to go to law who has not previously laid up a whole year’s provision in his house. Lately, indeed, you succeeded, on the partition of our patrimony, by bribing the gift-devouring judges! Fools! not to know how much more an honest half is than an ill-gotten whole; nor how much, nor how great good there may be in such humble fare as mallows and the daffodil!’

* Fabric. B. G. ii., 8.6.

† xiv. l. xviii. 15.

Νήπιοι' οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσω πλέον ἤμισυ πάντος,
οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάκῃ τε καὶ ἀσφὸδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ.*

He then tells, in allegoric mood, how Jupiter withdrew fire from the earth, and how Prometheus—at once the rebel and the redeemer—stole it back again for the use of men; and how again Pandora, the first woman, opened upon the seduced and disobedient Epimetheus her box, which held a thousand curses and but one blessing—Hope—beneath its lid. We do not say that Hesiod was conscious of all the *inwardness*, as Bacon calls it,† of this mythic figure, yet the imagination that has long pondered over the solemn and expressive fables of early Greece can with difficulty resist the belief that a pregnant germ of traditional truth lies hidden within this uncouth shrine, or help musing on the name and fate of that *other* first woman—

‘ More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts; and O! too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she insnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
Of him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.’

We are next presented with the original of that often-copied picture of the successive ages of gold, silver, brass, and iron—with reference to which favourite allegory it is observable that, although the notion of a gradual degeneracy of mankind from their primitive state was almost universal among those nations of the old world, with whom we are at all acquainted, the fact of a Fall—a disobedience and forfeiture of *one*, with which the obedience and redemption of *one* should be commensurate—is nowhere, unless we are to except the story of Pandora and Epimetheus, and a single shadowy glimpse or guess of Plato, to be met with in the profound and glowing records of pagan philosophy. That most beautiful, most wonderful tale of Cupid and Psyche we do *not* except; because, though its origin has never been precisely discovered, and its external dress is pagan, we can never believe but that the *motive*, the germ of the romance, must have been found by Apuleius in the scriptures of the New Testament. But we must withdraw our foot from the starry cavern of old philosophy, and rather remark, that as, according to Hesiod, Pandora, the first woman, was made and placed on earth by Jupiter, who, after the same authority, was not in power till the silver age, it is difficult to resist the ungallant and perplexing inference, that there were no women at all amongst us in the golden epoch. Between the brazen period and that of

* Op. et Di., 40, 1.

† Adv. of L. ii.

iron, or his own times, the poet places the heroes of Greece—the warriors against Thebes and Troy—the morning of history clearing up from the bewildering twilight of tradition, yet still streaked with the flying clouds of ignorance, and rendered magically lustrous by the setting moon of fiction. These were the mighty men which were, of old, men of renown—the sons of the giants; and when they died, instead of descending to Hades—obscurity—they passed on the wings of the Muses to Pindar's

Isle of the blest,
Where ocean-breezes blow
Round flowers of gold that glow
On stream, or strand,
Or glorious trees, whence they
Wreath chaplets for the neck and hand !*

After this, the poet utters his famous fable of the Hawk and the Nightingale, illustrative of the tendency of men in power to become unjust and tyrannous. This is the earliest instance in profane literature of that species of composition which is now indissolubly associated with the name of Æsop—the first specimen existing is Jotham's parable † of the trees electing a king. Then follows a very striking comparison between the prosperous condition of a just, and the miseries which afflict an unjust, community; and, in describing the felicity of the first, Hesiod enters into a palpable imitation of that very remarkable passage in the *Odyssey*, ‡ in which the curious mention is made of fish being plentiful under a good government—an oddity which it is quite intelligible that an imitator should omit, but which no one can believe he would, of his own head, insert; indeed, it is quite unaccountable how Robinson and some other critics, who would make Hesiod anterior to Homer, could overlook the decisive character of originality in the many passages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, parallels to which are to be found in the Hesiodic poems.

* *Olymp. ii.* φίλτατ' Ἀρμόδι', οὐ τι τοῦ τίθηκας· κ.τ.λ. says Callistratus:—

'Loved Harmodius! rest of breath,
Yet feel'st thou not the stroke of death!
The heroes' happy isle shall be
The blest abode allotted thee,
Where, as the poets love to tell,
Achilles and Tydides dwell.'

We trust the learned author of these lines will not visit us officially for the slight liberty we have taken with them. They are quoted from a delightful work, (*Bland's Anthology*,) which we earnestly hope may be soon republished. Mr. Bland, we believe, is dead; but the very amiable and accomplished gentleman who contributed the principal part of the versions is in possession of the work; and although in the new office, to which he has been most worthily appointed, he will for some time have enough to do with administering the law to suitors and teaching it to his fellows of the bench, we hope he may one day find leisure to give to the public the benefit of his already collected stores. The annotations should be much abridged, if not omitted altogether.

† *Judges, ix.* 8—15.

‡ *Od. T. xix.* 108—114.

From v. 247 to v. 297, a very exalted code of ethics is laid down, in which the duty, the necessity, and the rewards of justice and fidelity are especially urged upon the attention of Perses: indeed, throughout the moral parts of the poem, the recollection of the lawsuit seems to have led Hesiod to insist over and over again upon fair dealing, and a sacred observance of oaths, as of supreme importance. He charges kings and judges to be just and merciful, and tells them, in a sublime passage, familiar to us by Milton's imitation,* that myriads of ministering spirits watch their actions:—

Spirits there are immortal amongst men,
Who tyrants, injurers, and atheists ken;
Thousands thrice ten their paths on earth they trace,
The deathless watchers of man's mortal race.
Veil'd in obscurity, they walk the land,
And mark the righteous and th' unrighteous hand.

Hesiod concludes this grand and most extraordinary sermon on the sacred duty of justice with the following lines, which were among, if not themselves, the most celebrated verses of antiquity. Plato,† Xenophon,‡ Aristotle,§ Cicero,|| Livy,¶ we may say half the writers in either language, quote or allude to them. They seem, even in Rome, to have been almost proverbial for a child's school exercise; ** Lucian†† calls them 'those notorious or popular (πάνδημα) verses of Hesiod about virtue and labour, and the ascent to the summit.' The thought which they contain has been repeated a thousand times since Hesiod lived, yet the solemn sweetness of the original lines has never been equalled.

τὴν μέντοι κακότητα καὶ ἰλαδὸν ἐστὶν ἐλέσθαι
ῥηϊδίως· ὀλίγη μὲν ὁδὸς, μάλα δ' ἐγγύθι ναίει.
τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάρουθεν ἔθηκαν
ἀθάνατοι· μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτὴν,
καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον· ἐπὴν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται,
ῥηϊδίῃ δ' ἥπειτα πέλει, χαλεπὴ περ εὐῶσα.
οὗτος μὲν πανάριστος ὅς αὐτὸς πάντα νοήσει,
φρασάμενος τὰ κ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἐς τέλος ᾗσιν ἀμείνω·
ἐσθλὸς δ' αὖ κακεῖνος, ὃς εὖ εἰπόντι πίθηται·
ὃς δὲ κε μήτ' αὐτὸς νοέῃ, μήτ' ἄλλου ἀκούων
ἐν θυμῷ βάλλεται, ὅδ' αὖτ' ἐχρήσιος ἀνὴρ.††
To Vice with ease may all mankind resort,
Hard by her dwelling, and the way is short;

* P. L., iv. 677—678.

† Rep. ii. Legg. iv.

‡ Mem. ii. i. 20.

§ Ethic. Nic., i. 4.

|| Pro Cluent.

¶ xxii. 29.

** Cic. ad Fam., i. 18.

†† Necyomant. Hermot.

‡‡ Op. et Di., 287—297. Hence Machiavel's well known classification—'Sono di tre generazioni cervelli; l'uno intende per se; l'altro intende quanto da altri gli è mostro; il terzo non intende né per se stesso, né per dimostrazione d'altri.'—*Il Principe*.

But Virtue have the gods immortal fenced
With labour, and a long, steep road dispensed,
Whereby to seek her; but, the summit won,
Right easy seems what wearily begun.
He all surpasses who doth all things see
Himself, and what in aftertimes shall be,
Foreseeing, can provide for;—not unblest,
Who wisely can observe a wise behest;—
But who nor knoweth of himself, nor can
Obey another, is a worthless man.

The remainder of this moral introductory portion of the poem, from v. 298 to v. 382, which seems, however, to have but a slight connexion with what immediately follows it, consists of a miscellany of very odd and yet impressive rules and cautions, delivered in that sententious style which the gnomic poets, as they are called, subsequently cultivated with so much success, and of which kind of poetry, though in a different metre, this and some other passages in the *Works and Days* are the undoubted origin. The subject of these maxims is chiefly the inculcation of frugality and good husbandry, not without a proper notice of the duties of hospitality, filial love, and piety towards the gods. Some of these precepts have shocked the Christian feelings of more than one of the commentators of Hesiod, and it must be acknowledged that the general tone of them is neither very charitable nor very liberal. 'A penny saved is a penny got;' 'Every little makes a mickle;' 'Love me, love my dog;' 'Give to him who gives to you, but give not to him who gives nothing to you;' 'Take a witness when you are playing with your brother;' 'Ask your near neighbours to dinner;' 'Trust a woman, trust a thief;' 'Better keep at home, the devil's abroad;' and so on, hold a large place in the poet's system of moral economy.

The verses in which these goodly maxims are enshrined are very primitive in their tone and construction:—e. g.

τὸν φιλέοντα φιλεῖν, καὶ τῷ προσίοντι προσεῖναι
καὶ δοῦμεν ὅς κεν δῶ, καὶ μὴ δόμεν ὅς κεν μὴ δῶ.
εἰ γὰρ κεν καὶ σμικρὸν ἐπὶ σμικρῷ καταθεῖο,
καὶ θαμὰ τοῦθ' ἔρδοις, τάχα κεν μέγα καὶ τὸ γένοιτο.
οἴκοι βέλτερον εἶναι, ἐπεὶ βλαβερόν τὸ θύρηφι.—κ.τ.λ.

With regard to the matter of them, it is but fair to keep in mind that Hesiod was counselling an idle and unprincipled prodigal, toward whose moral reformation it was of more importance to stretch a point in favour of parsimony, even of a somewhat niggardly character, than to enlarge upon the obligations to generosity and almsgiving. Cicero notices with praise the injunction never to return less than you have borrowed, but
more

more if you are able; and Hesiod declares, that to injure a suppliant or a guest, or to be wanting in respect to an aged parent, is equal in criminality to the very worst actions that a man can commit; that Jupiter is wroth with those who do such things, and will surely, in the end, visit them with a bitter recompense. The poet's own behaviour toward his undeserving brother certainly proves him to have been a kind and generous man; and, in a matter of some doubt, it will not be unreasonable to take his conduct and character as a key to the true meaning of his precepts.

We come, at last, to that famous lesson in ancient farming which Virgil took as his text nearly eight hundred years after it was written. It begins with the well-known lines—

Πληϊάδων Ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομένων.—κ.τ.λ.

This part of the poem extends from v. 383 to v. 617, and treats, in didactic order, of the proper construction of the principal instruments used in agriculture, of the time and manner of ploughing and sowing, of the harvest, of precautions against the inclemency of winter, of the culture of vines and the vintage. The change of times and habits, and the necessarily imperfect mode of describing complicated machinery in verse, have involved several passages in this part of the poem in an obscurity which neither the learning of Grævius nor of Robinson has been able to dispel, and which, we should think, nothing could ever entirely remove, excepting some clear delineations on gems or marble of the ancient ploughs, waggons, yokes, and similar articles of husbandry. Another source of difficulty is the uncertain foundation which the poet's venerable verses afford for calculating, in any consistent way, the exact times and seasons intended to be pointed out for performing the several annual operations in an extensive farm. With the single exception of the mention of a month called Lenæon (Ληναιών),—the first name of a month to be found in the Greek literature, and the season of which is doubtful,—the rising and setting of Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and other constellations, the flowering of the thistle, the singing of the cicada, and other such rural incidents, are the best helps we have toward ascertaining the poet's dates; and what hopeful work has been made of the astronomical part of the calculation, we have noticed before. Nevertheless, it is very interesting to look at this simple sketch of a Boeotian farm upwards of 2600 years ago; to observe how little the husbandman and his works have changed in that vast lapse of time; and to contrast that sort of fixation and regularity which attend all his movements, when associated with the constant goings on of our mother earth, with the fleeting fashions to which the court, the camp, and the city have, from age to age, made their creature a
voluntary,

voluntary, and yet dissatisfied, slave. Another instructive and very striking comparison may be instituted between this part of the *Works and Days* and the *Virgilian Georgics*; in the first of which, the plain and peremptory rules of an intelligent farmer are delivered with that lively and earnest interest which is almost the only thing wanting to the perfection of the noblest monument of the reign and patronage of Augustus. Hesiod and Virgil were both poets in the truest sense of the word; but the Greek was also, what his age and his country prevented the Roman from being,—a man who worked the bosom of the earth with his own hands, and to whom skill and independence were the hardly-earned rewards of his own bodily toil. Accordingly, in the *Works and Days*, the agriculturist appears distinct from, though dignified by association with, the poet: in the *Georgics*, the learned poet and the grateful courtier are alone sensibly felt. While comparing these two precious relics of antiquity we feel a pleasure in introducing the title of another work, not indeed by a poet, in which the soldier, the philosopher, and the travelled man of the world, give an inexpressible grace to, but do not overshadow, the sagacious precepts of the scientific farmer,—we mean the *Economics* of Xenophon, a work which stands about half-way between the *Works and Days* and the *Georgics*, and to which Virgil, in the latter poem, is considerably indebted.

There are two passages of pre-eminent beauty, which stand in gentle relief amid the didactic plainness of Hesiod's rules of good husbandry. The first is most curiously, yet faithfully descriptive of a land-storm in winter, and begins with the lines,—

Πνεύσαντος Βορέας—κ. τ. λ.

What time the north winds o'er the vasty deep,
From Thrace, the nurse of horses, raging sweep—
Groan both the land and woods; the tempest's stroke,
Incumbent on thick pine and lofty oak,
In the hill-valley hurls them to the ground,
Whilst all the mighty forest roars around;—

whence Milton seems to have taken a pregnant hint for a part of his grand description of a storm in the wilderness in the *Paradise Regained*:—

' Nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer.'

The

The other passage is in that sweet strain of rural luxury which is best known to us from the consummate poetry of Theocritus:—

Ἥμος δὲ σκολυμός τ' ἀνθείῃ—κ.τ.λ

When blooms the thistle, and from leafy spray
The shrill cicada pours her sounding lay,
Her wings all quivering in the summer bright;—
When goats are fattest, wine yields most delight,
And heat hath parch'd the skin;—O! then be mine
The rock's deep shadow, and the Byblus wine—
With milky cakes, and milk itself most sweet
Of goats not giving suck, and dainty meat
Of kids and heifers upon green leaves fed,
The while we drink the wine so darkly red!
Then, sitting in the shade, I'll eat my fill,
Breath'd on by Zephyr, freshen'd by some rill,
Whose ever-flowing waves shall brightly shine,
While in three-parts of water glows my wine!

From agriculture Hesiod proceeds to navigation, and lays down, from v. 618 to v. 693, his rules for safe trading by sea. This part of the poem contains several passages, already noticed, relating to the father of Perses and the poet, and also to Hesiod's own voyage to Chalcis, and his success at the funeral games of Amphidamas. It is amusing to contrast the horror and inexperience of the dangers of the sea displayed in these verses with the apparent fondness for, and familiarity with, a maritime life, exhibited in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Hesiod allows sailing to be tolerably safe for fifty days after the summer solstice; but that season is not to be exceeded; and though some reckless men will venture to sea in the spring, 'I, for my part,' says he,* 'do not approve it; it is by no means agreeable to my notions: you must snatch the opportunity, and you will hardly escape destruction: yet even such risks will men run from perversity of mind; for gain is the very soul of wretched mortals. Remember how dreadful it is to die in the waves.'

The remainder of that portion of the poem, which is commonly entitled the Works, by way of eminence, from v. 694 to v. 764, consists of unconnected rules and maxims, chiefly of a domestic or personal nature. Hesiod recommends a man to marry a little before or after thirty; your wife should be about nineteen, and a maiden: and he declares, that, as nothing can be more precious than a good wife, nothing can be more thoroughly hateful and pernicious than a bad one;—'a gadder-about to dinners,' says he,—'one who will burn without a torch, and soon harass

* Op. et Dl., 682-7.

her husband into premature old age.' 'If your friend offends you, punish him doubly, that he may remember it; but if he will make you satisfaction, receive him again;'—for the former part of which precept, in spite of our reverence for Hesiod, we shall not offer a word of defence. 'Avoid scandalous talk: if you speak ill of others, you will probably hear something worse said of yourself.' 'Never pass a river on foot without first washing your hands in the pure stream, and invoking the gods, while your eyes are fixed on the beautiful water.' 'You must not cut your nails at a feast in honour of the gods:'—and 'regard the opinion of society in general:'—

For there's an ill-report, we scarce can bide,
Which, lightly raised, is hard to set aside;
But seldom that which many tongues proclaim
Fails altogether,—for a god is Fame.*

There are also many other very curious injunctions, of so minute and superstitious a character, that, as has not unreasonably been remarked, it is difficult to pronounce whether they savour more of the age of the poet, or of the poet's old age. The best that can be said of them is, that they are very odd, at all events, and might afford subjects for much interesting speculation to the Society of Antiquaries.

The Days, from v. 765 to the end of the poem, yet remain to be noticed. This part is Moore's Almanack in verse, for the year 800, or thereabouts, before Christ, and contains directions as to lucky and unlucky days, which, we dare say, were as essential to creditable farming in the age of Hesiod as a knowledge of the average is at present with us. No doubt, also, the elderly young women in and about Ascra, if we could hear them, would warrant the poet's authority infallible upon the notices of other kinds contained in his almanack. At the same time we must frankly confess, that there is nothing in Hesiod so profound as the following prescription for a fractured limb by Cato the censor:—'Take a green reed, and slit it along the middle; throw the knife upwards, join the two parts of the reed again, tie it so joined to the place broken or disjointed, and say this charm:—"Daries, dardaries, astataries, dissunapiter;" or this,'—"Huat, hauat, huat, ista, pista, fista, domiabo, damnautia!" This will make the part sound again.'† Indeed!

We have been thus minute in our account of the Works and Days, because, of the three poems which now pass under the name of Hesiod, it is the only one of the genuineness of which we can feel confident; and also because, from the peculiar texture of its composition, it would have been almost impossible to have

* Op. et Di., 760-4.

† C. 160.

given a more summary, yet equally satisfactory, analysis of it. Besides which, we would do anything in our power to replace in its proper rank a poem now generally neglected, but which all the great men of ancient Greece and Rome admired and prized; and numerous parts of which were universally selected in all liberal schools for the elementary instruction of boys. For this purpose it is pre-eminently fitted by its venerable simplicity of thought and exquisite smoothness of versification; and, with one or two unimportant and easily separable exceptions, the sound sense and practical morality prevailing through it, strengthen its claims to a more extended adoption by the junior classes of schools. Great scholars have, indeed, differed widely in estimating the comparative simplicity of Homer and Hesiod, and in settling thereby the relative antiquity of the two poets. Lipsius* thought that marks of a ruder age appeared in Hesiod than in Homer. Salmasius,† however, was of an opposite opinion, and thought Hesiod much sweeter and more polished, and therefore less ancient than Homer; and relied also on the well-known judgments of Dionysius,‡ Paterculus,§ and Quintilian,|| as to the sweetness, and smoothness, and musical rhythm of Hesiod. It is remarkable, that it should never have occurred to such men as Lipsius and Salmasius, that the different natures of the general subjects of the *Iliad* and the *Works and Days* will amply account for the greater plainness or rudeness, if it must be so called, of Hesiod, without affording, in that respect, a single argument for supposing him to be the more ancient poet of the two. If Hesiod had lived three hundred years after Homer, we believe that the style in which he would have written part of such a poem as that of the *Works and Days* might have afforded grounds for the same argument, and with as much reason in its favour as now. The nature of the things themselves, and a thousand imitations of the images and manner of the heroic poetry of the *Iliad* have necessarily preserved, and will for ever preserve, the Homeric style in freshness; while Hesiod's purpose of describing the economy of a common farm led him, occasionally, to adopt a tone and a nomenclature which seem obsolete to us, because no subsequent poet repeated them, and his plan called for such notices of the private habits of an age no longer heroic, as now strike us by their quaint simplicity; because, being strictly the private manners of his own age, they were in a great measure superseded by another style of living in those times with which we are the most familiar. Indeed, the truth is, that there is no ground for charging rudeness of style on Hesiod, except in respect of his didactic treatise on husbandry; for we believe most persons will agree with Dionysius, Pater-

* Ad V. Patrec. i.

† Ad Solin.

‡ Cens. vet. Script.

§ i., 7.

|| x., l. 52.

culus,

culus, Quintilian, and Salmasius, that, in all the moral and legendary parts of the poem, the style is as pure, and the versification as polished, as those of any other poet in the whole Greek literature. A case, something parallel, may be observed in our Latin library. The style of the *Andria* and the *Adelphi* seems to us to be, and indeed is, the very height of purity and refinement; while that of Varro, when treating of the preservation of corn, the breeding of cows and horses, and of other such subjects, savours strongly, with all the writer's great learning, of the most primitive simplicity. Yet Terence composed his popular plays upwards of a century before the admirable author of *De Re Rusticâ* gave his more technical labours to the world.

Simplicity, indeed, not rudeness, is the very characteristic of Hesiod's mind, as displayed in the *Works and Days*; that of his versification is smoothness; and we use these terms emphatically, with a meaning exclusive of depth in the one case, and of richness in the other. He is as simple as Homer, and as smooth as Homer; but of the unwearied and unwearied harmonies of Homer, this delightful poet was not master. He is to Homer, as Cimarosa is to Mozart—fluent, graceful, melodious—but neither very moving nor profound; and it seems to us, that Hesiod has suffered, as no doubt the Homeric hymns have done, by constant association with the blinding glories of the poetry of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and perhaps in some degree also by the popular stories of the contemporary existence of the two poets. To do justice to the admirable author of the *Works and Days*, he ought never to be put in juxtaposition with Homer,—with whom, probably, his age, and certainly his subject, have nothing in common. Both these poets indeed breathe the spirit of a high antiquity, and represent, with unequal powers, the manner and the genius of the old Ionian or rhapsodic Muse; but in temper, knowledge, and, above all, in imagination, they are widely asunder in themselves, and call upon their readers for widely different sympathies.

The *Theogony* (Θεογονία), or poem of the Generation of the Gods, was rejected by the Bœotians as spurious.* With this exception, it was, we believe, popularly received by all antiquity as the genuine production of Hesiod. Quintilian's not very accurate criticism,† that a great part of the poetry of Hesiod is taken up with mere catalogues of names, was meant to apply to this poem: with reference to which also it was that Herodotus pronounced‡ Hesiod and Homer to have been the framers of the popular mythology of the Greeks; and it may be amusing to mention that Pythagoras declared§ that he had seen this unfortunate poet bound to a brazen pillar in Hades as a punishment for the mon-

* Pausan. ubi supra. † Ubi supra. ‡ Euterp., 53. § Diog. Laert., viii. 21.
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strous things which he had ventured to predicate of the gods in this celebrated work.

Yet the Theogony lies under the same general cloud of modern sceptical criticism, as to the genuineness of its present form, that, in a greater or less degree, covers all the poetry of the primitive ages of Greece. The first 115 lines have been very decidedly pronounced to be a mere proemium, which, whether Hesiodic or not in itself, (and certainly much of it is of high antiquity,) formed no part of the original poem, the beginning of which has, with great probability, been fixed at v. 116:—

Ἦτοι μὲν πρῶτιστ' Ἀἰὼς γέενε—κ.τ.λ.

There are some specific contradictions in the genealogies, as the poem now stands, which certainly prove that the original, whatever it was, has been much and clumsily interpolated. A strong instance of such an inconsistency may be found in a comparison of vv. 217—8 with vv. 904—6; in the former of which passages, the Fates, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, are said to be the offspring of Night, while in the latter they are declared to be the daughters of Jupiter and Themis. The awkward repetitions too of whole passages, the open plagiarisms from Homer, the harsh transitions, and the evidently imperfect termination, seem to demonstrate that the present Theogony must not be considered as accurately the work of Hesiod, or of any other single poet. Indeed, no poem of antiquity appears to have suffered so much from the licence of the rhapsodists, and, perhaps, also, from the vanity or ignorance of subsequent cosmogonists, to whom it was sometimes of as much importance to interpolate the text of this famous work in support of a system as it is said to have been to Solon to falsify the *Iliad* for the aggrandisement of Athens. Hermann has, with great ingenuity and show of probability, pointed out no less than seven distinct beginnings to the Theogony; and he thinks it reasonable to conclude that an equal number of rhapsodists have had a hand in the compilation of the poem, as we now see it.

The proemium is especially deserving of notice for the lofty and enthusiastic tone in which the influences of poetry and music are described in it; and, perhaps, Pindar, who seems to have possessed a fineness and discrimination of taste on these points greatly beyond any other of the Greek poets, was not inconsiderably indebted to this part of the Theogony for some of his happiest imagery and language. In these ancient verses there is an anticipated expression of that deep sense of the delightfulness of harmonious sounds and words, which, among all nations, was pre-eminently possessed by the Greeks, and, among the Greeks, pre-eminently by the great Theban lyrist;—a sense which arose mainly from a
temperament

temperament of exquisite susceptibility, and which, certainly, since a poet's singing has become a figure of speech only, has rarely had either place or utterance among more modern servants of the Muses :—

Sweet and untired for ever flows the song ;
The house of Father Jove, the thund'rer strong,
Laughs with the flowery strain diffused around,—
Olympus' snowy head—th' immortal mansions sound.

Poetry is called, in a line of exquisite verbal sweetness,—

Λησμοσύνην τε καὶ ἄν παυμά τε μεμνηράων.

Of ills oblivion—stiller of all cares ;

and the happiness of the man whom the Muses love is proclaimed in these verses—

*ὁ δ' ἄλβιος ὅστινα Μοῦσαι

φιλεῖνται—κ.τ.λ.

Blest whom the Muses love, and from whose tongue
Sweetly for ever flows the stream of song !
Though recent ills the heart to grieving stir—
Let come the bard—the Muses' minister—
Legends of ancient heroes let him tell,
And the blest gods who on Olympus dwell,—
Straight doth the sorrowing man forget his pain,
Turn'd by the power divine to joy again !

The next division of the poem is that which exercised the ingenuity of some of the greatest philosophers in old times, and is even now fraught with a curious interest as a document of the most enlightened theory of the creation and history of the world which, we may suppose, was current in Greece in the remote age of the Hesiodic writings. It is, in fact, the book of Genesis of the heathen world ; though, as in the case of the Works and Days, it is said to have been founded on an earlier work of the same kind, by Orpheus. This was the direction which the philosophical spirit, so natively inherent in the Greeks, took in its first independent impulse : it set about constructing cosmogonies, as they were called, in which the parts and the powers of nature were personified, and their origination and inter-dependence displayed under an allegory, capable, in general, of an obvious physical interpretation, but interwoven with a multitude of figures and actions, possessing only a *dramatic* relation to those personified phenomena of the universe, and being, in truth, merely the supplemental creations of the poet's fancy.

It has been much disputed whether the Greek mythology is, in fact, a physical or an historical allegory ; it being admitted that, in either case, much must be referred to popular fiction alone. Now, it is probable that there is truth in both of these systems,

when a proper division is made in the mythology itself. For, in the first place, that the part of the Theogony, previous to the usurpation of supreme power by Zeus (or Jupiter) is, with much allowance for mere ornament, as before mentioned, more properly a cosmogony, or history of the creation of the material or visible universe, can scarcely be denied. A citation of the poet's words will preclude the necessity of any detailed interpretation:—

'First,' says he, 'there was Chaos; then Earth; then Eros, or Desire.

'From Chaos sprang Night; from Night came Light and Day.

'Earth produced Heaven exactly commensurate with herself; then the Mountains and the Sea.

'After that, Earth bore to Heaven the Ocean, and, after other offspring, she bore to him her youngest child, Cronus or Time.'

Taking Eros, with Lord Bacon, to be the appetite or natural motion of the atom towards union,—thereby representing the plastic operation of the spirit of God—and also allowing for some unimportant transposition, we have here a pantheistic genesis exactly parallel to the Mosaic account.

Then follows the story of the conspiracy by Earth and her sons against Uranus, or Heaven, and the mutilation of the latter by Cronus. Here a great deal of fable is intermixed; yet it is not difficult to understand a latent meaning, that, by the intercourse between Heaven and Earth, under cover of Night, and by their consequent offspring, are represented the original acts and processes of Creation anterior to recorded Time, which was the last of their productions; as Creation may be said to have ceased when Time began, and History put a period to the fictions of a dark and dateless antiquity. The Roman substitution of the old Tuscan divinity, or, as Pezron* will have it, Keltic chief, Saturn for the Greek Cronus, which is simply Time, has helped very much to obscure the true sense of this extraordinary legend, which is in close connexion with the manifestly physical allegories immediately preceding it.

Another physical interpretation of this legend has been preserved by Tzetzes, according to which, the children confined by Uranus in the bowels of the Earth, are the corn-fruits which Time, or some person in course of time, found to be beneficial to the human race. He discovered the metal of which he made a sickle, and the posture of reaping is pictured by the action recorded of Saturn by the poet. The Giants and Nymphs, who spring from the blood-drops of the mutilated Uranus, are those who grew to power and luxury by means of the invention. The Furies are wars and tumults, the consequences of plenty and

* *Antiquities of Nations.*

riches;

riches; and Saturn's throwing the mutilated members of Uranus into the sea, denotes the origin of traffic with foreign countries. We know indeed from Cicero* that Zeno interpreted the whole *Theogony* in a physical sense; Plato did the same to a considerable extent; and it will be remembered that the first school of Greek philosophy, the Ionian, or disciples of Thales, devoted attention almost exclusively to inquiries into the origin and history of the mundane system. These primary philosophers, who were closely linked with Hesiod and the old cosmogonic poets, were styled *φυσικοί*—physicians, or natural philosophers, by way of distinction. Lord Bacon, indeed, gives† a moral or political turn to most of the fables of the Greek mythology, oftentimes with singular and gratifying propriety, sometimes with an amusing, but unsatisfactory, display of fancy alone. In general it will be seen that the stem of the mythological tree is rooted, as it were, deeply in the earth, whilst moral or political maxims form its branches, and popular fancy its blossoms and its flowers.

But a great part of this extraordinary system has also been interpreted into a shadowing forth of the very earliest Greek history. According to this view of the subject, Uranus, or Heaven, represents, collectively, the primitive government of Thessaly and of the fertile regions round about; his burying his offspring as soon as born in the recesses of the earth, means that the youthful generation were compelled to emigrate and colonize abroad; the groaning of the earth is the indignation of the exiled Thessalians—who, by an obvious parallel with the Hesiodic legend, are supposed to find iron and to forge weapons in Thrace and Epirus, with which they, headed by Saturn, cut off or remove the hostile counsellors‡ of Uranus: these last escape in ships, and, retaining their hatred of the party which had banished them, settle in various parts among the islands, and on the shores of the neighbouring countries, and subsequently assist Jupiter in his successful attack upon Saturn. Some friends of Uranus wander a long time at sea, and ultimately settle in Cyprus, and there learn the worship of Aphrodite, or Venus, which they introduce into Greece at their return. In the meantime Saturn reigns in Thessaly, and is supported by the great majority of the Titans, his brethren, the sons of Heaven and Earth,—that is, a race of whose ancestors nothing was certainly known. He is disturbed, however, by a prediction of rebellion on the part of his sons, and of ultimate dethronement; and in the common course of preventive tyranny he imprisons, or, as the story runs, swallows all his children. But Fate prevails; Zeus, Hades, and Poseidon—(Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune)—escape, and, by the

* *De Nat. Deor.*, i. 12.

† *Wisdom of the Ancients.*

‡ This rests chiefly on the equivocal meaning of the word *μυρία*.

advice of Mother Earth, give liberty to the three Titans,—Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus, who had been heavily chained as hostile to Saturn. Jupiter, now strengthened by all the rescued and irritated descendants of Saturn, and by such of the preceding or Titanian generation, and of the still earlier race of Heaven and Earth,—the native inhabitants,—as had been respectively expelled or maltreated by Saturn,—seized upon Mount Olympus, and from that place waged open war with Saturn and his Titans, whose head-quarters were on Mount Othrys. A complete victory, after a tremendous conflict, left Jupiter the undisputed master of Olympus and Thessaly. Pluto obtained Epirus, a tract rich in mines, and the sea and the islands were assigned to Neptune. Hence arose the last or Olympian dynasty, which embraced all the objects of the popular, as contradistinguished from the mysterious, religion of the Greeks, and is, we think, undoubtedly treated in the Hesiodic Theogony as consisting, in fact, of the deified chiefs and colonizers under the final settlement of the first civilized country of Greece. The three dynasties are twice distinctly marked by Æschylus.*

This historical mode of interpreting the Greek mythology is in immediate connexion, or rather is identical, with the celebrated system of Euhemerus. This person was a philosopher of the Cyrenaic school, and was born either at Messene, in the Peloponnesus, or at Messina, in Sicily,—at which of the two places is doubtful. He lived in the time of Cassander, King of Macedon, by whom he was commissioned to make a voyage of discovery in the Eastern Ocean. He embarked at a port of Arabia Felix, in the Red Sea, or rather, perhaps, in the Persian Gulf, and on his return published a book called *ἱερὰ ἀναγχαφῆ*,—Sacred History, in which he declared that in the course of his wanderings he had touched at a certain island called Panchaia, in the capital of which, Panara, he found a temple of the Triphylian Jupiter, and in the temple a register of the births and deaths of many of the Olympian deities, inscribed on a golden column, which had been placed there, as the title announced, by Jupiter himself. He particularly specified Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, and Neptune. His system was, that these popular deities were, in truth, mere mortal men, raised to the rank of gods on account of the benefits which they had conferred on, or the power which they had acquired among mankind. Ennius translated this work, but the original and the translation are now both lost.† Callimachus, as in hymnic duty bound, bitterly reviles Euhemerus; Plutarch, who, as associated in the priesthood, is also an interested witness upon this subject, ridicules the

* Prom. V. 964—7. Agam. 176—80.

† Cic. De Nat. Deor. i. 42.

entire narrative, and says that no one besides had ever heard of such a place as Panchaia.* It is after Euhemerus that Virgil writes,—

‘Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.’

And, after all, whether there is any truth or not in any part of this story, the important fact still remains, that at least three centuries before the Christian era, the human origination of a principal department of the popular mythology was asserted, and the assertion countenanced by men of distinguished eminence.

It may be remarked, by the way, as one among the many evidences of the Hesiodic poems being subsequent in date to those of Homer, that the Nile is mentioned by that name in the catalogue of rivers said to be the offspring of Ocean and Tethys. In the *Odyssey*, as in the Mosaic writings, we read of Egyptus, the Egyptus river, or the river of Egypt.

Spenser and Milton drew largely, in different ways, from the *Theogony*. The Nereids, for example, who attend at the marriage of Thames and Medway in the Faery Queene, all belong to Hesiod:

‘And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damsels, deck’d with long green hair,
Whom of their sire Nereides men call;
All which the Ocean’s daughter to him bare,
The grey-ey’d Doris: all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had,—
Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis fair,
Soft Spio, sweet Eudore, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad.’

Strength and Force (*Kratos*—*Bis*) were the sons of Styx—Hate. Jupiter promised to preserve, to all who would assist him against Saturn and the Titans, the honours and privileges which they had enjoyed under the old dynasty, and to recompense those who had been persecuted by it. Styx, and her sons, immediately went to Olympus, and declared themselves of Jupiter’s party. Hence Styx was made the oath of the gods, and Strength and Force for ever after sat by the side of Jove:

At his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing’d.

According to Lord Bacon, ‘Styx, an irremeable river, represents Necessity;’ and he says, that ‘if loss of honour or estate must be

* It has, however, been placed by some in the Red Sea; the Abbé Fourmont, in particular, maintained that Panchaia was the Isle of Panck, in the Red Sea,—Panara, the modern Pharan,—and that the three tribes who had erected the temple to Jupiter were the descendants of Ishmael, Lot, and Esau.—*Mém. de l’Acad. des Inscript.*, tome xv. We confess we can hardly make out what the learned Abbé would be at with his geography, though we by no means incline to treat Euhemerus as a mere impostor.

the consequence of breach of covenant, the league may be said to be ratified by the sacrament of Styx, since the dread of banishment from the banquets of the gods followed; by which term were signified the laws, prerogatives, affluence and felicity of empire.* The physical interpretation is, that Styx was a fountain in Arcadia,* and that the story means that the Arcadians in the vicinity of Styx, being men of great strength and courage, came among the first to the assistance of Jupiter; while the belief was that the water was of a noxious quality in itself, but might be drunk with impunity by a person swearing truly. It is supposed to have been used as a species of water ordeal.

The poetical merit of the Theogony rests principally on those passages which describe the conflict between Jupiter and the Titans. If it be true, as Quintilian says, that Hesiod rarely rises, this, at least, is one pre-eminent instance in which he has risen to the utmost height of his great argument. Here he touches, perhaps overpasses, the boundary line of the grand and the terrible in poetry; he walks on the perilous ridge between the sublime and the ridiculous, and directs the storming furies of his imagination to the very confines of bombast. Yet the language of these verses is not, generally, more than adequate to the imagery, and the images arise naturally out of the general subject. But there is, undoubtedly, a giant wildness of action, a colossal magnitude of figure, which could alone be germane to such a superhuman scene as this, —in which the gods of heaven and earth close together in mortal fight, and the land, and the air, and the sea quake, and the horrible subterranean hell itself gapes wide beneath the shock of torn-up mountains, and of the furious agonies of ten thousand Titans writhing in the flames of pursuing thunderbolts. The praise of absolute originality of conception cannot, indeed, be allowed to the author of these wonderful lines: here, as in a hundred other places, the Homeric genius first hewed out a path for the enterprise of succeeding poets. The Battle of the Gods gave birth to the Battle of the Titans, and both are reproduced in the Miltonian Battle of the Angels; and if our English bard has in any part of his imagery more than rivalled either of his great originals, his occasional superiority in such respects may be more truly traced to his peculiar command of the exhaustless treasures of the holy scriptures than to any other more noble conception of the subject itself.

It is worth while to compare, with critical attention, these three

* Pausanias, in speaking of this fountain of Styx, uses a form of expression which distinctly implies his belief that the Theogony was not in fact genuine:—*ὅτι καὶ ἐν τῷ Πάρισι Θεογονίᾳ πάλιν ἐστὶν ἡ αὐτὴ ἀνέκδοτος* ('Hesiodos γὰρ δὴ ἴσα τὴν Θεογονίαν εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν ἀνέκδοτον ἐστὶν ἐκείνην.)—Arcad. viii.

sublime descriptions, never forgetting—(it is a sacred duty in literature not to forget)—to render to invention those primary honours which are justly due to it. In the *Iliad* there is a perfect picture: the drawing is clear, the colouring vivid, the proportions harmonious, the effect grand and imposing in the highest degree. But a taste, which is never wanting to the genius of that poem, limited the size of the imagery,—justly foreseeing that on a stage where mortal and immortal met together, the certain consequence of magnifying the gods too much would be in equal ratio to lessen the men; and that to preserve Achilles as he really was, Mars must needs be represented as something less than he probably might be. The poet, like a very powerful and skilful boxer, struck the more temperately as the more master of himself, and, in the very whirlwind of his passion,—

Half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley.

But another measure was lawful and appropriate in the description of a conflict where Gods and Titans (who were also gods) fought alone and by themselves, and where no human warriors interfered, in favour of whose relative importance it might be necessary to contract the stature or the force of immortal combatants. The lowering check being withdrawn, each son of Earth and Heaven moves dilated through the luminous haze of poetic imagination; man and his petty efforts are swept away, and the great legendary figures—the primeval offspring of all the elements—stand up distinctly visible in a size proportionate to their parents. These mighty beings are marshalled in phalanx on the bosom of their mother earth; rocks and mountains upturned by the roots are the natural missiles for them to use against their enemies; and but for thunder and the portentous force of the three allied Titans, the conflict with these enemies would have been dubious. Uncontrolled by reference to any admixture of ordinary human action, the poet of the *Theogony* gave unbounded licence to the shapings of a dauntless imagination; and in shaking heaven and earth, and the abysmal chaos itself, with the roar and the tumult of this tremendous battle, strained every nerve to produce, and succeeded in producing, one unsurpassable example of the *gigantesque* in poetry:—

Εἶθ' ἄρ' μὲν μένεος πλῆντο φρένες· ἐκ δὲ τε πᾶσαν
φαῖνε βίην.

The defects in Milton's copy of the Homeric and Hesiodic battles were almost unavoidably caused by the nature of his subject, so totally different in association from those of his two pagan originals. What seems probable in them, when describing a furious struggle on earth between earth-born and fleshly combatants,

combatants, becomes frigid, and, as it were, out of place, in the unimaginable conflict of spirits in the etherial fields of heaven. Not all the art, exquisite as it is, displayed in attempting to stop up the gaps and crevices, can ever give harmony to the incongruous materials of which the scene consists; and grand and picturesque as the following lines are in themselves, they appear forced, and almost puerile, when the original passages, of which they are the imitation, are read by way of comparison in their natural context:—

‘Forthwith (*behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed!*)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
(*For earth hath this variety from heaven,
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale;*)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loos’ning to and fro,
They pluck’d the seated hills with all their load,—
Rocks, waters, woods,—and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so direct they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn’d:—
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress’d whole legions arm’d.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurl’d to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade.’

Independently of other considerations, the consciousness that all this is nothing more than a ‘permitted tumult,’ which is to be put down by the arm of Omnipotence itself, diminishes the interest to the lowest degree, and almost provokes an inquiry *why* the battle takes place at all,—a question, the true answer to which—the opportunity for a brilliant episode—is but lamely disguised under the profession of glorifying the Messiah in the unresisting rout of his enemies.

How vivid and natural are the colours, how grand and regular is the climax of the Hesiodic description!—

Τιτῆνες δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτόναντο φάλαγγας—κ. τ. λ.
And now,—the Titans, in close ranks arrayed,—
What hands and force could do, each host displayed.
The illimitable Ocean roared around;
Earth wailed; the shaken Heaven sent forth a sound
Of groans; whilst huge Olympus, from his base,
Rocked with the onset of the immortal race.

E’en

E'en shadowy Hell perceived the horrid blows,
And trembled 'neath the tumult as it rose ;—
Such rushing of quick feet, such clanging jar
Of javelins hurled impetuous from afar,
As soared the din of conflict to the skies,
And hosts joined battle with astounding cries.
Now Jove incensed, no longer brooked control ;
He put forth all his might,—full filled his soul
With valiance, and at once from heaven's bright road
And dark Olympus' top he thundering strode :
Lightning and bolts terrific from his hand
Flew swift and frequent, wrapping sea and land
In sacred flames ;—all-bounteous earth amazed,
Howled burning, while her mighty forests blazed.
Forthwith began the land and sea to steam ;
The fiery breath of ocean's boiling stream
Involved the Titans : flames rose through the skies
To blast with splendor dire the Titans' eyes :
And when at last the light through chaos gleamed,
Such the concussion, such the uproar seemed,
As if the Earth and outspread Heavens blending—
The one torn up, the other down descending—
Had met ;—whereat up sprang the winds of air,
And whirl'd the dust-clouds mid the lightning's glare :
Winds, thunder, lightnings, from the hand of Jove,
Their track of ruin through mid battle drove.
Loud and stupendous thus the raging fight,
Whilst warr'd the Titans with an equal might :
At length the battle turns ;—Cottus the fierce,
Gyges and Briareus thro' mid ranks pierce ;
From their strong hands three hundred rocks they throw,
And with these monstrous darts o'ercloud the foe ;
Then forced the Titans deep beneath the ground,
And with afflictive chains the rebels bound ;
Despite their pride beneath the earth they lie,
Far as that earth is distant from the sky.*

Poetry, continued long at such an effort as this, would necessarily exhaust the poet and fatigue the reader ; indeed, greater compression would have much increased the energy of this passage, which is sometimes diluted by mere repetitions of sonorous words. Yet the bard of the *Theogony* had still one more terrific scene of universal tumult to describe ; and it is with admirably pleasing art that the calm and curious legend of Styx is interposed as a breathing-place for the imagination before it encounters the last and crowning struggle between Jupiter alone and Typhæus, the monstrous offspring of Earth and Hell :—

* In the above passage we have taken a few lines from Cooke.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Τιτῆνας ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἐξέλασε Ζεὺς.—κ. τ. λ.
 But when from heaven Jove had his foes exiled,
 Great Earth Typhæus bore, her latest child,
 In Hell's embrace;—strong were the hands for fight,
 And feet unwearied, of this fiend of night.
 A hundred serpent-heads his shoulders crowned,
 A hundred swarthy tongues licked all around;
 Fire from his eyes a light terrific shed,
 And sounds unnumbered issued from each head;
 Sometimes of gods the articulate language full,
 Sometimes the bellowing of an untamed bull,
 Sometimes a ruthless lion's roar it seemed,
 Sometimes as though a lion's whelps had screamed;
 Sometimes a dragon's hissing rose around,
 Till the high hills re-echoed to the sound.
 And now an awful deed had marked that day,
 Whilst he o'er men and gods had won the sway,
 Had not the Almighty Father seen the birth,
 And forthwith thundered terribly: the earth
 Roared with the shock—the wide heaven roared as well—
 Roared sea and ocean, and the abysmal hell.
 Olympus shook around the rising god,
 And the earth groaned beneath him as he trod.
 Under the conflict of this awful twain
 Blazed with hell's flame and heaven's the dark blue main:
 Blazed earth and heaven and sea with dreadful roar,
 And burning billows raged along the shore.
 Such conflagration—such dire tumult rose
 Around the struggle of the immortal foes—
 Grim Pluto trembled, monarch of the dead;
 The Titans, chained around their vanquished head,
 In nether Hades trembled with affright
 Under the din of the tremendous fight.
 Then Jove, at length, up-towering in his ire,
 Grasped all his thunderbolts and lightning fire—
 And from Olympus plunging on his foe,
 Blasted the monster's heads with one consuming blow.*

The result of this last victory is the elevation of Jupiter by common consent to the throne of Olympus.

The remainder of the poem consists of a catalogue, first of the unions and offsprings of the deities of Jupiter's race, and secondly of those of goddesses and mere mortal heroes. Almost every one of these mythological connexions and births is so manifestly a mere moral or physical figure, that it is scarcely possible to suppose that the poet meant them to be understood otherwise. First, Jupiter married Metis—counsel; and, when she became preg-

* Surely it was a kindred spirit which painted Kehama's conflict with Yamen and the expectation of the fettered Asuras on their bed of pain.

nant, he devoured her, and himself brought forth Minerva—practical wisdom. Then he married Themis—justice—and by her had Eunomia, Dice, and Irene—good order, right, and peace. After this he married Mnemosyne—memory—and had the Muses. These are certainly just such personages as we meet with in the Faery Queene. ‘*Neither let it trouble any man,*’ says Bacon, ‘*if sometimes he meet with historical narrations, or additions, for ornament’s sake, or confusion of times, or something transferred from one fable to another to bring in a new allegory; for it could be no otherwise, seeing they were the inventions of men which lived in divers ages, and had also divers ends, some being ancient, others neoterical, some have an eye to things natural, others to moral.*’

The Shield of Hercules (Ἀσπίς Ἡρακλέους), the third and remaining poem commonly attributed to Hesiod, is, apparently, an extract from some longer work on the subject of such ancient heroines as were famous for having born children to the gods. It consists of 480 lines; and in them the poet tells the story of the expedition of Hercules, son of Alcmena, with Iolaus, against Cynus, the son of Mars. This Cynus was in the habit of way-laying pilgrims on their road to the Delphian temple, and of plundering them of their offerings. In a grove near Trachins, a conflict takes place between the two heroes, the result of which is that Cynus is killed, and Mars, who puts forth all his might in defence of the body, and to avenge the death of his son, is, through the hostile interposition of Minerva, grievously wounded. In describing the arming of Hercules for this fight the poet devotes about 180 lines to a minute detail of the celature of the hero’s shield; and it is this episode, composed in obvious imitation of the Homeric shield of Achilles, that has given, however improperly, its name to the whole poem.

The Shield of Hercules stands lower in credit as a genuine composition of Hesiod’s than either of the other two poems which we have been noticing. It has been already mentioned that the Bæotians, the poet’s own countrymen, allowed nothing to be genuine except the Works and Days. As to this piece, almost all the ancient critics were of the same opinion with Eustathius, who says that it is obviously written in rivalry of Homer, but that there is as much difference between it and the Shield of Achilles as between the work of a man and of a god. The truth is, there seem to have existed in ancient times four books, or poems, called Catalogues of Women, or Heroines—Κατάλογοι γυναικῶν,—and the fourth of these comprised what were styled Ἡοίαι μεγάλαι—that is, Legends of Heroines, beginning each with the words Ἡ ὦν—aut
qualis

qualis—or as such or such a famous woman.* The poem called the Shield of Hercules, or at least all of it excepting the episode of the very shield itself, is, beyond a doubt, one of these *Ῥοίαι*, as clearly appears from the commencement:—

Ἡ δ' ἰη προλιπὼῦσα δόμους καὶ πατρῖδα γαῖαν
ἦλυθεν ἐς Θήβας, μετ' ἀρήϊον Ἀμφιτρυῶνα
Ἀλκμήνη.

Or as Alcmena left her house and home,
And came to Thebes with bold Amphitryon.

And certain it is, that to Homer and Hesiod, as being the two most ancient poets, or, if we follow Wolff, the concrete names and sources of poetry among the Greeks, an almost infinite number of poems, composed, more or less successfully, in the antique manner, were popularly ascribed, but which were, for the most part, well understood to be the works of other men, when the discriminative criticism of the school of Alexandria began to direct its attention to the history of literature. Amongst modern critics, Tanaquil Faber (Tannegui le Févre) expresses his astonishment that any one should doubt the genuineness of this poem, and, with some little incivility, not unusual among *learned* critics, declares that those who think it not the production of Hesiod, must be *ignorant of Greek poetry*. Nevertheless, Joseph Scaliger, in a letter to Salmasius, notices the ‘preposterous judgment of the critical race’ in ascribing the *Ῥοίαι* and the Shield to Hesiod; and Heinsius and Vossius, and, we believe, all living scholars of eminence, are of Scaliger’s opinion. It may not be unimportant to add, in confirmation of this latter and well-grounded judgment, that Manilius, a writer of the Augustan age, in his notice of Hesiod, alludes to the Theogony and the Works and Days exclusively, making no mention whatever of any such poems as the Catalogues, the *Ῥοίαι*, or the Shield.

Perhaps, indeed, it is not too much to say, that few persons, independently of the external testimony against it, could ever have been induced to believe that this poem was from the same hand, or even of the same age, as the Works and Days, if the immemorial prefix of Hesiod’s name, and the constant association with the other Hesiodic poems, had not, as is so manifestly the case with respect to the Homeric hymns, preoccupied the reader’s imagination, and almost prevented the free exercise of his judgment. The truth is, this beautiful fragment bears little internal resemblance to the genuine manner of Hesiod: its sweetness, its picturesqueness, its force, such as they

* The old interpretation of *Ῥοίαι* was *matutina*—Alcmena rising early in the morning.

are, are the imitative efforts of an age to which the real Homeric style was not natural; and it is this finish and elegance in the work which prove to our mind its comparatively modern date. Instead of that venerable rust, (for such, no doubt, there is,) that born simplicity of the olden time, which so strikingly distinguishes the undoubted verses of this antique poet, we have here and there peeping forth the minute graces of an age in which the elegy and the ode had taught a study of words, and a concentration of passion, but rarely found in the heroic poets. Who is there that feels not a post-Homeric spirit in the following commendation of Alcmena's beauty?—

τῆς καὶ ἀπὸ κρῆθεν βλεφάρων τ' ἀπὸ κυανέων
τοίων ἀηθ', δῖόν τε πολυχρύσου Ἀφροδίτης.*

Down from her head and from her eyebrows sheen,
She breathed as breathes Cythera's golden queen :—

and in this description of the arrows of Hercules—

πρόσθεν μὲν θανάτον τ' εἶχον, καὶ δακρυσι μύρον.

The points were barbed with death, and wet with tears?—

This, at least, must be allowed, that no one who contends for Hesiod's being anterior to, or even contemporary with, Homer, can, with any consistency, argue for the genuineness of this poem; for there are hardly ten lines together throughout the work in which the imitation, or rather the transfusion, of Homeric verses is not too apparent to escape the notice of the most cursory reader. Some of these passages may be fairly said to be improvements on their originals; and perhaps we do not go too far in thinking that of the three great imitators of Homer—Virgil, Tasso, and Milton—the last alone has made as good a use of his borrowings as the author of the Shield of Hercules. In some instances, indeed, what is beauty in the original becomes prettiness in this ancient copy; and sometimes, also, what ought to have been grand or terrible is exaggerated into the monstrous or degraded into the hateful. But this is the common lot of imitators, who are too often tempted to purchase the slender originality of a variation at the risk of distorting the features of their model, or to repeat an image which may either not be worthy of being repeated at all, or not fit to be repeated apart from the context, which, perhaps, alone gave propriety to it. We know no instance of this latter failing so striking as that of Milton's †

* Scut. Herc., 7, 8. Hence Virgil's
Ambrosiaque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere.—Æn.

† P. L., iv., 996—1004. We do not forget that in the Scriptures of the Old Testament there are several figurative expressions touching God's justice, in which the balance is introduced. But a metaphor is one thing; a dramatic exhibition, such as Milton's, quite another. Compare II. X', xxii., 209—13; and Æn., xii. 726—7.

reiterating

reiterating in the hands of the Almighty Jehovah the exhibition of the golden scales—an image which is only just tolerable even in Homer, and is, with deference be it spoken, inexpressibly mean in Virgil. But there really seems to be a sustaining power in the Homeric muse which gives a sort of secondary originality to almost all her followers; and it is by virtue of this, we think, as well as of the talent of the poet, that this piece, which is, from beginning to end, partly a direct and partly an indirect imitation of the manner and matter of the *Iliad*, should nevertheless have, even in the estimation of those who are perfectly well acquainted with the mould of each particular passage, much of the force, and almost all the ease, of a work of primary invention.

For the purpose of illustrating the preceding remarks, it will be useful and amusing to institute a slight comparison between the respective merits of the two most famous shields ever forged by the armourers of Parnassus for the favourites of the gods—the Homeric Shield of Achilles and the Hesiodic Shield of Hercules. We are not concerned to prove the possibility of representing in metal, within the circumference of a portable shield, every image to be found in the Homeric description: the genius of Flaxman, however, has done more than enough to rescue the poet from the charge of having exceeded the bounds of common probability; and it should be remembered, in the first place, that the workmanship is declared to be of divine skill and excellence; and, secondly, that although it is true that in the poet's verses the minstrel sings with a *shrill* voice, the bull *roars*, and the dogs *bark*, these expressions are no other than what must necessarily be employed in any lively description of a picture or engraving of a complicated action. They are the meaning of the picture *written out*. Twice, indeed, Homer has slipped into the narrative of an action in progression;—the spies first lie in ambush, and *then* rush out upon the herdsmen;—the bull is first dragged along, and *then* torn to pieces by the lions;—and it cannot be denied that in these instances the poet has exercised a power of continuous representation which the painter and engraver, who have but one sentence to utter, one moment to move in, possess not. But this, if any, is a slight and scarcely perceptible incongruity, when compared with the detached and unsupported figure of Perseus,* or with the actual *shield* of Hercules itself—not the *represented* field of battle—clattering with the passage over it of the *engraved* gorgons.† This latter image, or attempt at an image, is indeed a

* Sent. Herc. 216—8. After the best consideration that we can give to this passage, we confess that the peculiar form of the expression induces us to believe that the construction here assumed is the one intended by the poet.

† Ib. 231—2.

confusion of the boundaries of the actual and the supposed, into which Homer has nowhere fallen. And we cannot but take occasion from this to observe, that the nearer we approach to the fountain of poetry, the nearer we also come to that easy following of nature, in which alone consists a writer's security against the snares and pitfalls of bad taste.

The Shield of Achilles was designed with equal beauty and simplicity. It contained a picture of the social and the material world. On the boss, or central circle, were engraved the sun, the moon, and all the starry host of heaven, while on the border or circumference was the 'stream of ocean.' The intermediate circle was divided into compartments, in which peace and war were represented in various aspects; and the whole, taken together, told the tale of human life. First, we see a city at peace within itself; a bridal procession is passing through the streets, the torches are glaring, the pipes and harps sounding, the youths and maidens chanting the nuptial song, and the matrons standing in their doorways to see the sight. The eye passes on to the forum: the people are assembled, the judges are seated on benches of polished stone in a circle, with wands in their hands, and two men are pleading before them. The defendant has accidentally slain the relative of the plaintiff; the latter complains that the appointed fine has not been paid, whilst the defendant avers that he has paid it; two talents of gold, the amount of the fine and the subject of the litigation, lie on the ground in the midst. Next we see a city beleaguered; the warriors of the place keep the field, the enemy lie opposed to them, and the women and children and old men defend the walls. An ambuscade is planned against the besiegers; Mars and Pallas, conspicuous like gods above the mortals, lead them on; they conceal themselves at the watering-place for cattle by the river side; two spies advance; the cattle and herdsmen come on unconsciously; the ambushed warriors rush out, and kill the herdsmen and the herds; meanwhile the noise is heard by the army of besiegers, and battle is quickly joined on the plain. Then Contention, Tumult, and Fate rage in the conflict; their garments are bloody; they drag the wounded and the unwounded, and fight like living men among the ranks. The various scenes of agricultural life follow in order. First, we see the ploughmen, the servant standing with a pitcher of wine to refresh the labourers at the end of each furrow, and the soil blackening beneath the share; then come the reapers, three sheaf-binders, and gleaning boys, while the master is seen leaning on his staff and watching the harvest in silent joy. Next, the happy scene of an abundant vintage is represented, in the midst of which a boy is playing on a lyre, and the rustics are dancing and singing round

him. After this comes a picture of pasture; four herdsmen and nine dogs drive the oxen to the field; two dreadful lions seize a bull and tear him to pieces; the men urge on the dogs, who bark furiously, but keep aloof. Then, in a beautiful vale, we see a great flock of white sheep; the sheep-folds, and the shepherd's huts. The last compartment of the shield contained an elaborate design of the Pyrrhic dance, as invented by Dædalus in Cnossus for the fair-haired Ariadne.

The Shield of Hercules is of more complicated design. In the centre was a monstrous serpent, and around it every sort of terrible face and power; the ocean, with swans swimming on, and fishes playing in, the waves, formed the outer rim. In the intermediate circle there is, first, a fight of lions and boars; then the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, with Mars in his chariot and Pallas in arms. Next is seen Apollo playing on the lyre in an assembly of the gods; then an arm of the sea, dolphins pursuing the other fishes, and a fisherman about to throw a casting-net. After this Perseus appears, fluttering on the surface of the shield, with Medusa's head at his back; the other Gorgons follow, wreathed about with serpents. Then is seen a besieged city, with a battle, and the fates Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos ranging over the field and contending for the dead. Achlys (Dimness of Death or Misery) stands near, a hideous figure. Then follow successive representations of a city at peace, and full of pomps and festivals—of reaping, of sheaf-binding, of vintaging, of boxing, of hare-hunting, and, lastly, of the chariot-race.

From the foregoing sketches of the designs of these two shields, it will immediately be seen that the conception of both is substantially the same. With two or three exceptions, the imagery differs in little more than names and arrangement; and the difference in arrangement in the Shield of Hercules is altogether for the worse. The naturally consecutive order of the Homeric images needs no exposition: it constitutes in itself one of the beauties of the work. The Hesiodic images are huddled together without connexion or congruity; Mars and Pallas are awkwardly introduced among the Centaurs and Lapithæ—but the gap is wide indeed between them and Apollo with the Muses filling the echoes of Olympus with celestial harmonies: whence, however, we are hurried back to Perseus, the Gorgons and other images of war, over an arm of the sea, in which the sporting dolphins, the fugitive fishes, and the fisherman on the shore, with his casting-net, are minutely represented. As to the Hesiodic images themselves, the leading remark is that they catch at beauty by ornament, and at sublimity by exaggeration; and, upon the untenable supposition of the genuineness of this poem, there is this further
curious

curious peculiarity, that, in the description of scenes of rustic peace, the superiority of Homer is decisive—while, in those of war and tumult, it may be thought, perhaps, that Hesiod has more than once the advantage. The following are the Homeric pictures of harvest and vintage:—

ἐν δὲ τίθει τέμενος βαθυλήϊον. κ.τ.λ.

‘ Now, laden deep with corn, a heavy field
Rose on the view, and bristled o’er the shield;
The reapers toil’d, the sickles in their hand;
Heap after heap fell thick along the land:
Three labourers grasp them, and in sheaves upbind—
Boys, gathering up their handfuls, went behind,
Proffering their load: mid these, in gladsome mood,
Mute, leaning on his staff, the master stood.
Apart, the heralds, in an oaken glade,
Slew a huge bullock, and the banquet made;
While women, busy with the wheaten grain,
Kneaded the meal to feast at eve the swain.

‘ Now, bow’d with grapes, in gold a vineyard glow’d,
A purple light along its clusters flow’d;—
On poles of silver, train’d, the vines reposed,
Dark the deep trench, and pales of tin inclosed.
One path alone there led, along which way
Ceased not the gatherers through the live-long day:
Youths and fair girls, who, gladdening in the toil,
In woven baskets bore the nectar spoil;—
Sweet struck the lyre a boy amid the throng,
And chanted with shrill voice the Linus song;
Whilst the gay chorus, as they danced around,
Together sang, together beat the ground.’

SOTHEBY.*

Is it possible in a thousand lines to draw anything more perfect or delightful?

The Hesiodic battle-piece is as follows:—

οἱ δ’ ὅπ’ ἀπὲρ αὐτέων
ἄνδρες ἐμαρνάσθην. κ. τ. λ.

‘ ——— Above them warrior-men
Waged battle, grasping weapons in their hands.
Some from their city and their sires repell’d
Destruction,—others hasten’d to destroy;
And many press’d the plain; but more still held
The combat. On the strong-constructed towers
Stood women shrieking shrill, and tore their cheeks
In very life, by Vulcan’s glorious craft.

* We have ventured to alter the original version of one or two of the last lines of this passage.

a conception of those two great poems in any other dress. Homer was the model of Herodotus; and in composing his grand narrative in prose, he adopted, as a matter of course, the dialect of Ionia, although, by the lapse of four or five centuries, that dialect had greatly changed from the Homeric language. In fact, it had become a *dialect* in that technical sense in which the term is inapplicable to the diction of the Iliad and Odyssey. Hippocrates, the father of scientific medicine, a Dorian also, adopted the Ionic form of Greek, with nearly the same feelings that seem to have actuated the father of profane history. But after Thucydides had conceived and first executed the plan of a pragmatic history, and had, with instinctive discernment, employed the Attic dialect in his immortal specimen, that latter form became thenceforth, with varying intensity of Atticism, the only classical language of history to the latest ages of Greek literature. In the same way the lyric poetry of Greece is entirely embodied in the Eolic and Doric forms; and this distinction was so religiously observed, that even in the chorusses of the Attic drama, the Dorian inflections were in great measure retained. So the drama was Attic,—Elegy, Ionic,*—Pastoral Poetry, Doric. There was nothing arbitrary in this selection and appropriation of the several dialects; they seem constructed expressly to sustain the peculiar kinds of composition with which we always find them associated. Conceive for a moment, if it be possible, the Iliad and the Oedipus Tyrannus in Doric, or Pindar and Theocritus in Attic, and a lively sense will arise, in this respect, of the miraculous riches of the Greek language, and of the subtle and unerring taste of the Greek people;—both of which, as compared with modern languages and modern nations, may justly move our profoundest wonder and reverence.

That several and various literary dialects should contemporaneously exist at all, is, beyond a doubt, mainly to be explained by that permanent absence of metropolitan centralization peculiar to ancient Greece. Lacedæmon, Athens, Thebes, Syracuse,—so many focal points, but no centres,—could never, in their successive days of predominance, infuse into the differing tribes of Hellenic name a Spartan, an Athenian, a Theban, or a Sicilian spirit; there was no one focus, no court, as in Paris,—no government province, as Castile—nor, which might have been equivalent to this, any artificial compilation of dialects, as in the case of the high or modern German. The Greeks, in fact, at no period of their history, constituted

* The reasons for the only two exceptions—the lines in the Andromache and the Lavacrum Palladis of Callimachus, both in Doric—are obvious enough, and almost prove the rule. In fact, the first is a beginning of the chorus, and the dialect of the last was meant as a compliment to the Argians, for whom the elegy was composed.

a nation,

a *nation*, in the sense in which that word is applicable to the people of England or France. Once or twice there was a common union of Greeks against *barbarians*; and the annual games and the Amphictyonic Council probably had the effect, which they were intended to have, of occasionally reminding those who were present at the one, and were represented at the other, of their common origin. But the unity created by the pressure of external force was temporary only; the last galley of the Persian was hardly destroyed before that unity was irretrievably dissolved. The games were practically little more than local solemnities in four separate parts of Greece, at which it would be as absurd to suppose that all the *nation* was present, or even in the smallest reasonable degree represented, as it would be to say, that the English people meet in common assembly four times every year at Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, and Doncaster: And as to the Amphictyonic Council, the right of sending deputies to it was so very unequally distributed, and during the whole time of its existence it was either so insignificant, or so evidently a mere tool of faction, that it had even less of a centralizing tendency than any one of the great games, which were open, at least, to every one of Hellenic extraction. Yet, when we consider the case of modern Italy, in which the parallel facts of independent states, a common language, and varying dialects have existed, but in which no such appropriation of peculiar forms to separate kinds of composition ever obtained,—the instance of the occasional adoption of Venetian and Neapolitan idioms in some Italian comedies and novels being clearly irrelevant—we shall probably, at once, increase our admiration at the uniqueness of the Greek literature in this particular, and be inclined to think that some originating cause of the phenomenon, moral or historical, remains yet to be detected, or at least to be satisfactorily explained.

ART. II.—*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1832.

THIS is exactly the title-page we have long wished to see, and we rejoice to say that, now the subject has been taken up, it is handled by an English *lady* of sense and acuteness, who possesses very considerable power of expression, and enjoyed unusually favourable opportunities for observation. A book of travels in any country, by a person so qualified, might be considered valuable; but assuredly it was most wanted in the case of America, and especially at this moment, when so much trash and

and falsehood pass current respecting that 'terrestrial paradise of the west.'

We have had, at least, enough of late years of the politics of the United States, and have been sickened over and over again by the preposterous praises of those republican institutions which are to eclipse, in their national consequences, all the glories of Europe in war, in letters, and in all the graces of life. We should pass over such things with the transient hopeless sort of shrug of the shoulders with which we dismiss the periodical nonsense of a radical newspaper paragraph, were it not that America and her institutions are held up, not only for admiration in this country, but very often for imitation, if not in their whole extent, at least in many particulars, respecting which the two countries are so totally dissimilar, that any political comparison between them—except for the purpose of contrast—is utterly useless. Nothing is so easy as speculating in our closets on the probable effects of any given arrangement of public affairs; and if the results of such imaginary politics were confined to the Utopias in which their ingenious authors gave them birth, we should have no objection to their theories. But when they are boldly obtruded upon the notice of the country as formulæ for actual practice, we feel it our duty, not to take these speculative conclusions for granted, but to turn the 'telescope of truth' to the existing facts themselves, and through the medium of an intelligent traveller's optics, 'bring life near in utter nakedness.' In this spirit we have read Mrs. Trollope's book with interest and instruction—we may add, with great amusement; for it is written with much humour, and is eminently graphic throughout,—touching, with singular skill, a vast variety of topics, which, perhaps, only a female eye could correctly appreciate, or a female pen do justice to in description.

Before giving quotations to substantiate this high praise, we think it may be of use to such of our readers as may not have attended much to the subject of America, if we point out *in limine* a few of the most remarkable circumstances which contradistinguish the national condition of the Americans from our own—and render it impossible, or almost impossible, to draw useful inferences from the state of the one people to the practice of the other. There are, no doubt, some points in the relative situation of America and England which deserve to be placed in juxtaposition, and out of which the statesmen of both might extract valuable lessons; and we hope to find room to advert to one or two of these particulars. In the mean time, our purpose is to call the public attention to differences, not to similarities; and we think that, without nearly exhausting the subject, we can jot down, off-hand, a round dozen of points of distinction,—any two or three of which might

might suffice, we should imagine, to convince reasonable persons of the utter absurdity of comparing the two countries together, at least in the very confident style we see done every day.

In the first place, America is a wide, almost a boundless country, — not one-tenth part occupied, and consisting, over its greater part, of a fertile and virgin soil, yielding its fruits almost without toil; while England is small, strictly limited, thickly peopled, with a soil fertile, indeed, but only at the cost of an immense labour and outlay of capital. Secondly, the United States may be said to have no neighbours; for the Canadas on one side, and the rickety mock-governments of the Mexican republics on the other, give them no more trouble, politically speaking, and cost them no more money or anxiety, than the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific Ocean do in a physical sense:—whereas England is closely pressed upon by powerful neighbours, whose interests, passions, and actual forces, she is absolutely constrained to watch and keep in check, or otherwise modify, in order to preserve her own existence; and this at a vast expense of time, trouble, and treasure. In the third place, it may be observed, that in fully four-fifths of the settled portion of the United States the labouring population consists of slaves. The question is not now, how this came about—whether so grievous a curse was entailed upon the colonies by the mother country—nor whether it is or is not necessary to augment its amount by the agency of an extensive internal slave-trade;—we have only at present to do with the undoubted fact, that over the most fertile, and, in other respects, the most wealthy portion of the union, the working population consists of negro slaves. There are certain ingenious American writers, backed, too, by some of our own precious democrats, who seek to make out that the labouring classes of England are fully as much slaves as the negroes of the United States; but we hardly fancy this similarity will be considered so great, in the opinion of the persons we are addressing, as to take our third item out of the catalogue of contradistinctions.

A fourth point of difference is the climate. In England we are vexed with fogs and damps, and easterly winds, and clouds and storms in abundance,—but we have no sickly season, nor is any healthy man, woman, or child, obliged periodically to leave home, and fly to another residence, as from certain death. Such a change may be made for comfort or convenience, or by way of luxury, but no person here is compelled to abandon his house to slaves, while he travels away from the malaria. On the contrary, almost all the southern or slaveholding states of America are nearly uninhabitable during half the year—many of them for more than half the year. Even Philadelphia and New York are subject to the yellow fever,
and

and its ravages, if not perennial over Pennsylvania and New Jersey, are sufficiently frequent to render even that high latitude so insalubrious for a considerable portion of the year, that every mortal, who can possibly afford it, scampers off to the Canadas, or to the northern corners of the union. The banks of the innumerable rivers, great and small, which form such a wonderful net-work of water-courses over the United States, are peculiarly unhealthy during seven or eight months of the year; and this leads us to a fifth important distinction between the two countries. We allude to the internal navigation by steam. If we beat Jonathan in roads, he repays us the compliment in his internal steam transport. We are not now asking which is best—a good road or a navigable river—but simply stating the fact, that in this respect America is altogether differently circumstanced from England. Every one must have heard this before; but few persons in this country seem to be aware of one very important point of distinction between the countries in respect to steam navigation. The Americans have no steam vessels which go to sea—or so few, that they need hardly be counted in a rapid sketch such as this. A few boats make passages up and down the strait which lies between Long Island and the main land of the state of New York, and one or two run from Boston to the ports to the northward; but, with these exceptions, the steam navigation of America, magnificent as it is, may be considered as confined to the fresh water, while that of Britain may be said to be as yet exclusively on the ocean. Nor is this adduced as a mere point of curious distinction; it involves in its essence a difference of the highest national importance. The steam-boats of America are not fit, either by their form, or the nature of their materials, to stand the action of the sea for ten minutes; and, in like manner the men by whom they are navigated (so to call it) are not seamen in any sense of the word. It is very true that an American is a hardy, active, and ingenious fellow,—up to anything and everything,—but, for all this versatility of talent and ductility of purpose, it is not possible all at once to convert him into a salt-water sailor, any more than it is possible to render his river steam-boat a sea-going craft. On the coasts of this empire, on the other hand, we are daily bringing up in our steamers an additional set of seamen, as valuable as any which the coasting trade has given birth to in past times, while all our old sources of supply remain untouched. Be it noticed, too, that a seafaring steerman will find less difficulty in learning the art of using his paddles in fresh water, than a river hand will in acquiring a knowledge of seamanship.

If we turn to moral and political points of difference between
us,

us, we are first struck with the absence of several features in the government of America, the presence of which exerts a prodigious influence on England through all ranks of its society. A simple enumeration of the most important of these missing features will perhaps be considered enough, without much further comment. But, before stating them, we must again remark, that our present purpose is not to draw invidious comparisons, but merely to claim attention to points which many writers of the day appear apt to drop out of consideration altogether when treating of the United States.

There is not only no king or no court in America, but nothing to supply their place in the smallest degree. There is no hereditary aristocracy of rank of any sort; and although some persons in this country fancy there is in America something like an aristocracy of wealth, and another of talents, there is absolutely no such thing. For, in the first place, there are no entails; and, in the next, the money which may happen to be amassed in the hands of individuals, being the fruit of industry, thrift, and bargain-driving, imparts to its possessors none of the generous character of an aristocracy. As to the aristocracy of talents, this is a mere play upon words. Clever and highly-endowed persons in all countries must acquire ascendancy, more or less, over their neighbours; but there is not in America, and cannot be anywhere, a class or body of men united to any practical purpose by the agency of mere talents. In such a society as that of America, there must, of course, be differences in station, arising out of differences in fortune; but there is no distinct or recognized classification of society as there is with us—the duties and advantages of which are not merely well understood by the members of each of the classes respectively, but so fully understood by those both above and below them in the graduated scale of society, that no man has any chance of general success who fails to perform, in the first instance, the well-known obligations of his own particular rank. Thus, people in England, as a matter of necessity, fall into what are called established habits. Whereas, in America, from the highest to the lowest, no man's habits are settled, or his relations to the people about him at all regulated by any usages so well known, as to have virtually the binding effect of a law. Neither is it conceivable how such conventional forms could be established in a democracy, the very essence of which is to have no man's head higher than another's. We are not censuring the Americans, however, for this, any more than for the other points of dissimilarity which we have pointed out, but merely showing that such differences do actually exist.

Again, there is no established church, and the consequences are
two-fold;

two-fold ;—the absence of such an institution essentially modifies religious sentiment, religious principle, and, we may add, as a matter of course, religious practice, in that country ;—and, secondly, its consequences are felt at every moment in the administration of state affairs. We allude chiefly to that uniformity in the action of government which is produced by the powerful momentum of a wealthy and highly educated body of men dispersed over the country, but co-operating by means of an exact system of discipline, subject to no material or sudden changes. The utility of a church establishment, considered merely in its political view, in regulating the movements of the social machine, has been compared to the drag which is applied to a carriage-wheel when descending a steep road. But we conceive this simile to be signally defective and unfair to the church, as it would limit its power to the process of retardation. To those who are acquainted with the fly-wheel of an engine, a much happier illustration is at hand ;—the fly has weight enough in itself to compel the other parts of the machinery to observe its regularity in a considerable degree ;—when affairs are going too slow, it accelerates them,—when they are going too fast, it gradually tempers their movements.

We think it fully clear, too, that the effect of an established church on that widely-diversified religious body, falling under the denomination of the Dissenters, is very great indeed ; and we have long been of opinion, that to the church of England the various sects in this country are mainly indebted for their doctrine, discipline, and their unquestionable utility in the grand scale of religious society. Be all this as it may, there is no established church in America, and the consequent difference in the aspect of spiritual and political affairs is prodigious.

The total absence of a national debt is an *eighth* contradistinguishing feature of immense importance. Many persons consider that as to this point of dissimilarity the advantages lie entirely with the Americans. We are not of this opinion, and shall take an early opportunity of showing why, in detail. For the present we shall merely remark, that a large national debt acts like a sheet-anchor to the nation, chiefly by giving to a very great number of influential persons in the country a direct and perfectly obvious personal interest in the stability of public affairs ; it likewise diffuses a sincere feeling of wholesome caution over the land ; and as it becomes, in such a case, every man's interest to maintain the good faith of the government,—and as this public faith, like public strength or public wealth, can be made up only of individual strength or wealth, so it becomes the immediate interest of every man to preserve his own and his neighbour's integrity.

integrity. It is not, of course, pretended that the entire mass of good faith in the country is due to this source; nor is it proposed to show how much of it is to be accounted for in this way; but it seems quite clear, that if the eight and twenty millions sterling worth of pecuniary interest, actually resting on the stability of government, were withdrawn, our body politic would be liable to those violent paroxysmal convulsions which have torn other countries to pieces. Why America is not thus disturbed is a question which it will be time enough to answer, if ever it be asked, when the two countries come to be equally peopled,—or when the fermenting processes, at present in operation, shall have had a little longer time to try their elasticity.—At all events—be these reasonings sound or otherwise—in the total absence of a national debt in one country, and its existence to an immense extent in another, we have before us a point of national distinction which cannot fail to pervade every branch of society, and to influence the feelings of almost every individual towards the government under which he lives.

The *love of change* in the Americans, and their *absence of respect for old usages*, are features in their character singularly contrasted with our disposition in England to abide by established customs, and our unwillingness to try new-fangled projects. The Americans in strictness respect nothing;—they love their country, and they doat upon themselves to idolatry; but still they respect neither the one nor the other;—they change their laws, their institutions, and their own professions with the most astonishing facility. The instant any custom or practice wears the slightest degree of inconvenience, straightway they alter it; so that nothing, by possibility, can remain so long fixed as to become what we call habitual. There is no such thing amongst them as prescriptive rights;—everything must show on its face the evidence of actual utility, or it is not for them: consequently there exist in that country none of those fixed habits of thought, sentiment, and conduct, which are sometimes called prejudices, in this country, but which we take leave to consider amongst the most valuable principles of our conservative system,—principles which are so rooted in us as to defy (in the long run) the attempts of internal enemies to tear them up. The political tempests, the wars, and other national struggles in which we have been engaged, have hitherto had no other effect than giving additional vigour to the growth of that constitution which, for a thousand years, has braved the battle and the breeze of party, and which, we hope and trust, will continue for many thousands of years to brave them and flourish under them still. The Americans say the same thing of their constitution; and we should be inclined to respect what they say, provided we could

could only discover *them* respecting with sincerity any one thing besides in their country, and agreeing to stand by and preserve *that*—because it had been long established—under the faith of its having been shown to be good, upon the whole, by the mere fact of its permanency.

So far from this being the case in America, it is notorious, that not only in each of the different states have they different laws, but the laws within the several states are liable to perpetual fluctuation. Some of them preserve the common law of their ancestors; others have abolished this altogether as a barbarism of the old world, and have substituted codes of their own, adapted to their particular situation, and containing laws fitted, as they fondly dreamt, to suit every case. In some of the states where, in consequence of these changes, things fell into the strangest disorder, they voted the common law back again, after a few years trial of their own precious abortions. This, as might be supposed, made confusion worse confounded. In short, there cannot possibly be a more complete point of difference between two nations than is exhibited by comparing the universality of legal practice in England, coupled, or rather growing out of the universal respect for the laws, with the wild, unintelligible, incoherent jumble of the administration of justice in America. In truth, there is no coherence of any kind in America; and the nation may be compared to an immense sand-bank, of which all the particles may be good enough in themselves, but which, except for the purpose of destroying any one who attempts to meddle with them, have no common principle of joint action. They keep together by the influence of the same cause, the absence of external disturbance, but they roll about, and shift from side to side, without the smallest chance of any genuine solidity of national purpose.

They have, in the next place, no indigenous literature of much consequence, except the angry pages of party spirit,—the snow-storm of newspapers, which, like a perennial cloud of locusts, drifts across their union, blighting everything in its course. They borrow from England only our lighter works, drawing scarcely at all upon the greater stores of literature with which this country is filled, but for which they have neither taste nor leisure. Of continental letters (with some scattered, and a few brilliant exceptions) they know nothing; and, except at Philadelphia and one or two other great towns on the coast, they have no public libraries; while in no part of the country are there any private libraries of the smallest consequence. The classics are hardly at all studied in America; and for an all-sufficient reason,—it would not pay. Passing over a handful of persons who devote themselves to professorships—and among whom we recognize

nize occasionally attainments which might do honour to any country—it is impossible to fix young men long enough at any of their colleges to gain more than the merest touch of that knowledge which, in most European states, is purchased by years of hard study by innumerable multitudes of every succeeding generation. Long before they could have acquired, by any degree of exertion, even a smattering of such things, they are off to the woods, or to the bar, or to their counting-houses, and have surrounded themselves with a rising crop of future backwoods-men, who will continue like their sires, for centuries perhaps, to hold such refinements in utter—and very natural—contempt. If any American does raise himself to a high rank in letters, he forthwith perceives that America is no place for him; and, unless he be tied to the spot by some academical appointment, England gains, and is too happy to adopt him. In the same way the fine arts have little or no existence there, and can have none;—there is no demand for works of pure taste: the men of genius in this walk also, that from time to time arise there,—the Copleys, Wests, Newtons, and Leslies,—are all sure to expatriate themselves, and settle *here*. So it is with science in all its branches, excepting only geology—and that owes its popularity to its intimate connexion with agriculture.

There are yet one or two points which we must glance at. The United States include within their territory large bodies of native Indians, literally savages—to get rid of whom has become, as they tell us, a matter of absolute necessity:—to use their own phrase, ‘the Indian claims must be extinguished.’ We do not accuse the Americans of having set about this painful operation in a spirit in the smallest degree more culpable or merciless than that evinced, in former days, by their English ancestors. We only advert to the point, from its being one which *necessarily* causes some difference between the political morality of that country and this. Under similar circumstances we should, perhaps, do just the same;—but, fortunately, we happen not to be so situated, and, therefore, we can moralize upon the business.

Meantime, while the Americans are removing the Indians beyond the Mississippi, ‘extinguishing their claims’ to the rich soil of Florida, Georgia, and Alabama, there is rapidly growing up in their own society a population infinitely more dangerous than that of the subdued, half-tamed, helpless Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Creeks. We allude to the swarms of culprits who are dropping constantly out of the jails and penitentiaries of the different states. As they have no Botany Bay, they have no way of ridding themselves of their convicted felons, except by putting them to death; and this is not consistent, it appears, with that de-

mocratic

mocratic delicacy which shows everywhere a wonderful sympathy with poor suffering guilt. In a word, there are hardly any executions in America, though there are plenty of crimes richly deserving the halter—and of these, we conscientiously believe, by far the greater part due to this practical abolition of the gallows. In the absence, then, of capital punishments, and of any place of banishment, they are obliged to condemn their worst subjects to be locked up permanently. Now this, if persevered in, might, no doubt, answer the double purpose of preventing the culprit from cutting more people's throats, and, by its example, (for, in truth, perpetual imprisonment would be regarded by many minds with more horror than death itself,) of deterring others from similar offences. But if it were *possible* to follow out strictly such a system, which we much doubt, anywhere—it certainly never will be persevered in, in any country where the general voice of the people exerts much influence on the government—still less in a country where the administration of public affairs has fallen actually into the hands of the populace. Under such circumstances, where the governor of a state is elective annually by universal suffrage, and where he is invested with the power of pardoning culprits, it is not in human nature to suppose that there will not be a perpetual system of pardoning going on over the country—a system altogether fatal to the due terror of penal justice, whose blows should, as the general rule, be sure, and its decisions irrevocable. It signifies nothing to say, that the legislatures of the different states have ample authority to pass laws forbidding this wanton exercise of what Jeremy Bentham calls 'Pardon-power;' since the legislatures in question, like the executive, are elected annually by the very same persons—persons whose only pretension to competency of judgment as to this and other delicate and difficult questions of state affairs, rests in the fact of their being one-and-twenty years of age! In practice, therefore, the term of imprisonment is almost invariably shortened; and the consequence is, that a culprit population is gradually spreading itself over America, in spite of all their codification, and in spite of a system of penitentiary discipline, the perfection of which, as established in some of the states, particularly New York, has no parallel in the world.

We meant to have said a word or two on the nature of the appointments to the American bench, and the absence of independence in the judges, an evil which we hold to be totally irremediable in a democracy; also to have made a few remarks on the system of magistracy paid by fees throughout the Union, as compared with the unpaid magistracy of England; but we perceive that we have completed our list of a dozen remarkable points of distinction between American and English society, and therefore, although the catalogue might easily be doubled, we feel impatient to lay before our
readers

readers some of the consequences of these differences, as exhibited in the pages of Mrs. Trollope, who, according to her own story, left England an ultra-whig as to church and state, with the view of inspecting a country ruled on really liberal principles, under the guidance of a cicerone no less liberal than the far-famed Miss Frances Wright, then lecturer itinerant against Christianity, and Matrimony, and all other old-fashioned delusions, but now, alas! for philosophy! a mother,—and, we have been told,—(though we forget the new name)—a wife.

Our authoress and her party sailed for America in November, 1827, and having disembarked at New Orleans, proceeded up the huge Mississippi in the steam-boat *Belvidere*, one of those wonderful floating palaces of which the Americans are never tired of talking. But our fair author does not appear to have been overwhelmed by this first specimen of transatlantic magnificence.

‘Let no one,’ she says, ‘who wishes to receive agreeable impressions of American manners, commence their travels in a Mississippi steam-boat; for myself, it is with all sincerity I declare, that I would infinitely prefer sharing the apartment of a party of well-conditioned pigs to the being confined to its cabin.’

This relates to the ladies’ apartment; but we spare the description of the large room and its carpet, the ‘state and condition’ of which she leaves us to imagine from the following sentence:—

‘I hardly know any annoyance, indeed,’ she continues, ‘so deeply repugnant to English feelings, as the incessant, remorseless spitting of Americans. I feel that I owe my readers an apology for the repeated use of this, and several other odious words; but I cannot avoid them, without suffering the fidelity of description to escape me.’

The company in this river palace appear to have been every way suitable to the accommodations.

‘The gentlemen in the cabin would certainly neither, from their language, manners, nor appearance, have received that designation in Europe; but we soon found their claim to it rested on more substantial ground, for we heard them nearly all addressed by the titles of general, colonel, and major. On mentioning these military dignities to an English friend some time afterwards, he told me that he too had made the voyage with the same description of company, but remarking that there was not a single captain among them, he made the observation to a fellow passenger, and asked how he accounted for it. “Oh, sir, the captains are all on deck,” was the reply.

‘The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange, uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more fright-

ful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket-knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment.'—vol. i. p. 19.

There are some amusing accounts given of the 'squatters,' from whom they purchased fire-wood on the banks of the river. These miserable wretches appear to be planted on the very outskirts of human society, and to exist, rather than to live, in the most deplorable state of poverty. They are generally cheerful, however, and would accept our commiseration as an insult. 'All men are born alike,' say they, with an air of *genu-wine* republican independence, as they call it.—

From time to time appeared the hut of the wood-cutter, who supplies the steam-boats with fuel, at the risk, or rather with the assurance of early death, in exchange for dollars and whiskey. These sad dwellings are nearly all of them inundated during the winter, and the best of them are constructed on piles, which permit the water to reach its highest level without drowning the wretched inhabitants. These unhappy beings are invariably the victims of ague, which they meet recklessly, sustained by the incessant use of ardent spirits. The squalid look of the miserable wives and children of these men was dreadful, and often as the spectacle was renewed, I could never look at it with indifference. Their complexion is of a bluish white, that suggests the idea of dropsy; this is invariable, and the poor little ones wear exactly the same ghastly hue. A miserable cow and a few pigs standing knee-deep in water, distinguish the more prosperous of these dwellings; and on the whole I should say that I never witnessed human nature reduced so low, as it appeared in the wood-cutters' huts on the unwholesome banks of the Mississippi.'—*Ibid.* p. 26.

In the beginning of February our party reached the town of Cincinnati, on the right bank of the Ohio. Of course they were obliged to snatch their first hurried meal at the public table; but as they had not yet become reconciled to the fashions of the country, they preferred taking tea in their own room. A good-natured Irishwoman served them as waiter, and they were getting on pretty well, when a loud sharp knocking was heard at the door, and in walked a portly personage, who proclaimed himself their landlord.

"Are any of you ill?" he began. "No, thank you, sir; we are all quite well," was my reply. "Then, madam, I must tell you, that I cannot accommodate you on these terms; we have no family tea-drinkings here, and you must either live with me or my wife, or not at all in my house." This was said with an air of authority that almost precluded reply, but I ventured a sort of apologetic hint, that we were strangers and unaccustomed to the manners of the country. "Our manners (said he) are very good manners, and we don't wish any changes from England." I made no farther remonstrance, but determined

terminated to hasten my removal. This we achieved the next day to our great satisfaction.

' We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough, but we speedily found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodation that Europeans conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's cart, or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish, which vanishes with such celerity in London, that one has no time to think of its existence; but which accumulated so rapidly at Cincinnati, that I sent for my landlord to know in what manner refuse of all kinds was to be disposed of. "Your help (he said) will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street, but you must mind, old woman, that it is the middle. I expect you don't know as we have got a law what forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must just all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off."—In truth, the pigs are constantly seen doing Herculean service in this way through every quarter of the city; and though it is not very agreeable to live surrounded by herds of these unsavoury animals, it is well they are so numerous, and so active in their capacity of scavengers, for without them the streets would soon be choked up with all sorts of substances in every stage of decomposition.'—*Ibid*, p. 51.

The following extract speaks so admirably for itself, that any commentary of ours would hurt it.

' Though I do not quite sympathise with those who consider Cincinnati as one of the wonders of the earth, I certainly think it a city of extraordinary size and importance, when it is remembered that thirty years ago the aboriginal forest occupied the ground where it stands; and every month appears to extend its limits and its wealth.

' Some of the native political economists assert that this rapid conversion of a bear-brake into a prosperous city, is the result of free political institutions; not being very deep in such matters, a more obvious cause suggested itself to me, in the unceasing goad which necessity applies to industry in this country, and in the absence of all resource for the idle. During nearly two years that I resided at Cincinnati, or its neighbourhood, I neither saw a beggar, nor a man of sufficient fortune to permit his ceasing his efforts to increase it: thus every bee in the hive is actively employed in search of that honey of Hybla, vulgarly called money; neither art, science, learning, nor pleasure, can seduce them from its pursuit. This unity of purpose, backed by the spirit of enterprise, and joined with an acuteness and *total** absence of probity, where interest is concerned, which might set canny Yorkshire at defiance, may well go far towards obtaining its purpose.

' The low rate of taxation, too, unquestionably permits a more rapid accumulation of individual wealth than with us; but till I had travelled through America, I had no idea how much of the money collected in taxes returns among the people, not only in the purchase of what their

* These indefensible italics are not ours.

industry furnishes, but in the actual enjoyment of what is furnished. Were I an English legislator, instead of sending sedition to the Tower, I would send her to make a tour of the United States. I had a little leaning towards sedition myself when I set out, but before I had half completed my tour I was quite cured.

‘ I have read much of the “ few and simple wants of rational man,” and I used to give a sort of dreamy acquiescence to the reasoning that went to prove—each added want an added woe. Those who reason in a comfortable London drawing-room know little about the matter. Were the aliments which sustain life all that we wanted, the faculties of the hog might suffice us; but if we analyze an hour of enjoyment, we shall find that it is made up of agreeable sensations occasioned by a thousand delicate impressions on almost as many nerves; where these nerves are sluggish from never having been awakened, external objects are less important, for they are less perceived; but where the whole machine of the human frame is in full activity, where every sense brings home to consciousness its touch of pleasure or of pain, then every object that meets the senses is important as a vehicle of happiness or misery. But let no frames so tempered visit the United States, or if they do, let it be with no longer pausing than will store the memory with images, which, by the force of contrast, shall sweeten the future.

“ *Guarda e passa (e poi) ragiam di lor.*”

‘ The “ simple ” manner of living in Western America was more distasteful to me from its levelling effects on the manners of the people, than from the personal privations that it rendered necessary; and yet, till I was without them, I was in no degree aware of the many pleasurable sensations derived from the little elegancies and refinements enjoyed by the middle classes in Europe. There were many circumstances, too trifling even for my gossiping pages, which pressed themselves daily and hourly upon us, and which forced us to remember painfully that we were not at home. It requires an abler pen than mine to trace the connexion which I am persuaded exists between these deficiencies and the minds and manners of the people. All animal wants are supplied profusely at Cincinnati, and at a very easy rate; but, alas! these go but a little way in the history of a day’s enjoyment. The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavouring to account for it. It certainly does not proceed from want of intellect. I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I could strictly call silly (if I except the everywhere privileged class of very young ladies). They appear to have clear heads and active intellects; are more ignorant on subjects that are only of conventional value, than on such as are of intrinsic importance; but there is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned, and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste.

‘ I will

‘ I will not pretend to decide whether man is better or worse off for requiring refinement in the manners and customs of the society that surrounds him, and for being incapable of enjoyment without them; but in America that polish which removes the coarser and rougher parts of our nature is unknown and undreamed of. There is much substantial comfort, and some display in the larger cities; in many of the more obvious features they are as Paris or as London, being all large assemblies of active and intelligent human beings—but yet they are wonderfully unlike in nearly all their moral features. Now, God forbid that any reasonable American (of whom there are so many millions) should ever come to ask me what I mean; I should find it very difficult, nay, perhaps, utterly impossible, to explain myself; but, on the other hand, no European who has visited the Union will find the least difficulty in understanding me. I am in no way competent to judge of the political institutions of America; and if I should occasionally make an observation on their effects, as they meet my superficial glance, they will be made in the spirit, and with the feeling of a woman, who is apt to tell what her first impressions may be, but unapt to reason back from effects to their causes. Such observations, if they be worthy of much attention, are also obnoxious to little reproof: but there are points of national peculiarity of which women may judge as ably as men,—all that constitutes the external of society may be fairly trusted to us. Captain Hall, when asked what appeared to him to constitute the greatest difference between England and America, replied, like a gallant sailor, “the want of loyalty.” Were the same question put to me, I should answer, “the want of refinement.” Were Americans, indeed, disposed to assume the plain unpretending deportment of the Switzer in the days of his picturesque simplicity (when, however, he never chewed tobacco), it would be in bad taste to censure him; but this is not the case. Jonathan will be a fine gentleman, but it must be in his own way. Is he not a free-born American? Jonathan, however, must remember, that if he will challenge competition with the old world, the old world will now and then look out to see how he supports his pretensions.

‘ With their hours of business, whether judicial or mercantile, civil or military, I have nothing to do; I doubt not they are all spent wisely and profitably; but what are their hours of recreation? Those hours that with us are passed in the enjoyment of all that art can win from nature; when, if the elaborate repast be more deeply relished than sages might approve, it is redeemed from sensuality by the presence of elegance and beauty. What is the American pendant to this? I will not draw any comparison between a good dinner party in the two countries; I have heard American gentlemen say, that they could perceive no difference between them; but in speaking of general manners, I may observe, that it is rarely they dine in society, except in taverns and boarding-houses. Then they eat with the greatest possible rapidity, and in total silence; I have heard it said by American ladies, that the hours of greatest enjoyment to the gentlemen were those

those in which a glass of gin cock-tail, or egging, receives its highest relish from the absence of all restraint whatever; and when there were no ladies to trouble them.'—pp. 66, 67.

So much for the fashionable society of the metropolis of the western forests. The following account of country life is not less interesting; and we give it entire, as our author assures us it is 'the *best* specimen she saw of the backwoods' independence, of which so much is said in America:—

'We visited one farm, which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependence of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back one opened against the hill-side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A noble field of Indian corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half-cleared acres, with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs, and chickens innumerable. Immediately before the house was a small potato garden, with a few peach and apple trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband, though not a shoe-maker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactured all the soap and candles they used, and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whiskey, and she could "get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chicken to market." They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which, though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and to feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague in "the fall;" but she seemed contented, and proud of her independence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, "'Tis strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another human that does not belong to the family."

'These people were indeed, independent—Robinson Crusoe was hardly more so, and they eat and drink abundantly; but yet it seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow-men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive

receive their bones—Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon their grave; the husband or the father will dig the pit that is to hold them, beneath the nearest tree; he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be their only requiem. But then they pay neither taxes nor tithes, are never expected to pull off a hat or to make a curtsy, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words, "God save the king."—p. 69.

One of the greatest drawbacks to comfort in America appears to consist in the difficulty—almost impossibility—of getting good servants. There exists throughout the country such an inveterate prejudice against menial service, that nothing short of absolute want, or the strong desire of procuring some favourite object, for which the funds are not forthcoming, will induce man, woman, or even child to condescend to this sort of occupation. It is in vain to reason with an American on this subject, or to endeavour to show him that if a servant makes his bargain, and does his duty, he is to all intents and purposes as independent as his master. It is true that this holds good, in its fullest extent, only in a country like England, where, happily for the poorer classes, the society is divided into ranks, of each of which the rights and privileges are distinctly known, and resolutely maintained. We say, decidedly, that this classification is fortunate for those who are less—aye, or least wealthy, as it affords by far the best security they could have against the encroachments of power. Let any gentleman in England treat his servant unjustly or cruelly, and see what a storm he will soon raise about his ears. If, on the other hand, he forgets what is due to his own rank, and even with a kindly intention, takes any liberty with his servant, he is instantly checked for what, though it be not so called, is considered presumption. The truth is, neither master nor man can venture, with us, to quit his own proper line of duty; and, as for obligation, that is strictly mutual, and finds its balance most accurately adjusted by the payment of wages. True independence of character, indeed, all over the world, and in every walk of life, depends essentially upon well-understood mutual obligation; that is, upon the fair and manly interchange of kind offices respectively. At first sight, it certainly does strike the imagination, that a man who resides in the forest, far from other human beings, must be more independent than one who forms a mere unit of a large and crowded society. But, in point of fact, the solitary person soon becomes the most selfish of mortals, and discovers that his independence consists chiefly of privations, which he would fain supply, not in self-denials of what he might procure by exchanging the results of his labour for those of other men. The really independent man is he who
contributes

contributes as much to society as he draws from it. He who locks up his powers of being useful to others, and refuses to lend his share to the common stock, but contents himself with supplying his mere animal wants, hardly deserves the generous title of independence; while the man that fulfils all his obligations to the community, and proves himself worthy of the hire for which he has stipulated to exert himself, may with perfect truth be styled independent—though his position nominally be of the very humblest nature.

The following sketch of what the Americans feel on this point is clever and amusing:—

‘The greatest difficulty in organising a family establishment in Ohio is getting servants, or, as it is there called, “getting help,” for it is more than petty treason to the republic to call a free citizen a *servant*. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, “I be come to help you.” The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year. “Oh Gimini!” exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, “you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week; and mother’s slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t’other side the water, to help me clean.” I agreed to the bargain, of course, with all dutiful submission; and seeing she was preparing to set to work in a yellow dress parsemé with red roses, I gently hinted, that I thought it was a pity to spoil so fine a gown, and that she had better change it. “Tis just my best and worst,” she answered, “for I’ve got no other.” And in truth I found that this young lady had left the paternal mansion with no more clothes of any kind than what she had on. I immediately gave her money to purchase what was necessary for cleanliness and decency, and set to work with my daughters to make her a gown. She grinned applause when our labour was completed, but never uttered the slightest expression of gratitude for that or for anything else we could do for her. She was constantly asking us to lend her different articles of dress, and when we declined it, she said, “Well, I never seed such grumpy folks as you be; there is several young ladies of my acquaintance
what

what goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town, and they and their gurls always lends them what they asks for; I guess, you English thinks we should poison your things, just as bad as if we was negurs." And here I beg to assure the reader, that whenever I give conversations, they were not made *à loisir*, but were written down immediately after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted.

'This young lady left me at the end of two months, because I refused to lend her money enough to buy a silk dress to go to a ball, saying, "Then it is not worth my while to stay any longer." I cannot imagine it possible that such a state of things can be desirable or beneficial to any of the parties concerned. I might occupy a hundred pages on the subject, and yet fail to give an adequate idea of the sore, angry, ever-wakeful pride that seemed to torment these poor wretches. In many of them it was so excessive, that all feeling of displeasure, or even of ridicule, was lost in pity. One of these was a pretty girl, whose natural disposition must have been gentle and kind; but her good feelings were soured, and her gentleness turned into morbid sensitiveness, by having heard a thousand and a thousand times that she was as good as any other lady, that all men were equal, and women too, and that it was a sin and a shame for a free-born American to be treated like a servant. When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, "I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here." I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did everything in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she stayed till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, *un beau matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, "I must go." "When shall you return, Charlotte?" "I expect you will see no more of me." And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer till it was."—p. 73-77.

'Such being the difficulties respecting domestic arrangements,' adds our author, 'it is obvious, that the ladies who are brought up amongst them cannot have leisure for any developement of the mind: it is, in fact, out of the question; and, remembering this, it is more surprising that some among them should be very pleasing, than that none should be highly instructed. But, whatever may be the talents of the persons who meet together in society, the very shape, form, and arrangement of the meeting is sufficient to paralyze conversation. The women invariably herd together at one part of the room, and the men at the other; but, in justice to Cincinnati, I must acknowledge that this arrangement is by no means peculiar to that city, or to the western side of the Alleghanies. Sometimes a small attempt at music produces a partial reunion; a few of the most daring youths, animated by the consciousness of curled hair and smart waistcoats, approach
the

the piano-forte, and begin to mutter a little to the half-grown pretty things, who are comparing with one another "how many quarters' music they have had." Where the mansion is of sufficient dignity to have two drawing-rooms, the piano, the little ladies, and the slender gentlemen are left to themselves; and on such occasions the sound of laughter is often heard to issue from among them. But the fate of the more dignified personages, who are left in the other room, is extremely dismal. The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of Parson Somebody's last sermon on the day of judgment, or Dr. Totherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the "tea" is announced, when they all console themselves together for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake and custard, hoe cake, johnny cake, waffle cake, and dodger cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world. After this massive meal is over, they return to the drawing-room, and it always appeared to me that they remained together as long as they could bear it, and then they rise *en masse*—cloak, bonnet, shawl, and exit.—p. 81.

There is nothing more curious in these amusing volumes than the accounts given, from time to time, of the social position of the ladies. The following expression struck us particularly. Mrs. Trollope, talking of the sensation produced in America by the appearance of the fanatical female already alluded to, who lectured against the Bible, Wedlock, &c., in a manner which, as she says, would have made some stir anywhere, adds—

'But in America, where women are guarded by a seven-fold shield of habitual insignificance, such a spectacle caused an effect that can hardly be described.'—p. 96.

Our attention is next invited to a subject of greater importance, and one which is treated with much skill and good sense in these volumes; we mean the practice of religious observances, and the influence of religion on a society so very differently constituted in all other respects from that of Europe generally, and especially from that of England. We recommend an attentive perusal of Chapters VIII. and XI. to those who are anywise distrustful of the benefits of an established church, in giving consistency to the duties and efficacy to the principles of religion; or, who have no dread of the evils which follow the unrestrained indulgence of misdirected zeal in any, even the best, cause. No people, it appears, are so completely without amusement as the Cincinnatians. Billiards and cards are forbidden by law—they have no public balls, excepting a few at Christmas—they have no concerts and no dinner parties—'In short,'

Mrs.

Mrs. Trollope says, 'the theatre forms the only public amusement of this triste little town;'—('Triste little town!') What will the good folks of the western woods say, when they hear their wonderful city called by such a title?—and the theatre, although in some respects very well got up, is but poorly attended, as by far the greater proportion of the females deem it an offence against religion to witness the representation of a play:—

'It is in the churches and chapels of the town that the ladies are to be seen in full costume; and I am tempted to believe that a stranger from the continent of Europe would be inclined, on first reconnoitring the city, to suppose that the places of worship were the theatres and cafés of the place. No evening in the week but brings throngs of the young and beautiful to the chapels and meeting-houses, all dressed with care, and sometimes with great pretension; it is there that all display is made, and all fashionable distinction sought. The proportion of gentlemen attending these evening meetings is very small, but often, as might be expected, a sprinkling of smart young clerks make this sedulous display of ribbons and ringlets intelligible and natural. Were it not for the churches, indeed, I think there might be a general bonfire of best bonnets, for I never could discover any other use for them.

'The ladies are too actively employed in the interior of their houses to permit much parading in full dress for morning visits. There are no public gardens or lounging shops of fashionable resort, and were it not for public worship, and private tea-drinkings, all the ladies in Cincinnati would be in danger of becoming perfect recluses.

'The influence which the ministers of all the innumerable religious sects throughout America have on the females of their respective congregations, approaches very nearly to what we read of in Spain, or in other strictly Roman Catholic countries. There are many causes for this peculiar influence. Where equality of rank is affectingly acknowledged by the rich, and clamorously claimed by the poor, distinction and pre-eminence are allowed to the clergy only. This gives them high importance in the eyes of the ladies. I think, also, that it is from the clergy only that the women of America receive that sort of attention which is so dearly valued by every female heart throughout the world. With the priests of America the women hold that degree of influential importance which, in the countries of Europe, is allowed them throughout all orders and ranks of society, except, perhaps, the very lowest; and in return for this they seem to give their hearts and souls into their keeping. I never saw, or read, of any country where religion had so strong a hold upon the women, or a slighter hold upon the men.

'I mean not to assert that I met with no men of sincerely religious feelings, or with no women of no religious feelings at all; but I feel perfectly secure of being correct as to the great majority in the statement I have made.

'We had not been many months in Cincinnati when our curiosity was

was excited by hearing the "revival" talked of by every one we met throughout the town. "The revival will be very full"—"We shall be constantly engaged during the revival"—were the phrases we constantly heard repeated, and for a long time, without in the least comprehending what was meant; but at length I learnt that the national church of America required to be roused, at regular intervals, to greater energy and exertion. At these seasons the most enthusiastic of the clergy travel the country, and enter the cities and towns by scores, or by hundreds, as the accommodation of the place may admit; and for a week or fortnight, or, if the population be large, for a month, they preach and pray all day, and often for a considerable portion of the night, in the various churches and chapels of the place. This is called a Revival.

* I took considerable pains to obtain information on this subject; but in detailing what I learnt I fear that it is probable I shall be accused of exaggeration; all I can do is cautiously to avoid deserving it. The subject is highly interesting, and it would be a fault of no trifling nature to treat it with levity.

* These itinerant clergymen are of all persuasions, I believe, except the Episcopalian, Catholic, Unitarian, and Quaker. I heard of Presbyterians of all varieties; of Baptists of I know not how many divisions; and of Methodists of more denominations than I can remember; whose innumerable shades of varying belief it would require much time to explain and more to comprehend. They enter all the cities, towns, and villages of the Union, in succession; I could not learn, with sufficient certainty to repeat, what the interval generally is between their visits. These itinerants are, for the most part, lodged in the houses of their respective followers, and every evening that is not spent in the churches and meeting-houses, is devoted to what would be called parties by others, but which they designate as prayer meetings. Here they eat, drink, pray, sing, hear confessions, and make converts.—p. 98—102.

A lively description is given of the domestic prayer-meetings during this season of Revival, as it is called, but we prefer extracting an account of a scene witnessed by our author at a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. Well may she say it made her shudder:—

* It was in the middle of summer, but the service we were recommended to attend did not begin till it was dark. The church was well lighted, and crowded almost to suffocation. On entering, we found three priests standing side by side, in a sort of tribune, placed where the altar usually is, handsomely fitted up with crimson curtains, and elevated about as high as our pulpits. We took our places in a pew close to the rail which surrounded it.

* The priest who stood in the middle was praying; the prayer was extravagantly vehement, and offensively familiar in expression; when this ended a hymn was sung, and then another priest took the centre place and preached. The sermon had considerable eloquence, but of a
frightful

frightful kind. The preacher described, with ghastly minuteness, the last feeble fainting moments of human life, and then the gradual progress of decay after death, which he followed through every process up to the loathsome stage of decomposition. Suddenly changing his tone, which had been that of sober, accurate description, into the shrill voice of horror, he bent forward his head, as if to gaze on some object beneath the pulpit, and made known to us what he saw in the pit that seemed to open before him. The device was certainly a happy one for giving effect to his description of hell. No image that fire, flame, brimstone, molten lead, or red-hot pincers could supply, with flesh, nerves, and sinews quivering under them, was omitted. The perspiration ran in streams from the face of the preacher; his eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam, and every feature had the deep expression of horror it would have borne, had he, in truth, been gazing at the scene he described. The acting was excellent. At length he gave a languishing look to his supporters on each side, as if to express his feeble state, and then sat down, and wiped the drops of agony from his brow.

The other two priests arose, and began to sing a hymn. It was some seconds before the congregation could join as usual; every upturned face looked pale and horror-struck. When the singing ended, another took the centre place, and began in a sort of coaxing, affectionate tone, to ask the congregation if what their dear brother had spoken had reached their hearts? Whether they would avoid the hell he had made them see? "Come, then!" he continued, stretching out his arms towards them, "come to us, and tell us so, and we will make you see Jesus, the dear gentle Jesus, who shall save you from it. But you must come to him! You must not be ashamed to come to him! This night you shall tell him that you are not ashamed of him; we will make way for you; we will clear the bench for anxious sinners to sit upon. Come, then! come to the anxious bench, and we will show you Jesus! Come! Come! Come!"

Again a hymn was sung, and while it continued, one of the three was employed in clearing one or two long benches that went across the rail, sending the people back to the lower part of the church. The singing ceased, and again the people were invited, and exhorted not to be ashamed of Jesus, but to put themselves upon "the anxious benches," and lay their heads on his bosom. "Once more we will sing," he concluded, "that we may give you time." And again they sung a hymn.

And now in every part of the church a movement was perceptible, slight at first, but by degrees becoming more decided. Young girls arose, and sat down, and rose again; and then the pews opened, and several came tottering out, their hands clasped, their heads hanging on their bosoms, and every limb trembling, and still the hymn went on; but as the poor creatures approached the rail their sobs and groans became audible. They seated themselves on the "anxious benches;" the hymn ceased, and two of the three priests walked down from the tribune, and going, one to the right, and the other to the left, began

began whispering to the poor tremblers seated there. These whispers were inaudible to us, but the sobs and groans increased to a frightful excess. Young creatures, with features pale and distorted, fell on their knees on the pavement, and soon sunk forward on their faces; the most violent cries and shrieks followed, while from time to time a voice was heard in convulsive accents, exclaiming, "Oh Lord!" "Oh Lord Jesus!" "Help me, Jesus!" and the like. Meanwhile the two priests continued to walk among them; they repeatedly mounted on the benches, and trumpet-mouthed proclaimed to the whole congregation "the tidings of salvation;" and then from every corner of the building arose in reply, short sharp cries of "Amen!" "Glory!" "Amen!" while the prostrate penitents continued to receive whispered comfortings, and from time to time a mystic caress. More than once I saw a young neck encircled by a reverend arm. Violent hysterics and convulsions seized many of them, and when the tumult was at the highest, the priest who remained above, again gave out a hymn as if to drown it. It was a frightful sight to behold innocent young creatures, in the gay morning of existence, thus seized upon, horror-struck, and rendered feeble and enervated for ever. One young girl, apparently not more than fourteen, was supported in the arms of another, some years older; her face was pale as death; her eyes wide open, and perfectly devoid of meaning; her chin and bosom wet with slaver; she had every appearance of idiotism. I saw a priest approach her, he took her delicate hand, "Jesus is with her! Bless the Lord!" he said, and passed on. Did the men of America value their women as men ought to value their wives and daughters, would such scenes be permitted among them?

'It is hardly necessary to say that all who obeyed the call to place themselves on the "anxious benches" were women, and by far the greater number very young women. The congregation was, in general, extremely well dressed, and the smartest and most fashionable ladies of the town were there; during the whole revival the churches and meeting-houses were every day crowded with well-dressed people.

'It is thus the ladies of Cincinnati amuse themselves; to attend the theatre is forbidden; to play cards is unlawful; but they work hard in their families, and must have some relaxation. For myself, I confess that I think the coarsest comedy ever written would be a less detestable exhibition for the eyes of youth and innocence than such a scene,'—vol. i. p. 108—113.

Disgusting and mischievous as this exhibition is, its profanity, not to say blasphemy, is far outstripped by the outrageous absurdities our author witnessed at what is called a camp meeting. We have in vain attempted to abridge the chapter (xv.) in which this extraordinary exhibition of hypocrisy, folly, fanaticism, and, we must add, gross licentiousness,—is described with a degree of graphic effect which ranks the author as a writer of very considerable powers. Nothing can be more painful,

we

we allow, than such a description; but we conceive that it is full of the most important instruction, and is well calculated to check those first risings of ignorant zeal, which, if not duly restrained by right reason, are so very apt, when pressed upon weak minds, to rise into the wildest enthusiasm, to obliterate all traces of the religion of the gospel, and, of course, to supersede every finer sense of moral duty.

The following extract contains many interesting statements as to the actual state of religion in America, mingled with judicious reflections on the important subject of church government, and the influence of its cordial union with the civil authority on the minds and manners of a people:—

‘ I had often heard it observed before I visited America, that one of the great blessings of its constitution was the absence of a national religion, the country being thus exonerated from all obligation of supporting the clergy; those only contributing to do so whose principles led them to it. My residence in the country has shewn me that a religious tyranny may be exerted very effectually without the aid of the government, in a way much more oppressive than the paying of tithe, and without obtaining any of the salutary decorum, which I presume no one will deny is the result of an established mode of worship.

‘ As it was impossible to remain many weeks in the country without being struck with the strange anomalies produced by its religious system, my early notes contain many observations on the subject; but as nearly the same scenes recurred in every part of the country, I state them here, not as belonging to the west alone, but to the whole Union, the same cause producing the same effect everywhere.

‘ The whole people appear to be divided into an almost endless variety of religious factions, and I was told, that, to be well received in society, it was necessary to declare yourself as belonging to some one of these. Let your acknowledged belief be what it may, you are said to be *not a Christian*, unless you attach yourself to a particular congregation. Besides the broad and well-known distinctions of Episcopalian, Catholic, Presbyterian, Calvinist, Baptist, Quaker, Swedenborgian, Universalist, Dunker, &c. &c. &c., there are innumerable others springing out of these, each of which assumes a church government of its own. Of this, the most intriguing and factious individual is invariably the head; and in order, as it should seem, to shew a reason for this separation, each congregation invests itself with some queer variety of external observance that has the melancholy effect of exposing *all* religious ceremonies to contempt. It is impossible, in witnessing all these unseemly vagaries, not to recognize the advantages of an established church as a sort of head-quarters for quiet unpretending Christians, who are contented to serve faithfully, without insisting upon having each a little separate banner, embroidered with a device of their own imagining. The Catholics alone appear exempt

exempt from the fury of division and subdivision that has seized every other persuasion. Having the Pope for their common head regulates, I presume, their movements, and prevents the outrageous display of individual whim which every other sect is permitted.

‘I believe I am sufficiently tolerant, but this does not prevent my seeing that the object of all religious observances is better obtained, when the government of the church is confided to the wisdom and experience of the most venerated among the people, than when it is placed in the hands of every tinker and tailor who chooses to claim a share in it. Nor is this the only evil attending the want of a national religion, supported by the State. As there is no legal and fixed provision for the clergy, it is hardly surprising that their services are confined to those who can pay them. The vehement expressions of insane or hypocritical zeal, such as were exhibited during “the Revival,” can but ill atone for the want of village worship, any more than the eternal talk of the admirable and unequalled government, can atone for the continual contempt of social order. Church and State hobble along, side by side, notwithstanding their boasted independence. Almost every man you meet will tell you, that he is occupied in labours most abundant for the good of his country; and almost every woman will tell you, that besides those things that are within (her house) she has coming upon her daily the care of all the churches. Yet, spite of this universal attention to the government, its laws are half asleep; and, spite of the old women and their Dorcas societies, atheism is awake and thriving.

‘In the smaller cities and towns, prayer-meetings take the place of almost all other amusements; but as the thinly-scattered population of most villages can give no parties, and pay no priests, they contrive to marry, christen, and bury without them. A stranger taking up his residence in any city in America must think the natives the most religious people upon earth; but if chance lead him among her western villages, he will rarely find either churches or chapels, prayer or preacher; except, indeed, at that most terrific saturnalia, “a camp-meeting.” I was much struck with the answer of a poor woman, whom I saw ironing on a Sunday. “Do you make no difference in your occupations on a Sunday?” I said. “I beant a Christian, Ma’am; we have got no opportunity,” was the reply. It occurred to me, that in a country where “all men are equal,” the government would be guilty of no crime, did it so far interfere as to give them all an *opportunity* of becoming Christians if they wished it. But should the federal government dare to propose building a church, and endowing it, in some village that has never heard “the bringing home of bell and burial,” it is perfectly certain that not only the sovereign state where such an abomination was proposed, would rush into the Congress to resent the odious interference, but that all the other states would join the clamour, and such an intermeddling administration would run great risk of impeachment and degradation.

‘Where there is a church-government so constituted as to deserve human

human respect, I believe it will always be found to receive it, even from those who may not assent to the dogma of its creed; and where such respect exists, it produces a decorum in manners and language often found wanting where it does not. Sectarians will not venture to rhapsodise, nor infidels to scoff, in the common intercourse of society. It is certainly possible that some of the fanciful variations upon the ancient creeds of the Christian church, with which transatlantic religionists amuse themselves, might inspire morbid imaginations in Europe as well as in America; but before they can disturb the solemn harmony *here*, they must prelude by a defiance, not only to common sense, but what is infinitely more appalling, to common usage. They must at once rank themselves with the low and the illiterate, for only such prefer the eloquence of the tub to that of the pulpit. The aristocracy must ever, as a body, belong to the established church, and it is but a small proportion of the influential classes who would be willing to allow that they do not belong to the aristocracy. That such feelings influence the professions of men it were ignorance or hypocrisy to deny; and that nation is wise which knows how to turn even such feelings into a wholesome stream of popular influence.'—vol. i. pp. 150—156.

Mrs. Trollope seems to have bestowed much attention on the state of education in America, and inserts several literary conversations which give us curious enough peeps behind the curtain. See vol. i. page 127, where 'poor Shakspeare is held to be too gross' for the refined taste of the back-woods, and 'it is considered quite fustian to speak of Pope.' 'In truth,' observes our author, after a choice specimen of the *blue* talk of Cincinnati,—

'there are many reasons which render a very general diffusion of literature impossible in America. I can scarcely class the universal reading of newspapers as an exception to this remark; if I could, my statement would be exactly the reverse, and I should say that America beat the world in letters. The fact is, that throughout all ranks of society, from the successful merchant, which is the highest, to the domestic serving man, which is the lowest, they are all too actively employed to read, except at such broken moments as may suffice for a peep at a newspaper.'—vol. i. p. 128.

This state of things is, in truth, not only acknowledged, but exulted in, by the Americans themselves. We quote the following sentences from one of their literary journals for December last:—

'In communities like Great Britain, where the wealth and power of the monarchy and the aristocracy have a great protective influence, which can shield sensitive genius from the vulgar sunshine of active business, the scholar may pursue his studies without a thought for the bustling world around him. There a man may or may not be a politician, as he pleases. But we deprecate such abstraction here.

Our atmosphere is one of active impulses, in which the delicate plant of pure literary industry droops and dies. We have no professional poets; we have no class of scholars, or of strictly literary men. The institutions of the country require the participation of every citizen to sustain them, and the first symptom of fatal decay will be the abandonment of that universal trust to the oligarchy of politicians.*

In her next chapter, Mrs. Trollope shifts the scene from the bustling pig-crowded streets of Cincinnati to a pretty cottage at the foot of the hills of Ohio, in which she and her family had fondly hoped to be free from intrusion;—but in vain.

* No one dreams of fastening a door in Western America; I was told that it would be considered as an affront by the whole neighbourhood. I was still exposed to perpetual and most vexatious interruptions from people whom I had often never seen, and whose names still oftener were unknown to me. Those who are native there, and to the manner born, seem to pass over these annoyances with more skill than I could ever acquire. More than once I have seen some of my acquaintance beset in the same way, without appearing at all distressed by it; they continued their employment or conversation with me, much as if no such interruption had taken place: when the visitor entered, they would say, "How do you do?" and shake hands. "Tolerably, I thank ye: how be you?" was the reply. If it was a female, she took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on; and then taking possession of the first chair in their way, they would retain it for an hour together, without uttering another word; at length, rising abruptly, they would again shake hands, with, "Well, now I must be going, I guess;" and so take themselves off, apparently well contented with their reception.

We have been assured that even in the most refined cities of the United States a family can hardly ever venture to break through this rule of *open doors*, and that Americans who have lived in England find this, on their return, about the heaviest item in their catalogue of discomforts. But to proceed—here is a specimen of the colloquies thus forced upon Mrs. Trollope at her sequestered *casino* :—

"Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here, I guess." "I hope I shall see many." "That's a fact. . . . Why they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?" "I do not remember hearing of such a transaction." "I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like ourn, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes." "You spend a good deal of time in reading

* *American Quarterly Review*, No. XX., p. 417.

the newspapers." "And I'd like you tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to, doos their duty, and gives themselves no airs?" "But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics." "The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country? Why, what's the smoothness of a road put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress, speaks handsome and straight, as we chooses they should?" "It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor store to read the papers?" "To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor, but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not to look after the affairs of his country."

If our English party, over-bored by these free-and-easy visitors, strayed abroad, they were liable, it appears, to find the picturesque not a little interfered with by their old town enemies, the hogs:—

"Immense droves of them were continually arriving from the country by the road that led to most of our favourite walks; they were often fed and lodged in the prettiest valleys, and worse still, were slaughtered beside the prettiest streams. Another evil threatened us from the same quarter, that was yet heavier. Our cottage had an ample piazza, (a luxury almost universal in the country houses of America,) which, shaded by a group of acacias, made a delightful sitting-room; from this favourite spot we one day perceived symptoms of building in a field close to it; with much anxiety we hastened to the spot, and asked what building was to be erected there. 'Tis to be a slaughter-house for hogs,' was the dreadful reply. As there were several gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, I asked if such an erection might not be indicted as a nuisance. "A what?" "A nuisance," I repeated, and explained what I meant. "No, no," was the reply, "that may do very well for your tyrannical country, where a rich man's nose is more thought of than a poor man's mouth; but hogs be profitable produce here, and we be too free for such a law as that, I guess."

"During my residence in America, little circumstances like the foregoing often recalled to my mind a conversation I once held in France with an old gentleman on the subject of their active police, and its omnipresent gens-d'armes; "Croyez moi, Madame, il n'y a que ceux, à qui ils ont à faire, qui les trouvent de trop." And the old gentleman was right, not only in speaking of France, but of the whole human family, as philosophers call us. The well disposed, those whose own feeling of justice would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraints of the law. *All the freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly.*—vol. i., p. 147.

We have taken the liberty of putting the concluding remark of the above paragraph in italics, for we desire greatly to call the attention of our readers to a truth which has not before been so distinctly pointed out, but which every page of these interesting volumes, and, indeed, of every other book which we have read respecting America, tends to confirm. We conceive that the inevitable consequence of extending the democratical principle beyond what *used* to be considered its due limits, must be to degrade the cause of genuine freedom, and even essentially to diminish the amount of personal liberty in any country. In revolutionized France, where there does not appear to have been any physical or statistical reason for this fatal disturbance in the political scales, we find pretty nearly the same results as in the United States. True freedom has there no existence. There has been, and will be again, abundance of the glare and riot of license, but scarcely a spark of the true flame of liberty. It is with them all noise and smoke, unsupported by any weight of metal, or any justice of aim. Being destitute of national principle, and having no old usages now left to fix their habits, they venerate nothing, and yield, with the wildest delight, to every new flow or gust of the political storms which constitute their precarious atmosphere.

In America, though not exactly in the same way, there is ample licence, with all sorts of liberty of action and speech—but only for one class of society—the democrats; scarcely a particle, it would seem, for any of the rest. It is true the democrats form the majority, and a very large majority indeed, not only counted numerically, but reckoned by the scale of influence and intelligence, wealth, talents, or any other element of recognized power elsewhere. Then why find fault with it? we may be asked;—why, if the system is such as the great body of the people, including the richest, wisest, and best, choose to prefer, why should we quarrel with them for persevering in what they approve of? To this we reply, that we have no quarrel with them about it at all. We are in no way disposed to begrudge them their universal suffrage—their general dram-drinking—their occasional camp-meetings—their republican institutions—their eternal electioneering, or anything else which may to them seem fit and proper. But we must take the liberty to point out to our countrymen that, although this may be all very well for the Americans, (since they like it,) nothing can be more utterly repugnant to the feelings and habits of Englishmen, or more completely unsuited to the geographical, statistical, and moral situation in which this country is placed.*

Our

* We could, in a moment, show, by reference to works written by our warmest political antagonists, that, even in their estimation, this boasted experiment of a transatlantic

Our authoress next gives us a chapter on the relative conditions of an English peasant and an American mechanic or farmer, which is throughout curious and instructive; but we must content ourselves with quoting a few of its remarks as to the 'woman-kind'—the subject as to which we are always best pleased with this writer:

* It is they who are indeed the slaves of the soil. One has but to look at the wife of an American cottager, and ask her age, to be convinced that the life she leads is one of hardship, privation, and labour. It is rare to see a woman in this station who has reached the age of thirty without losing every trace of youth and beauty. You continually see women with infants on their knee, that you feel sure are their grandchildren, till some convincing proof of the contrary is displayed. Even the young girls, though often with lovely features, look pale, thin, and haggard. I do not remember to have seen, in any single

atlantic republic is totally inapplicable to our side of the water. Within a few days, for example, a volume has fallen into our hands, called a 'Tour in the State of New York,' just published, as it would appear, by a Mr. Fowler, of Liverpool, who dedicates his lucubrations to 'Thomas Attwood, Esquire, the liberal and enlightened advocate of Reform, and the founder of Political Unions—those great moral engines which, by concentrating public feeling, sentiment, and energy, have contributed to produce such glorious results throughout the country.' We shall not stop to inquire whether this worthy person alludes to Nottingham or to Bristol—to Sir Thomas Denman or to Mr. Christopher Davis—but merely remark, that the very same inferences may be deduced from his statements that we have come to in perusing the able performance which forms the subject of this article. Mr. Attwood's friend, in speaking of the church, says—'Although there is no established religion, as we term it, all religions being free alike, and the conscience of every man amenable only to his Maker, yet I must confess, with regret, that I have too often witnessed an unbecoming degree of warmth, and party spirit, and feeling, frequently not unconnected with politics, on this momentous subject; a disposition to introduce it as a topic of general and sometimes light conversation, and much divested of that conciliatory spirit, that reverence and humility, which, as they are its highest ornaments, are no less its distinguishing and vital essence.'—*Fowler's Tour in the State of New York in 1830*, p. 211.

While the work from which the above passage is taken lies before us, we must be allowed to extract one other sentence, which is so truly characteristic of the author and his cause, that we shall thus be saved from the trouble of giving any further description of either. In speaking of the American navy, he dwells on the original and bold idea that '*prudence is the better part of courage*,' and bids the government beware how they again despise '*half-a-dozen fir frigates, with bits of striped bunting*.' He then adds what follows, of which we shall only remark, that the italics and dashes are all his own:—'I cannot dismiss this subject without further hoping that Mr. Brougham, the powerful advocate of justice to America, and who, for years, so nobly fought its battles in the British Parliament, will use his well-earned popularity in the States to bring about a still more cordial feeling, and a less restricted intercourse.—His Lordship will excuse my calling him *Mr. Brougham*—the appellation seems more familiar to me—I hate those *ships* by which the aristocracy contrive to *smuggle* talent and industry from the *people*, to the support of their *order*—these are the *ships*, after all, the most formidable to Britain'—[so spelled in the original]—'but I digress, and beg pardon.'—*Ibid.*, p. 208. Beg pardon, indeed! Why, if all be true that we hear, the gifted individual named above is not more attached to the *ship* which has been tacked to his name than his admirer is. We thank our honest and plain-spoken author, however, for this new view on the subject of creating peers, which, in the instance referred to, we are told, is a decided case of contraband.

instance,

instance, among the poor, a specimen of the plump, rosy, laughing physiognomy, so common among our cottage girls. The horror of domestic service, which the reality of slavery, and the fable of equality, have generated, excludes the young women from that sure and most comfortable resource of decent English girls; and the consequence is, that with a most irreverent freedom of manner to the parents, the daughters are, to the full extent of the word, domestic slaves. This condition, which no periodical merry-making, no village *fête*, ever occurs to cheer, is only changed for the still sadder burdens of a teeming wife.* They marry very young; in fact, in no rank of life do you meet with young women in that delightful period of existence between childhood and marriage, wherein, if only tolerably well spent, so much useful information is gained, and the character takes a sufficient degree of firmness to support with dignity the more important parts of wife and mother. The slender, childish thing, without vigour of mind or body, is made to stem a sea of troubles that dims her young eye and makes her cheek grow pale, even before nature has given it the last beautiful finish of the full-grown woman.

“We shall get along,” is the answer in full, for all that can be said in way of advice to a boy and girl who take it into their heads to go before a magistrate and “get married.” And they do get along, till sickness overtakes them, by means, perhaps, of borrowing a kettle from one, and a tea-pot from another; but, intemperance, idleness, or sickness will, in one week, plunge those who are even getting along well, into utter destitution; and where this happens, they are completely without resource.

“The absence of poor-laws is, without doubt, a blessing to the country, but they have not that natural and reasonable dependence on the richer classes which, in countries differently constituted, may so well supply their place. I suppose there is less alms-giving in America than in any other Christian country on the face of the globe. *It is not in the temper of the people either to give or to receive.*”—vol. i., p. 163-168.

We give this lady's words as she chooses to publish them; but it is needless to say, are very far from subscribing to the *breadth* of some of her conclusions. It will not be on the strength of one, or of one hundred travellers, that we shall believe *alms-giving* to be reluctant, where it is really required, in a society which produces such minds and tempers as some we have ourselves come into contact with. Who that reads such books as the recent biographies of Lucretia Davidson, Edmund Griffin, and Dr.

* “I never saw a population,” says our authoress elsewhere, “so totally divested of gaiety; there is no trace of this feeling from one end of the Union to the other. They have no *fêtes*, no fairs, no merry-making, no music in the streets, no Punch, no puppet-shows. If they see a comedy or a farce, they may laugh at it; but they can do very well without it; and the consciousness of the number of cents that must be paid to enter a theatre, I am very sure, turns more steps from its door than any religious feeling. A distinguished publisher of Philadelphia told me that no comic publication had ever yet been found to answer in America.”—vol. ii. p. 297.

Bardt, will permit himself to believe that the old root of English feeling has been so thoroughly dried up, as Mrs. Trollope seems to have persuaded herself?

To return to matters respecting which her opportunities for judging were, no doubt, much more adequate—there seems, by her account, to prevail amongst the American ladies a strange sort of modesty, different from anything we have heard of elsewhere. It is not affectation, apparently, but rather a misapprehension of what is due to themselves; for we think it is conceded by every traveller in America, that female morals stand nowhere higher than in the United States. We must refer to Mrs. Trollope's book for a variety of illustrations of this singular sort of awkwardness, rather than bashfulness, of the ladies; but we cannot deny our readers the amusement of one extract, which the Americans themselves must laugh at:—

‘Among other instances of that species of modesty so often seen in America, and so unknown to us, I frequently witnessed one, which, while it evinced the delicacy of the ladies, gave opportunity for many lively sallies from the gentlemen. I saw the same sort of thing repeated on different occasions at least a dozen times; *e.g.* a young lady is employed in making a shirt, (which it would be a symptom of absolute depravity to name,) a gentleman enters, and presently begins the sprightly dialogue with, “What are you making, Miss Clarissa?”

“Only a frock for my sister's doll, sir.”

“A frock? not possible. Don't I see that it is not a frock? Come, Miss Clarissa, what is it?”

“'Tis just an apron for one of our negroes, Mr. Smith.”

“How can you, Miss Clarissa? why is not the two sides joined together? I expect you were better tell me what it is.”

“My! why then Mr. Smith, it is just a pillow-case.”

“Now that passes, Miss Clarissa! 'Tis a pillow-case for a giant then. Shall I guess, Miss?”

“Quit, Mr. Smith; behave yourself, or I'll certainly be affronted.”

Before the conversation arrives at this point, both gentleman and lady are in convulsions of laughter. I once saw a young lady so hard driven by a wit, that to prove she was making a bag, and nothing but a bag, she sewed up the ends before his eyes, shewing it triumphantly, and exclaiming, “There now! what can you say to that?”—vol. ii. p. 22.

The following, to us really melancholy, passage is from the same chapter.

‘In America, with the exception of dancing, which is almost wholly confined to the unmarried of both sexes, all the enjoyments of the men are found in the absence of the women. They dine, they play cards, they have musical meetings, they have suppers, all in large parties, but all without women. Were it not that such is the custom, it is impossible but that they would have ingenuity enough to find some expedient for sparing the wives and daughters of the opulent the sordid

sordid offices of household drudgery which they almost all perform in their families. Even in the slave states, though they may not clear-starch and iron, mix puddings and cakes one half of the day, and watch them baking the other half, still the very highest occupy themselves in their household concerns, in a manner that precludes the possibility of their becoming elegant and enlightened companions. In Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, I met with some exceptions to this; but speaking of the country generally, it is unquestionably true.

One paragraph more, descriptive of a ball and supper, and we have done with this point:—

‘The arrangements for the supper were very singular, but eminently characteristic of the country. The gentlemen had a splendid entertainment spread for them in another large room of the hotel, while the poor ladies had each a plate put into their hands, as they pensively promenaded the ball-room during their absence; and shortly afterwards servants appeared, bearing trays of sweetmeats, cakes, and creams. The fair creatures then sat down on a row of chairs placed round the walls, and each making a table of her knees, began eating her sweet, but sad and sulky repast. The effect was extremely comic; their gala dresses and the decorated room forming a contrast the most unaccountable with their uncomfortable and forlorn condition.

‘This arrangement was owing neither to economy nor want of a room large enough to accommodate the whole party, but purely because the gentlemen liked it better. This was the answer given me, when my curiosity tempted me to ask why the ladies and gentlemen did not sup together; and this was the answer repeated to me afterwards by a variety of people to whom I put the same question.’—vol. ii., p. 218.

We have confined our extracts and remarks chiefly to the staple commodity of these volumes; but there are many other topics treated upon with much skill and good taste, and occasionally with a most attractive degree of originality. We are not sure, for example, that the comparative influence of slavery and democracy on national manners was ever put in so clear a light as in the following few sentences:—

‘We were three days in reaching Wheeling, where we arrived at last, at two o’clock in the morning; our rooms, with fires in them, however, were immediately ready for us, and refreshments brought, with all that sedulous attention which, in this country, distinguishes a slave state. In making this observation I am very far from intending to advocate the system of slavery; I conceive it to be essentially wrong; but so far as my observation has extended, I think its influence *is far less injurious to the manners and morals of the people than the fallacious ideas of equality, which are so fondly cherished by the working classes of the white population in America.* That these ideas are fallacious, is obvious, for, in point of fact, the man possessed of dollars does command the services of the man possessed of no dollars; but these

these services are given grudgingly, and of necessity, with no appearance of cheerful good-will on the one side, or of kindly interest on the other. I never failed to mark the difference on entering a slave state. I was immediately comfortable, and at my ease, and felt that the intercourse between me and those who served me was profitable to both parties and painful to neither.

'It was not till I had leisure for more minute observation that I felt aware of the influence of slavery upon the owners of slaves; when I did, I confess I could not but think that the citizens of the United States had contrived, by their political alchymy, to extract all that was most noxious both in democracy and in slavery, and had poured the strange mixture through every vein of the moral organization of their country.'—vol. i., p. 261.

Of her maturer observations as to domestic slavery, the following detached passages may give a sufficient specimen:—

'A young female slave, about eight years of age, had found on the shelf of a cupboard a biscuit, temptingly buttered, of which she had eaten a considerable portion before she was observed. The butter had been copiously sprinkled with arsenic for the destruction of rats, and had been thus most incautiously placed by one of the young ladies of the family. As soon as the circumstance was known, the lady of the house came to consult me as to what had best be done for the poor child; I immediately mixed a large cup of mustard and water (the most rapid of all emetics) and got the little girl to swallow it. The desired effect was instantly produced, but the poor child, partly from nausea, and partly from the terror of hearing her death proclaimed by half a dozen voices round her, trembled so violently that I thought she would fall. I sat down in the court where we were standing, and, as a matter of course, took the little sufferer in my lap. I observed a general titter among the white members of the family, while the black stood aloof, and looked stupified. The youngest of the family, a little girl about the age of the young slave, after gazing at me for a few moments in utter astonishment, exclaimed, "My! If Mrs. Trollope has not taken her in her lap, and wiped her nasty mouth! Why I would not have touched her mouth for two hundred dollars!"'—vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

'They talk of them, of their condition, of their faculties, of their conduct, exactly as if they were incapable of hearing. I once saw a young lady, who, when seated at a table between a male and a female, was induced by her modesty to intrude on the chair of her female neighbour to avoid the indelicacy of touching the elbow of a man. I once saw this very young lady lacing her stays with the most perfect composure before a negro footman. A Virginian gentleman told me that ever since he had married, he had been accustomed to have a negro girl sleep in the same chamber with himself and his wife. I asked for what purpose this nocturnal attendance was necessary? "Good heaven!" was the reply, "if I wanted a glass of water during the night, what would become of me?"'—vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

The

The authoress makes some stay in Philadelphia, and of course describes a state of society much more refined, in many respects, than she had ever encountered beyond the Alleghanies. She was however greatly disgusted in visiting their Museum: on asking admission to the sculpture, she was refused;—but presently the keeper came up, and, with a knowing wink, hinted, that as there were now no gentlemen in the room, the ladies might take a peep at its treasures.

‘I never felt my delicacy shocked at the Louvre, but I was strangely tempted to resent as an affront the hint I received, that I might steal a glance at what was deemed indecent. Perhaps the arrangements for the exhibition of this room, the feelings which have led to them, and the result they have produced, furnish as good a specimen of the kind of delicacy on which the Americans pride themselves, and of the peculiarities arising from it, as can be found. The room contains about fifty casts, chiefly from the antique,’ &c.

‘In the director’s room I was amused at the means which a poet had hit upon for advertising his works, or rather *his work*, and not less at the elaborate notice of it. His portrait was suspended there, and attached to the frame was a paper inscribed thus:—

‘PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

of

The Fredoniad, or Independence Preserved, a political, naval,
and military poem, on the late war of 1812, in forty cantos;
the whole compressed into four volumes; each
volume averaging more than 305 pages,

By RICHARD EMMONS,

M.D.’

We think we have seen something not *toto cælo* different from this, on some late occasions, in Somerset House; poetasters with eyes in fine phrenzy rolling on the walls, and a *notice*, at least, of their printed *chefs-d’œuvre* in the catalogue!

In depicting the domestic life of the Philadelphian ladies, Mrs. Trollope is on her best ground—and we extract her graphic account of the usual existence of ‘the wife of a senator and lawyer of the highest repute’ in that great and flourishing city:—

‘She has a very handsome house, with white marble steps and door-posts, and a delicate silver knocker and door-handle; she has very handsome drawing-rooms, very handsomely furnished, (there is a side-board in one of them, but it is very handsome, and has very handsome decanters and cut-glass water-jugs upon it); she has a very handsome carriage, and a very handsome free black coachman; she is always very handsomely dressed; and, moreover, she is very handsome herself. She rises, and her first hour is spent in the scrupulously nice arrangement of her dress; she descends to her parlour neat, stiff, and silent; her breakfast is brought in by her free black footman; she eats her fried ham and her salt fish, and drinks her coffee in silence, while her husband reads one newspaper, and puts another under his elbow; and then, perhaps, she washes the cups and saucers. Her carriage is ordered at eleven; till that hour she

she is employed in the pastry-room, her snow-white apron protecting her mouse-coloured silk. Twenty minutes before her carriage should appear, she retires to her chamber, as she calls it, shakes, and folds up her still snow-white apron, smooths her rich dress, and with nice care, sets on her elegant bonnet, and all the handsome *et cætera*; then walks down stairs, just at the moment that her free black coachman announces to her free black footman that the carriage waits. She steps into it, and gives the word, "Drive to the Dorcas society." Her footman stays at home to clean the knives, but her coachman can trust his horses while he opens the carriage door, and his lady not being accustomed to a hand or an arm, gets out very safely without, though one of her own is occupied by a work-basket, and the other by a large roll of all those indescribable matters which ladies take as offerings to Dorcas societies. She enters the parlour appropriated for the meeting, and finds seven other ladies, very like herself, and takes her place among them; she presents her contribution, which is accepted with a gentle circular smile, and her parings of broad cloth, her ends of ribbon, her gilt paper, and her minikin pins, are added to the parings of broad cloth, the ends of ribbon, the gilt paper, and the minikin pins, with which the table is already covered; she also produces from her basket three ready-made pincushions, four ink-wipers, seven paper-matches, and a pasteboard watch-case; these are welcomed with acclamations, and the youngest lady present deposits them carefully on the shelves, amid a prodigious quantity of similar articles. She then produces her thimble, and asks for work; it is presented to her, and the eight ladies all stitch together for some hours. Their talk is of priests and of missions; of the profits of their last sale, of their hopes from the next; of the doubt whether young Mr. This, or young Mr. That should receive the fruits of it to fit him out for Liberia; of the very ugly bonnet seen at church on Sabbath morning, of the very handsome preacher who performed on Sabbath afternoon, and of the very large collection made on Sabbath evening. This lasts till three, when the carriage again appears, and the lady and her basket return home; she mounts to her chamber, carefully sets aside her bonnet and its appurtenances, puts on her scoloped black silk apron, walks into the kitchen to see that all is right, then into the parlour, where, having cast a careful glance over the table prepared for dinner, she sits down, work in hand, to await her spouse. He comes, shakes hands with her, spits, and dines. The conversation is not much, and ten minutes suffices for the dinner; fruit and toddy, the newspaper, and the work-bag succeed. In the evening the gentleman, being a savant, goes to the Wister society, and afterwards plays a snug rubber at a neighbour's. The lady receives at tea a young missionary and three members of the Dorcas society.—And so ends her day.—vol. ii. p. 72—75.

The following passage will, no doubt, be considered as utterly savage:—

* I heard an Englishman, who had been long resident in America, declare

declare that in following, in meeting, or in overtaking, in the street, on the road, or in the field, at the theatre, the coffee-house, or at home, he had never overheard Americans conversing without the word DOLLAR being pronounced between them. Such unity of purpose, such sympathy of feeling, can, I believe, be found nowhere else, except, perhaps, in an ants' nest.'—vol. ii. pp. 104, 105.

Bad, however, as the above may be considered, we submit that it is by no means more cruel than the usual strain of American orators when indulging themselves, on the 4th of July, in their annual portraiture of 'the old country,' and its manners. Mrs. Trollope had the satisfaction of hearing from a Mr. Rush, at Philadelphia, (no relation we hope to the late minister of that name,) a patriotic philippic, of which she gives this specimen:—

'In looking at Britain, we see a harshness of individual character in the general view of it, which is perceived and acknowledged by all Europe; a spirit of unbecoming censure as regards all customs and institutions not their own; a ferocity in some of their characteristics of national manners, pervading their very pastimes, which no other modern people are endued with the blunted sensibility to bear; an universally self-assumed superiority, not innocently manifesting itself in speculative sentiments among themselves, but unamiably indulged when with foreigners, of whatever description, in their own country, or when they themselves are the temporary sojourners in a foreign country; a code of criminal law that forgets to feel for human frailty,—that sports with human misfortune,—that has shed more blood in deliberate judicial severity for two centuries past, constantly increasing, too, in its sanguinary hue, than has ever been sanctioned by the jurisprudence of any ancient or modern nation, civilized and refined like herself; the merciless whippings in her army, peculiar to herself alone, the conspicuous commission and freest acknowledgment of vice in the upper classes; the overweening distinctions shewn to opulence and birth, so destructive of a sound moral sentiment in the nation, so baffling to virtue. These are some of the traits that rise up to a contemplator of the inhabitants of this isle.'—vol. ii. pp. 129—131.

Long as our article has become, we must not omit the summing up contained in the author's last two or three pages. We have put in italics one or two sentences which, perhaps, she would have done well to introduce earlier in her work:—

'I remember hearing it said, many years ago, that it was the "who?" and not the "where?" that made the difference between the pleasant or unpleasant residence. The truth of the observation struck me forcibly when I heard it; and it has been recalled to my mind since, by the constantly recurring evidence of its justness. *In applying this to America, I speak not of my friends, nor of my friends' friends. The small patrician band is a race apart; they live with each*

each other, and for each other; mix wondrously little with the high matters of state, which they seem to leave rather supinely to their tailors and tinkers, and are no more to be taken as a sample of the American people, than the head of Lord Byron as a sample of the heads of the British peerage. I speak not of these, but of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the slave states and the free states. I do not like them. I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions.

Both as a woman, and as a stranger, it might be unseemly for me to say that I do not like their government, and therefore I will not say so. That it is one which pleases themselves is most certain, and this is considerably more important than pleasing all the travelling old ladies in the world. I entered the country at New Orleans, remained for more than two years west of the Alleghanies, and passed another year among the Atlantic cities, and the country around them. I conversed, during this time, with citizens of all orders and degrees, and I never heard from any one a single disparaging word against their government. It is not, therefore, surprising, that when the people of that country hear strangers questioning the wisdom of their institutions, and expressing disapprobation at some of their effects, they should set it down either to an incapacity of judging, or to a malicious feeling of envy and ill-will. "How can any one in their senses doubt the excellence of a government which we have tried for half a century, and loved the better the longer we have known it?" Such is the natural inquiry of every American when the excellence of their government is doubted; and I am inclined to answer, that no one in their senses, who has visited the country, and known the people, can doubt its fitness for them, such as they now are, or its utter unfitness for any other people.

Whether the government has made the people what they are, or whether the people have made the government what it is, to suit themselves, I know not; but if the latter, they have shewn a consummation of wisdom which the assembled world may look upon and admire.

It is matter of historical notoriety that the original stock of the white population now inhabiting the United States, were persons who had banished themselves, or were banished from the mother country. The land they found was favourable to their increase and prosperity: the colony grew and flourished. Years rolled on, and the children, the grand-children, and the great grand-children of the first settlers, replenished the land, and found it flowing with milk and honey. That they should wish to keep this milk and honey to themselves, is not very surprising. What did the mother country do for them? She sent them out gay and gallant officers to guard their frontier; the which they thought they could guard as well themselves; and then she taxed their tea. Now, this was disagreeable; and to atone for it, the distant colony had no great share in her mother's grace and glory. It was not from among them that her high and mighty were chosen; the
rays

rays which emanated from that bright sun of honour, the British throne, reached them but feebly. They knew not, they cared not, for her kings nor her heroes; their thriftiest trader was their noblest man; the holy seats of learning were but the cradles of superstition; the splendour of the aristocracy but a leech that drew their "golden blood." The wealth, the learning, the glory of Britain, was to them nothing; the having their own way everything. Can any blame their wish to obtain it? Can any lament that they succeeded? And now the day was their own, what should they do next? Their elders drew together, and said, "Let us make a government that shall suit us all; let it be rude, and rough, and noisy; let it not affect either dignity, glory, or splendour; let it interfere with no man's will, or meddle with any man's business; let us have neither tithes nor taxes, game laws nor poor laws; let every man have a hand in making the laws, and no man be troubled about keeping them; let not our magistrates wear purple, nor our judges ermine; if a man grow rich, let us take care that his grandson be poor, and then we shall all keep equal; let every man take care of himself, and if England should come to bother us again, why then we will fight all together."

'Could anything be better imagined than such a government for a people so circumstanced? Or is it strange that they are contented with it? Still less is it strange that those who have lived in the repose of order, and felt secure that their country could go on very well, and its business proceed without their bawling and squalling, scratching and scrambling to help it, should bless the gods that they are not republicans.

'So far all is well. That they should prefer a constitution which suits them so admirably, to one which would not suit them at all, is surely no cause of quarrel on our part; nor should it be such on theirs, if we feel no inclination to exchange the institutions which have made us what we are, for any other on the face of the earth. But when a native of Europe visits America, a most extraordinary species of tyranny is set in action against him: and as far as my reading and experience have enabled me to judge, it is such as no other country has ever exercised against strangers. The Frenchman visits England; he is *abîmé d'ennui* at our stately dinners; shrugs his shoulders at our *corps de ballet*, and laughs *à gorge déployée* at our passion for driving, and our partial affection for roast beef and plum pudding. The Englishman returns the visit, and the first thing he does, on arriving at Paris, is to hasten to *le Théâtre des Variétés*, that he may see "*Les Anglaises pour rire*," and if, among the crowd of laughers, you hear a note of more cordial mirth than the rest, seek out the person from whom it proceeds, and you will find the Englishman. The Italian comes to our green island, and groans at our climate; he vows that the air which destroys a statue cannot be wholesome for man;—he sighs for orange trees and macaroni, and smiles at the pretensions of a nation to poetry, while no epics are chaunted through her streets. Yet we welcome the sensitive southern with all kindness,

ness, listen to his complaints with interest, cultivate our little orange trees, and teach our children to lisp Tasso, in the hope of becoming more agreeable.

• We are not at all superior to the rest of Europe in our endurance of censure; nor is this wish to profit by it at all peculiar to the English;—we laugh at, and find fault with, our neighbours quite as freely as they do with us,—and they join the laugh, and adopt our fashions and customs. These mutual pleasantries produce no shadow of unkindly feeling; and as long as the governments are at peace with each other, the individuals of every nation in Europe make it a matter of pride, as well as of pleasure, to meet each other frequently, to discuss, compare, and reason upon their national varieties, and to vote it a mark of fashion and good taste to imitate each other in all the external embellishments of life. The consequence of this is most pleasantly perceptible at the present time in every capital of Europe. The long peace has given time for each to catch from each what was best in customs and manners, and the rapid advance of refinement and general information has been the result. To those who have been accustomed to this state of things, the contrast upon crossing to the new world is inconceivably annoying; and it cannot be doubted that this is one great cause of the general feeling of irksomeness and fatigue of spirits which hangs upon the memory while recalling the hours passed in American society. A single word indicative of doubt, that anything, or everything, in that country is not the very best in the world, produces an effect which must be seen and felt to be understood. If the citizens of the United States were indeed the devoted patriots they call themselves, they would surely not thus encrust themselves in the hard, dry, stubborn persuasion, that they are the first and best of the human race,—that nothing is to be learnt but what they are able to teach,—and that nothing is worth having which they do not possess. The art of man could hardly discover a more effectual antidote to improvement than this persuasion; and yet I never listened to any public oration, or read any work, professedly addressed to the country, in which they did not labour to impress it on the minds of the people. To hint to the generality of Americans that the silent current of events may change their beloved government, is not the way to please them; but in truth they need be tormented with no such fear. As long as by common consent they can keep down the pre-eminence which nature has assigned to great powers,—as long as they can prevent human respect and human honour from resting upon high talent, gracious manners, and exalted station, so long may they be sure of going on as they are.

• I have been told, however, that there are some among them who would gladly see a change; some who, with the wisdom of philosophers, and the fair candour of gentlemen, shrink from a profession of equality which they feel to be untrue, and believe to be impossible. I can well believe that such there are, though to me no such opinions were communicated, and most truly should I rejoice to see power
pass

pass into such hands. If this ever happens, if refinement once creeps in among them, if they once learn to cling to the graces, the honours, the chivalry of life, then we shall say farewell to American equality, and welcome to European fellowship one of the finest countries of the earth.'—vol. ii., p. 262—271.

Here we stop. Whatever may be said as to particular points of this lady's description of America, it must be allowed to be a remarkable fact, that almost every English liberal accustomed to the social habits of the upper classes in this country, who has recently travelled in the United States, appears to have come back a convert to the old-fashioned doctrines of Toryism. Captain Hall went out with his head quite exalted as to the ineffable advantages of republican institutions—an ultra-whig in Church and State;—we all know the result of his experiences. We have now before us the story of a lady who also carried with her to the New World the most exaggerated notions of liberalism, and who seems to have returned, if possible, a stouter enemy of all such notions than the gallant captain himself; and if certain MS. *journals*, which we have been allowed to peep into, were printed, the catalogue would include names of even higher importance than these. Mr. Thomas Moore did not, indeed, return unwhipped, but he has dealt with American *manners* not less hardly than Mrs. Trollope.

ART. III.—*Fables, and other Pieces in Verse, by Mary Maria Colling; with some Account of the Author. In Letters to Robert Southey, Esq., P. L.* By Mrs. Bray, author of 'Fitz of Fitzford,' 'The Talba,' &c. &c. London. 1831.

THIS very pleasing volume contains a tale which may be presented here both as a contrast and companion to the melancholy story of Lucretia Davidson.

Mrs. Bray (who is well, and deserves to be yet better, known for her historical novels), observed some four or five years ago, among several poor women who used to sit immediately under the reading-desk, in Tavistock Church, a young woman very neatly dressed, and remarkable for a countenance as intelligent as it was pleasing. Upon inquiring who she was, it appeared that she was a servant in the family of a gentleman of the place; and that she had the character of being a clever girl, and fond of poetry. Some time after, she took her seat in the pew, near Mrs. Bray, belonging to the family in which she lived. That lady inquired no further concerning her, though she never failed to look on her with peculiar interest, for her expressive features and her decorous behaviour;

behaviour; but in the spring of 1831 she received, through the hands of one of her own servants, a small parcel from her, containing a few of her poems, with a request, very modestly proffered, that she would be kind enough to look them over at her leisure, and say what she thought of them.

The circumstances which encouraged her to do this are not less interesting than characteristic. The country immediately about Tavistock is the scene of Mrs. Bray's last novel, '*Fitz of Fitzford, a Legend of Devon*,' and Mary's master perceiving that she wished to read it, lent it her, with his wonted kindness. After reading some chapters in the house, instead of hurrying through the story for the mere desire of gratifying curiosity by getting at its events, a refinement occurred to her, and she determined to go on with it in her own way. So, on summer evenings, in company with her sister Anne, she used to take the book to Whitchurch Down; and then they took their seats upon a certain rock, from whence they commanded a full view of the principal places in which the incidents of the tale were carried on. They could see the old ruined gateway of Fitz-Ford; Holwell, where Lady Howard set-on the blood-hound to track Standwick, is just by; Dartmoor, the resort of his wild people, was before them; Brent Tor, where the boy fires the beacon, in the distance; and in the valley below, the vicarage house, in which the authoress lived. To read it there, she said, was the way to enjoy it most; and as she looked at the valley and read on, she thought that if the authoress knew her she would be kind to her; for there were many kind feelings in the book, and they seemed to be written as if they came from the heart; and after some time, and being encouraged by one of the servants at the vicarage so to do, she ventured upon what, in its results, has given as much pleasure to Mrs. Bray as it has produced benefit to herself.

After she had been emboldened to take this adventurous step,—

'I heard,' says Mrs. Bray, 'a good deal about her from various quarters; but these accounts not always agreeing together, I determined to learn what I could from the poor girl herself. The first time I saw her, she was so agitated that I gained little intelligence; but the second, taking her into my own room, I did all I could to conciliate her feelings, and having in a great degree overcome her timidity, I obtained from her a regular account of herself, given in the most artless manner. I shall here repeat the substance of it, with every attention to fidelity. My information respecting her singular worth, her early talents, and the excellence of her character, I derive from a lady who has known her from childhood, and from the worthy gentleman in whose family she has lived for so many years.'

Mary Maria Colling was born at Tavistock, in 1805, of poor but honest parents. The father was a husbandman, and the child, when very young, was sent to school to an old woman, that she might be out of the way. It seems not to have been expected that she should be taught anything more there than sewing and knitting; and in these she made little progress; but hearing others taught to read she wished to learn also; the good old woman then found her a willing and apt pupil, and soon outrunning her tasks, with supererogatory diligence she stored up in her memory the whole of Watts's Hymns, and of a sixpenny book, which, with some little stories, contained also a few pieces in verse. This was done for the delight which an active mind finds when employing itself according to its own inclination; but it turned to good account, for when the schoolmistress, as a punishment for neglecting her needle, would sometimes keep her in after school hours, Mary often managed to soften her displeasure, and procure her own enlargement, by repeating something out of the sixpenny book, with perfect exactness. This poor woman was one of a class upon which the machinery of modern education has borne as cruelly as machinery of a different kind upon 'the spinners and the knitters in the sun.' The modern school, with all its advantages, furnishes no such characters for painting, and for poetry, which paints in words, as Shenstone and Kirke White drew, in this class, from the life.

At ten years of age she was entered at the free-school to learn needle-work; but then some kind ladies, who visited the school, were induced to notice her by the amiable character which she bore at home; and they taught her to read perfectly well. She could write a little before, but scarcely can tell how she learnt to do so. Here she wrote from copies; but she rarely went on writing-days, the object in placing her there having only been that she might learn needle-work; and as her mother was repeatedly ill, and had a young family, Mary was obliged, for weeks together, to stay at home, and nurse her brothers and sisters: thus her schooling amounted to very little. Here, as at her former school, 'she received small praise for sewing;' but 'she was considered the spelling-wonder among the children, and her memory was so remarkably good, that she could repeat anything by heart with little more trouble than that of reading it over.' When she was about thirteen she left the school, and shortly afterwards was placed at a loom, to learn the business of weaving. Some neighbour, who saw her thus employed, said, whether hopefully or in sadness, 'that Providence had designed that child for better things!' So, indeed, it proved. She was soon delivered from the house of bondage; and she had already shown herself to be worthy of the better

better fortune that awaited her; for, at this time, what may truly be called 'a beautiful incident in her life' occurred:—'I wish,' says Mrs. Bray, in repeating it, 'I could convey to you any idea of the feeling manner with which she related it to me. It grieved her heart, she said, to see that her father could neither write nor read; for his Bible could not *speak* to him; and so she taught him both herself, before she went to place.'—

"At fourteen years old," she said, "it pleased God to give her a good service;" for Mrs. General Hughes being in want of a young person to assist in the family, directed one of her servants to inquire after some little girl, who could fill such an easy station, till one, more competent, could be engaged. The servant, in returning home, after a fruitless search, chanced to meet our Mary, who, on hearing the circumstance, most gladly offered her services. The next day she presented herself before Mrs. Hughes, who was so much interested by the artless manners, and the intelligence of the child, that she immediately engaged her; and Mary remained with her kind protectress as long as she lived. "The dear old lady," she said, "was very good to her, and grew as fond of her as if she had been her own child. She died in her arms; and, when upon her death-bed, she charged her son to be a kind friend to poor Mary, and to take care of her; which he has done from that hour to the present: there could not be a better master," she said, "nor a better man in the world."—

Thus fortunately placed, Mary has continued to eat 'well-earned, the bread of service,' happy in her humble station, and, though with a 'mounting spirit,' seeming to have no wish beyond it. Kinder or more considerate treatment, indeed, than in this benevolent family she could nowhere have possibly found, and they have not been more sensible of her worth, than she has been of their goodness. Her love of reading has not made her less active, less diligent, less faithful, as a servant. Some envy it has excited among the ill-minded in her own station; and this might be expected; for if the inequalities of rank and fortune were trampled down, the inequality of intellect and of mental culture would be more invidious, and speedily be deemed more intolerable than any which vulgar violence had abolished. But though ill-natured people had not been wanting in their endeavours to 'set her master against her,' they were disappointed in their object; Mr. Hughes was so far from discouraging her, that he 'bought her several good books for her benefit, and some sermons as a Christmas present.' For this excellent master, Mrs. Bray says, she seems to feel that sort of grateful respect and regard which Louisa had for Oberlin. A few books had been lent her by her first benefactress, Miss C. Bedford, who has continued to be her kind friend; and a few she has purchased from her wages, expending

as little as she possibly could upon her clothes, that she might have to spare for other purposes; and from her small means she has been very dutiful and generous to her own family. The amount of her reading has, however, been very little, 'excepting that she has made herself perfectly well acquainted with that one true book, which, independent of its sacred character, is, perhaps, of all books the most calculated to elevate the mind, and to form a pure, just, and simple taste—the Bible. Here she is quite at home, and knows whole chapters of it by heart.' The crafty politicians of the Romish Church act with the wisdom of the serpent, when they proscribe the Bible, for they well know, that if the Ark be introduced into the temple of their idolatry, Dagon must fall. But even those Roman Catholics, whose religion is their religion indeed, and not their faction, seem to have been rendered incapable of conceiving the effect which the Bible produces upon those who have been trained up in the way they should go—the delight and the reverence with which it is perused—how it expands and elevates the mind, while, at the same time, it consoles the heart, and satisfies and strengthens it.

'Finding, excepting in her Bible, that she had really read very little poetry, I asked her how she came to understand such words as zephyrs, Aurora, &c., and that Flora was the goddess of flowers, as I observed allusions to such persons and things continually in her poems. I also asked how she had formed her way of writing, and learnt such bold and forcible expressions? To the former question she replied, "That she had a dictionary; at the end of it there was an explanation about the gods and goddesses, and there she had learnt it: that if she met with a word in reading which she did not understand, she never passed it over, but looked it out in her dictionary, and seldom forgot how a word was spelt if she once saw it in print; and as to her language, she had gained that from hearing Mr. Bray preach. To listen to him was her greatest delight, and she thought she owed much to his sermons. As a proof of it," she said, "he had inspired her to attempt poetry." It was on the following occasion: about six years ago, he preached a sermon on the power of God manifested in the creation of the world; she was struck with it, and, on her return home, composed her first essay in verse, the lines on "CREATION."

Mary's attainments, as they provoked envy in some excited admiration in others, and the wonder as usual was magnified. Mrs. Bray heard that she was fond of astronomy, and asked her if this were true. Her answer was, 'she had once read a book that came in her way on the subject, and she liked to learn any thing she could, but she knew very little about it; only she could never look at the beautiful moon and the stars without wishing to understand their courses.'

Some

Some time after she had discovered that she could make verses, she began to compose her fables, though she had then never read any except a few prose ones in the little sixpenny book, which she had learnt by heart in early childhood.

'I was anxious,' says Mrs. Bray, 'to learn what could have induced her to think of writing fables, not having been, from her own account, at all prompted to do so by reading them. She blushed like crimson when I asked her, smiled, and at last I drew out the confession. She said, "that her master, seeing she did not go out much, or run about like other girls, from kindness to her gave her a slip of garden to amuse herself with cultivating it in her leisure hours; till, at length, all the flower garden came under her care. The river Tavy flowed at the foot of it; and here she found the greatest delight. She would tell me truth, though she was afraid to speak it, lest I should think her mazed; but when of an evening she was amongst the flower-beds, and saw them all so lively and so beautiful, *she used to fancy the flowers talked to her.* Thus, a peony growing near her laurel tree, she fancied the one reproaching the other for not being so fine as itself, and so composed her little fable of the 'Peony and the Laurel.' And these kind of thoughts used to come into her head in a moment, and then she turned them into verses and fables."—pp. 11, 12.

'When I mentioned to Mr. Bray, that she said she used to fancy the flowers talked to her, and that she had composed fables before she had read any, he remarked, that this poor girl, like *Æsop*, was in a state of servitude; and possibly that persons of their stamp of mind so situated, feeling themselves so far beyond the ordinary society of their own sphere, might be led to seek it in a world they created for themselves by the vivacity of their own imaginations, and thus hold discourse, as it were, with flowers, and trees, and animals.'—pp. 14, 15.

One extract more may complete Mrs. Bray's lively account of this remarkable young woman:—

'She is very modest, and seems imbued with a deep sense of religious feeling, the surest safeguard against vanity; since such a fault is seldom found in a mind accustomed to serious thoughts on sacred subjects. It is more frequently the vice of those who think too much about themselves, and too little about their God. She has the Devonshire accent, but not coarsely; and, though a perfect country girl in every thing,—in her smile, her cap, her little straw bonnet, and her curtsy,—yet there is nothing vulgar about her. The elevated feelings of her character have given to her manners that indescribable mark of mind, which shows itself amidst the greatest simplicity, and is never to be mistaken.

'As, in noticing those who are at all distinguished for talent or worth, it is customary to say something of their persons, I may be allowed, perhaps, to state, that nature has been liberal to her in this particular. Her features are regularly handsome, especially the forehead, eyebrows, and eyes; the latter peculiarly so when animated in conversation.

conversation. And I may here observe, that Mary Colling the servant, and Mary Colling talking about poetry and flowers, scarcely appears to be one and the same person. If I had not seated her for a couple of hours by my side, and won upon her to open her heart, I should never even have guessed the animated, interesting being she could become in conversation. I do assure you, when I looked on the beautiful expression of her countenance, so tempered with modesty, and listened to the feeling modulation of her voice, "soft and low," for she has that "excellent thing in woman," as she repeated to me her own admirable lines on Creation, I could not help entertaining for her a degree of admiration that was not unmixed with reverence and regard.—pp. 17, 18.

The portrait of Mary Colling, which is prefixed to the volume, accords well with this description of her countenance. It was not till after this account of her had been written, and Mrs. Bray, with the warmth of true benevolence, had taken upon herself the task of bringing her verses before the public, that that lady was made acquainted by Mr. Hughes with some circumstances concerning her family, more remarkable than are often met with in the romance of real life. They cannot be better related than in Mrs. Bray's own words:—

'Mary's maternal grandfather, George Philp, was a native of Tavistock, respectably born, though, by various mischances, his friends were so reduced in the world, that they caused George to follow the business of a tailor. Mr. Hughes was assured by a lady of this place, now dead, a Mrs. Murray, who knew him well, that Philp was one of the handsomest young men she had ever beheld. His education had been better than his fortunes; he had a high spirit, and longed for manly enterprize. His business of a tailor, therefore, became a subject of discontent to him, and the good town of Plymouth (only fourteen miles off), with its port and its fine shipping, was for ever in his mind, and he, like Robinson Crusoe, would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; though, also, like the hero of De Foe, he was not wanting in friends who assured him that, if he did so, "God would not bless him." But youth, ardour, and ambition have each a voice more powerful than that of prudence; so away went George Philp, and leaving his shears and his thimble, and Tavistock, and all care behind him, he became as gay and as gallant a sailor as ever ploughed the wild ocean in the service of the king.

'For some few years nothing was heard of him; till at length, to the wonder of all Tavistock, George Philp suddenly appeared in his native town, bringing with him a young and beautiful bride, whose manners, appearance, and the possession of several rings, &c., all proclaimed her to be of a rank much above that of the handsome sailor to whom she was wedded.

'Philp and his bride were universally admitted to be the finest couple that had ever been seen in Tavistock; and on the Sunday after his return,

return, it was with evident delight and pride that George carried her to church to attend divine service. Every body admired her, and every body inquired who she might be, and nobody could answer, since nothing was known to satisfy such inquiries; the bride and bridegroom maintaining the utmost reserve on all that related to the subject of their marriage. Whatever might have been the family of the bride, or the worth of her jewels, it appeared she had no money; for George Philp, whose spirit of enterprize had yielded, perhaps, to one of a tenderer nature, in order to maintain himself and his wife, instead of mounting the deck, was once more obliged to mount the shop-board at his old business in Tavistock. For awhile curiosity and rumour busied themselves to the full in endeavouring to "pluck out the heart of his mystery;" but these, unsatisfied, gradually died away, and the people were content to say, that "Mrs. Philp was for certain a gentleman born, but a very wisht sort of a body."

* Her character and her manners, from all I can learn at this distance of time, were marked and peculiar. She did not seem happy, but she never complained. She had a high, independent spirit, but refused no employment, however mean, to earn bread for her children. She was ardently fond of her husband, but kept aloof from his connexions. She was well-bred to all persons, but associated with no one; and though in her way of life, in her dress and her industry, she entirely suited herself to her condition (and that was truly a poor one), yet she never parted from her few jewels till, long after, absolute want compelled her to do so. To all inquiries relative to her own family, for many years she remained totally silent. However, after her severe misfortunes—which I shall presently have occasion to relate—something of her history became known, though, even to her own children, and to the day of her death, she was never very communicative upon the subject. The following particulars will not be read without interest.

* It appears that Mrs. Philp's maiden name was Domville, and that she had been left an orphan at an early age, both her parents dying of the small-pox. Her maternal uncle, whose name was White, lived near Arundel in Sussex; and after the death of her parents he took her home, treated her with every kindness, and gave her, when she was old enough to know their use, valuable clothes, and some jewels that had belonged to her mother. Mary Domville grew up a beautiful girl, and though a favourite, was nevertheless so high-spirited, that, not wishing to be obliged to her relative for support, she left the comfortable asylum his house had afforded her, and fled to the Isle of Wight. If she took offence at anything in her uncle's conduct towards her, it does not appear. To whom she fled, or by what means, is likewise unknown. She acknowledged having there entered into the service of two sisters, as a sort of attendant or upper servant; but these ladies, seeing how much she was above her condition, treated her as a friend and companion, and became exceedingly attached to her. The uncle traced her out; and, at various times, endeavoured to

to prevail with her to return to his protection: but all his solicitations proved vain; she would never live with him again.

' Whilst in the Isle of Wight she first saw George Philp, the young and handsome sailor. A mutual attachment followed, and the same rash spirit that had tempted her, perhaps, to quit the asylum of her uncle's roof, might now have induced her to enter upon a hasty and unadvised marriage. Be this as it may, married she was; and whatever had been the rashness of her former conduct, her wedded life was without reproach. She bore her change of fortune with resignation; made a tender mother, and an industrious, affectionate wife.

' For some years George Philp continued his business; but it is most likely he still entertained a lingering regard for his late profession, and would much rather have plied the oar on the broad ocean, than the needle and shears on the shop-board of a country town. However, he had made a resolution to abandon the seafaring life for ever. But his resolution, may be, was something like Benedict's, who, when he determined to die single, thought he should never live to be married; for, on the first temptation, it melted away like ice before the sun. A fine frigate, the *Vestal*, was launched at Plymouth, and fitted out for a particular service in the formation of a settlement in some far-distant and foreign land. The crew were all picked men, and the gallantry and spirit of George Philp being well known to the late Admiral Vincent, he was recommended by this gentleman to the officer in command, and speedily nominated to a confidential appointment, with an offer of support, likewise, for his youthful son, would he join his father in the enterprize. George Philp, full of golden dreams of success and ambition, in the same buoyancy of spirit with which he had first gone to sea so many years before, now accepted this new offer of service; and his son, a fine lad of fourteen years old, gladly consented to join his father in the voyage.

' All was arranged, and the morning came on which George was to bid adieu to his wife and to his native town, once more to seek an uncertain fortune amidst the dangers and the toils of the sea. Mrs. Philp, whose affection for her husband and her son was well known, supported this trial with that peculiar and marked restraint she had, in so many instances since her marriage, placed as a curb upon her strong and high feelings. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. George wept; but she shed no tear whilst he was in her sight, and continued to hold her babe, of four months old, at her bosom, whilst another child, a girl nine years of age, hung about her father, and, crying, asked him, "When he would come back again, and why he went away to sea from herself and her mother?" The boy, whose nature was exceedingly affectionate, kissed his mother a thousand times, and, as he did so, gave her a parting gift, the model of a little pair of andirons, as a chimney-ornament, that he had bought as a remembrance for her at Plymouth; and promised her "that he would bring her a token from every foreign land on which he set his foot." The last kiss was given; the mother's last blessing was

was bestowed; and that last look, which turns again and again, till it is blinded with tears, was fixed on the sorrowing mother and bereaved wife. George departed, leading by the hand his youthful son, to follow his dreams of ambition; and his deserted partner was left with God for her hope and her infants for her care, to maintain them as she best could till her husband's return.—pp. 22-29.

The sad sequel may be foreboded. No tidings arrived either from husband or son, or of the ship in which they sailed. The poor wife and mother passed laborious days and sleepless nights in miserable hope; her health was affected; and when at last it was known that a vessel, which from all circumstances there was reason to conclude was the *Vestal*, had been lost, with all on board, in a tempest off Newfoundland, the certainty of the calamity which had befallen her was more tolerable than the apprehension she had so long endured. It called forth the strength of her strong character. Before this she had perfectly subdued her mind to her fortunes; and, under this last and irremediable affliction, she recovered that external composure, which, till anxiety for her husband and son disturbed it, she had maintained from the time of her first appearance in Tavistock. The secret of her youth died with her; and if she had anything more than the rashness of her marriage to reproach herself with, no doubt she derived some support from the thought, bitter as it was, that her punishment had been allotted to her in this world, and to the full measure of her offence. But it is equally possible that she had been 'more sinned against than sinning;' and this conclusion may with most probability be inferred from her whole demeanour in adversity.

She had now two fatherless children and herself to support by her own and sole exertions; since, such were the peculiar feelings of her mind, she would accept of no assistance from any one; and, though kindly advised to attempt it, refused to hold any communication with her own family to procure relief for her children in this day of distress. The motive for such refusal she would never divulge to the hour of her death; and, though so proud in independence, she was most humble in toiling for her daily bread, laboured incessantly, and declined not the meanest employment by which she could maintain herself and her little ones. She would often (so Mary tells me) toil all day, come home in the evening to give food to her children, place them in bed, cry over them, and look upon the last little present given her by her lost son, and go out again to her work, and labour sometimes till twelve o'clock at night ere she took the least rest. Her few jewels were now sold, one by one, not according to their value, but for what she could most readily get for them to help her necessities.

She had one ring, I think it was diamond, that she had reserved for the last. Some dear remembrance was, in all probability, connected with it; for, like *Isabella*, she had preserved it through all her misery; and

and now, like her also, parted with it to "stop the cries of hunger for a time." It was sold for three guineas, being nothing in comparison with its actual value. Possibly this was the last relic of her better fortunes; for after the ring was gone, she was scarcely ever heard to allude to her former life or to her family, even in the presence of her own daughters. One of them married Edmund Colling, the father of our poet. The child was named Mary *Maria* (being, in fact, a repetition of the first name), at the express desire of her maternal grandmother Philp, for such had been the favourite names in her own family.

' Mary Colling, who was only five years old when this beloved grandmother died, tells me she has the most distinct remembrance of her; and that "she did not talk like Devonshire people." There was something high-spirited and reserved about her to most persons, but to little Mary she was gentleness and affection itself. She has never yet talked to me about her grandmother without shedding tears, and speaks of her with a warmth of gratitude that it is delightful to witness. She has, indeed, those strong and genuine emotions that frequently show themselves in an honest burst of feeling.

' When the widow of George Philp grew old, though in extreme poverty, and no longer capable of work, she would willingly have starved rather than have sought relief from the parish; but she was at length prevailed with by her neighbours to accept it. To the last, her reserve, her calm but high spirit, her ardent affection for her grandchild Mary, who was her chief care even on her death-bed, never deserted her; and she expired as she lived, firm, collected, and resigned. Mary Colling perfectly well remembers attending her grandmother on her death-bed; and that not long before she died, she embraced her, and as she bestowed her last blessing, wished "that she was in Abraham's bosom, and could carry that dear little lamb thither in her own."

' The child Mary loved her most affectionately; and, after her eyes were closed in death, for some time she thought her sleeping. She shed many bitter tears, and when she saw her grandmother did not wake up again, she stole to the bed and kissed her. To this hour she remembers her funeral, as the saddest day of her own life. And she told me, when I noticed having first seen her in the aisle of Tavistock church, under the reading-desk, that she used to sit there from a melancholy recollection, not, however, unmixed with pleasing feelings, that it was *there*, when a child of four or five years old, whilst seated by the knees of her beloved grandmother, she had first listened to the word of God, and learnt to call upon his name that he would bless her.'

In this part of her narrative Mrs. Bray has inserted Mary's lines

' ON THE DEATH OF MY MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER.

<p>' Oh ! what can Memory's page efface, Since Gratitude can thus retrace These lines of tenderness and grief, Nor time and death shall blot the leaf.</p>	<p>The names of those we once held dear, When water'd by affection's tear, Within our bosoms sweetly bloom, As if transplanted from the tomb.</p>
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Affection

Affection loves the sad employ,
The grief which steals a secret joy ;
That softly strikes, but sweetly heals,
The tender smart that nature feels.

This from experience well I know,
Conscious what gratitude I owe
To one who hath resign'd her breath,
And sleeps within the arms of Death.

Blest shade ! accept my humble lay ;
'Tis all that tenderness can pay,
For all thy toils and all thy cares,
Bestowed upon mine infant years.

Anxious to guard, intent to please,
'Twas thine to give my bosom ease ;
And oft, while pillow'd on thy breast,
A kiss upon my cheek was prest.

What joy was in my bosom raised,
When by thy kindness I was praised ;
Or ran to thee and sought relief
For every little infant grief !

What was my joy, what was my pride,
I mind when prattling by thy side ;
When oft thy feeble arms would
stretch

To pick the flowers above my reach.
No wants from thee did I conceal ;
I sought thine house at every meal ;
Though e'er so little thine might be,
A bit was always sav'd for me.

When stretch'd upon the bed of death,
I heard thee speak with falt'ring
breath ;

Though thy departure was so near,
I was the object of thy care.

And when the vital spark was fled,
I fondly climb'd beside thy bed ;
Not knowing then what death could
mean,

I kiss'd thee o'er and o'er again :
But seem'd affronted in my mind,
Thinking that thou wert grown unkind,
And wonder'd what the cause could be
That thou no kiss return'd to me.

I mind when, on thy burial day,
With grief I saw thee borne away ;
I then was told I should not mourn,
For by and by thou would'st return.

These hopes awhile did I maintain,
That I should see thy face again ;
And often thought how long 'twould
be

Before thou would'st return to me.

High were my expectations grown,
Till reason's light began to dawn :
The fond mistake she soon remov'd,
And chas'd the hopes I long had lov'd.
These thoughts renew'd create a sigh,
And I with nature will comply ;
The tears which now fast fall can
prove,

That I remember still thy love.

Oh, yes ! perhaps to thee 'tis known,
How oft I've sat and wept alone ;
When there the artless tear might be
Unseen by all save heaven and thee.

Each word by thy fond lips express'd,
Is still the treasure of my breast ;
When thy remembrance, oft renew'd,
Is by affection's tear bedew'd.

Here we may add, that when Mary, after the publication of this volume was advised to put the money which she had received for it into the Savings' Bank, she replied, that the first thing she intended to do with any part of it, was to place a stone on the grave of her grandmother ; ' she had carefully attended to the grave for many years, and did not like that it should lie without anything to mark it.' This alone would show, if proof were wanting, that the kindness which Mary Colling has met with from the benevolent editor of this volume, and from her other friends, has been most worthily bestowed. Indeed, the success which this interesting little volume has already obtained, great as it is for one in her station, has produced no other feelings in her well-regulated mind than those of thankfulness and the warmest gratitude. More than once she has said to Mrs. Bray, ' that having been so long accus-
tomed

tomed to domestic labour, she is quite sure that she should not be happy without it; and that this very labour gives her a greater relish for the pursuits which she delights to follow in her evening hours of leisure.'

Montesinos supposes it will be one consequence of general education and the diffusion of cheap books, that more poems will be written, and fewer published, for that both in poetry and the kindred art of painting, imitative power will be so commonly called forth, that it will no longer be mistaken for an indication of genius. The exertion of such talents is now, in most cases, stimulated by emulation, and most frequently ends in disappointment; emulation then, which is the endemic fever of the times, takes a worse type and degenerates into envy. But let them be cultivated for their own sake, not with a view to popular applause,—for the pleasure which they impart within their own circle,—for the moral and intellectual improvement which is obtained in the pursuit,—and they contribute then, in no slight degree, to adorn society, and to increase the sum of its innocent and beneficial enjoyments. 'Poetry,' says Mackenzie, in one of his youthful letters,* 'let the prudence of the world say what it will, is, at least, one of the noblest amusements. Our philanthropy is almost always increased by it. There is a certain poetic ground on which we cannot tread without feelings that mend the heart; and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet advance so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate.'

Cultivation destroys wild flowers as civilization destroys wild animals. The greater number of those who are called uneducated poets in the present age, have actually received more education in their favourite art than those upon whom the utmost pains of regular culture were bestowed fifty years ago. We shall not instance in proof of this the author of the 'Corn Law Rhymes,' whose poetry cannot be commended too highly for the genius which is displayed in it, nor condemned too severely for the spirit of ferocious jacobinism which it breathes: this writer is not to be instanced, because it must be evident to any person who understands the art of poetry, that he has both studied and practised it as an art, and, probably, belongs quite as much to the operatives of literature as of any other class; few of its operatives are gifted with such ability; but *as he tenders his own soul, let him keep his thoughts from blood!* Neither shall we instance Mr. Struthers of Glasgow—whose 'Sabbath' exhibits many of the best *graces* of composition and versification, in company with the more precious *graces* of natural genius, and a deeply devotional spirit: he also, though practising a humble trade, has obvi-

* Elphinstoun's Forty Years' Correspondence, vol. i. p. 169.

ously made poetry, as an art, the subject of elaborate study. But we may instance Charles Crocker, the humble Chichester shoemaker, and Robert Millhouse, the weaver of Nottingham, as men, who having the poetic feeling, have acquired its utterance, and made themselves acquainted with the forms and diction of poetry by sedulously availing themselves of those means of instruction, which, living as they have done in large towns, were within their reach. Mr. Crocker tells us that he carefully studied an English grammar; and that he attended a lecture of Mr. Thelwall's on Milton and Shakespeare, and learned from it far more of the art of versification than he could possibly have acquired by reading; for the lecturer examined the structure of Milton's verses, and entered minutely into the nature of the feet of which they are composed. He tells us also, that he hired books from a circulating library; and purchased the poems of Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith, Collins, and others; committed much of them to memory, and used to repeat them when at work. A good foundation had been laid for this at the Grey-Coat School, in Chichester, where he was happily placed from the age of seven till between eleven and twelve, when he was apprenticed to his trade; for there, in his own words, 'were sown the seeds of those religious principles, which, springing up, have, through life, rendered his condition more than commonly blest; supplying comfort and consolation amid trials and difficulties, and crowning the hours of health and industry with the highest and purest enjoyments.'

Mr. Millhouse had, in like manner, eagerly read many of our best poets, whose works had been placed, by cheap editions, within his reach. It is not wonderful, therefore, though the greater part of his poetry was composed at the loom, and written down at such brief intervals as the close application required at his employment would allow, that the structure and the diction would do no discredit to one who had received all the advantages of modern education. So too with the Chichester poet: both have taken great and successful pains in educating themselves for their favourite pursuit. And both are also deserving of especial notice, as exemplifying that such pursuits, under the guidance of good principles, may be indulged in by persons of their station, not only without injury to themselves in any way, but to their great advantage. They have neglected no calling 'for this idle trade;' have left no duty unperformed; it has elevated them as moral and intellectual beings, without taking them from the last and the loom; it has been the solace of their patient industry, and given them gratifications of a higher kind than wealth can purchase.

The same means of self-education were not within Mary Colling's reach; and a woman in her station can have none of that assistance which a man derives from society. Newspapers are not

not so accessible to her; and in this sort of education newspapers bear no inconsiderable part. Many of these, while they feed the discontented with sedition, and communicate to the wicked the newest and most approved modes by which murder or arson may be committed with the least probability of detection, allow now and then a column or a corner for the notice of new books, and for extracts of criticism or poetry. The little poetry which Mr. Jones had read seems to have reached him through these channels. If we compare such current poetry as is thus circulated with that which was published in the magazines forty or fifty years ago, we shall see how little assistance was attainable by persons of this description then, and what facilities are afforded to them now. The march of intellect here has been proceeding at quick time.

There are, however, and probably always will be, a few choice 'sons of song,' who deserve to be called uneducated *par excellence*, because they bravely choose to remain so, and, despising all adventitious aid, trust to their native genius. Two of this description have recently been introduced to our notice, and we take the opportunity of introducing them to the public. One, who is a weaver, by name, we believe, James Barnfield of Cam in Gloucestershire, (for this is written on the back of the copy with which we have been favoured,) has—we must not say strung his lyre—but wetted his whistle, in honour of the late elevation of Colonel Berkeley to the peerage,—one of the first creations under the peer-mongering administration. Thus he begins his lyric strain—

' Come all you men of honour,
And raise a joyful cheer;
The worthy brave Lord Segrave
Is raised to a peer.
Great exaltation now resound,
And in this 'lustrous family found,
Their character spread the country round,
Now cheer, brave cheer !

And thus he concludes it—

' So now for the conclusion
And finish this my song,
Sing praises to Lord Segrave
With a melodious tongue.
May brighter lustre deck his brow,
That we may praise him through and through,
And mighty blessings on him flow,
Now cheer, brave cheer !'

Neither Cam nor Isis, in the days of their *Gaudia* and *Luctus*, ever produced a poet who understood the principle of encomiastic poetry better than this bard of Cam in Gloucestershire; when some *Dignus laude vir*, or rather, if we may use a maccaronic verb, *dignus*

dignus lordari, some personage whom a prime-minister hath delighted to honour, is to be celebrated in song, the best way is certainly to 'praise him through and through,' especially if his 'character spread the country round.' This choice composition was forwarded to us as 'another specimen of the uneducated.' If the communication were meant as a civility, the obliging unknown is hereby thanked for it; and if it were intended to be sarcastic, still he is thanked for what has been made useful. Cardinal d'Ossat spoke like a wise man as he was when he said, '*Ce que la Fortune sembloit me présenter de la main gauche, je le pris de la droite.*'

The other of these no-school poets favoured us with some samples of his poetry, and an introductory letter, and we cannot favour him better than by transcribing that letter for insertion here. He need not 'blush to find it fame,' famous as he describes himself to be; and by so contributing to his celebrity we shall atone for the sin of our ignorance in not having known any thing either of him or his productions, (for such ignorance we must confess, though 'not to know him' might 'argue ourselves unknown,') till he made himself thus known to us:—

'Trowbridge, 26th April, 1831.

'I doubt not but you have seen in most of the London papers various extracts from the numerous poetical works which I have written; nor will you, I am persuaded, accuse me of arrogance if I enumerate some of the Royal and illustrious individuals with whom I have lately corresponded. On the death of his late Majesty, I felt myself called upon, in my capacity of poet, to write some very elegant and pathetic lines on the occasion, which I transmitted to the King, with a congratulation of his Majesty's accession to the throne. I also addressed his Grace the Duke of Wellington on the state and condition of the nation, pointing out the cause of the general and universal distress. I have also written to Sir Robert Peel, and sent him two copies of poetry which I composed on his Majesty's proclamation. I have likewise received the title of Poet Laureate to the Town of Trowbridge, from the editor of Bell's Life in London, in return for some of my sublime productions. And, moreover, I not only caused the king to be proclaimed here, but actually proclaimed him myself. And to convince you that I am no impostor, I will name a few, amongst the many of my admirers is John Bennet and J. D. Astley, Esqrs., two members for the county; the Rev. George Crabbe, a brother poet; W. E. Waldron and E. K. Mortimer, Esqrs., and magistrates.

'I have sent you a few copies which I have composed to his Majesty's honour for your perusal, and, if you do approve of it, I should like for his Majesty to have a sight of them, and an answer what his Majesty thinks of them.

'I remain your most humble servant in all respects,

JOHN ALFORD, P.L.T.'

'A few

'A few outlines' must furnish our first extract, as having the interest which auto-biography always possesses, whether it be in prose or verse:—

' Out of obscurity I rise,
And men of knowledge do surprise ;
But they can't see, nor neither know
The spring from whence my verses flow.
I am a man of humble name,
My father a shearman of the same ;
My occupation lost, I tried
For other work then to provide,
For eight small children and a wife,
With whom I lived with scarce a strife ;
Of late I've trod the path of rhyme,
And work'd it into verse and time.
See from my works what progress made !
Peruse ! compare ! extract from shade !
They'll bear the test, and will defy
The scoffer's and the critic's eye.
Though rage and madness may infame,
Yet still I bear the Laureat's name :
Little, nor White, can't be admir'd,—
John Alford is the man inspir'd.'

The other specimens have the higher claim of national interest,
—being from a poem

' ON STATE REFORM.

' Behold now with joy and wonder we see,
Reform in the House it surely must be ;
No longer for boroughmongers to have a place
To send their bad members, or dare show their face.
Reform in the land has been all the cry ;
And we loyal Britons, we cannot see why
We should not have power to send members too,
Especially now there's so much to do.
Earl Grey he proposed to have a reform,
To save old Britannia from a threatening storm.
We all shall be glad ;—we'll drink and we'll toast ;
Our royal Britannia shall never be lost.
But let us not boast till the battle is won ;
For we see and we know reform's not begun ;
For certain great snakes still lies in the grass,
That use all their power for the Bill not to pass.
Those boroughmonger men in the House they have got,
They all are so crafty—a very bad lot ;
But William the Fourth has brought it about ;
Since they are turn'd mad, he turn'd them all out.

King

King William the Fourth he rose up in haste,
 And chas'd those bad members all out of their place.
 O may there be wise men now choos'd for to stand
 To plead for the poor and the good of the land !'

Two motives (besides the hope of gratifying our readers) have induced us to present these specimens to the public. The first is, that, not holding the seals of the home department, we could not, in compliance with the author's desire, lay the poems themselves before the King ; and, considering the business of that department in these times, we think they will be more likely to meet his Majesty's eye, or reach his ear, through this channel, than if we had transmitted them to Lord Melbourne. Secondly,—seeing that this journal has, with all sincerity, in the discharge of what we believe to be our duty, opposed the ministerial plans of reform, we have felt ourselves bound in fairness not to withhold from Earl Grey and his administration the advantage of the Trowbridge laureate's declaration in their favour. John Alford's approbation should be worth something to those by whom the *Vox Populi* has been courted at such cost !

The Curiosities of Illiterature might furnish materials for an entertaining, and not uninteresting, volume.

Persons of such genius as these admirers of my Lords Grey and Segrave are manifestly independent of all culture ; but in Mary Colling's case much might have been expected from a little of that education which is 'on thousands misbestowed,' or rather which thousands find utterly unprofitable. Her language is not like that of Mr. Crocker and Mr. Millhouse—the current language of poetry. Their compositions are, in this respect, as well as in all others, quite as presentable as those of the noble and honourable contributors to Mr. Heath's 'Keepsake ;' whereas, in hers, provincialisms sometimes occur, and, more frequently, the expletive verb, which, having crept into our language imperceptibly (no one has yet traced how), disfigured it grievously under the three latter Stuarts, and now occurs only in the colloquial language of humble life. In England, that language has not escaped the imputation of ignorance and vulgarity, because nothing has been done to consecrate it : the attempt would be too late now, even if it were otherwise possible,—which it is not, for this reason, that the common speech differs in almost every county, and therefore cannot be generalized. It would have been a great advantage for Mary Colling if we had had a Doric dialect, like the Scotch.

Imitation will not make genius, (which, indeed, cannot be made,) but neither will it mar it. In poetry, as well as in painting and in architecture, the better the models which the student

has before him, the more he is likely to profit by his studies, if there be no deficiency either of power or judgment on his part. This uninstructed poetess hitherto has had very few, but she has evinced a remarkable aptitude for deriving from them all that could be obtained. In two of her pieces she has caught Cunningham's manner; and a picture of Envy, which she had seen in some little book when a child, lay in her mind for years, and at last gave birth to these spirited stanzas:—

'Twas midnight—and the whirlwind's yell
Had started Horror from her cell;
The beasts, appall'd, mid nature moan'd,
The ocean raved, the forest groan'd.
The heavens put on their blackest frown;
Each star a direful ray shot down;
When Etna, with a thund'ring yell,
Foam'd out on earth the hag of hell.
As through the world she swiftly glided,
The winds her snaky locks divided;
Ten thousand hisses rent the air;
Her eagle talons wrought despair.
Fair flowers were blasted by her breath,
And she was arm'd with more than death;
For youth and age, and virtue's self,
Fell victims to the green-eyed elf.
In sulph'rous glooms she rode along,
Flames play'd around her forked tongue;
Her canker'd breast hove with despair—
Hell's blackest curse held empire there.'—pp. 44, 45.

One characteristic specimen more must conclude our extracts from this pleasing volume:—

'A LETTER TO MY SISTER ANNE.

Dear Anne, I'm to my promise true,	And oft, in many a rugged thorn,
I now sit down to write to you;	Our hands and aprons have we
But as for news, I've none to tell,	torn;
It may suffice to say I'm well;	And then what projects did we try,
But then, I think, it is not meet	To hide the same from mother's
To send an almost empty sheet.	eye!
To save my credit, I will try	Sometimes beneath the trees we've
To write of years that are gone by;	sat,
When you and I did often stray,	Reading of Whittington's famed
On many a sunny summer's day.	cat;
What feast did we with farthings	Or talk'd till tears our eyes bedew'd,
make!	About the children in the wood.
How proud we were to give and take!	The schemes we form'd proved fancy
And in the meadows with what pride	bold:
We've gather'd flowers from Tavy's	How often in our walks we've told
side; [brake,	What great things we should surely
When I did range through brier and	do,
That I the prettiest bunch might	If we were tall like Fanny Drew!
make!	And

And don't you recollect at night
Our neighbour John would, with de-
light,

Sit by the fire, when 'twas our glory
To hear him tell some goblin story ;
Of rogues who lived at Roborough
rock ; [o'clock ;
Of ghosts that walk'd at twelve
How oft was seen on such a lawn,
A coach with headless horses drawn ;
Of hounds on Heathfield seen to rise,
With horned heads and flaming eyes ;

What wonders some old witch could
do ?

Nor did we doubt but all was true.
And though these years are long gone
As firm as e'er's affection's tie ; [by,
For as to that I've little fear,
Nor time nor change can it impair.
My service, with respects, record
To master and to mistress Ford ;
And pray do mind my dear canary,
And then you'll please your sister
Mary:—

'This canary,' says Mrs. Bray, 'was a curiosity in natural history ; as not only Mary Colling, but other persons who heard it, assure me it could talk. The talking canary is since dead ; and I am much inclined to believe Mary killed it with kindness, by giving it pieces of cake and sweet things whenever it would call out to her, as it often did, "Give us a bit," or "Pretty bird," &c.'—pp. 73—75.

Marivaux says, speaking of '*l'humeur grossiere qu'on contracte dans les viles occupations*,'—'*il semble que l'esprit se laisse abattre, par la misère et qu'il ne soit capable d'aucun sentiment élevé.*' Some occupations undoubtedly there are which brutalize those who follow them, and render the heart as callous as the hands ; but happily there are not, and cannot be many of these,—not more than will always be filled by persons who have no repugnance for them, and seldom take to them till they have rendered themselves unfit for anything better. And few as these occupations are, they will be fewer when that improvement in society shall have been effected,—that radical—that only real reform,—which must be made in this country, unless, as the plain consequence and just punishment of our sins, both of commission and omission, England is to be utterly rebarbarised. During more than twenty years, it has been the constant doctrine of this journal, that the condition of our working classes must be physically and morally improved, if we would avert the horrors of a *bellum servile*,—if we would prevent such convulsions as those by which France and the Low Countries were shaken in the days of the Artevalds and of the Jacquerie,—and Germany, during the peasants' war. There would be no danger of such a catastrophe if our rulers had directed their attention to the moral economy of nations, instead of giving ear to the professors of that pseudo-science by which political economy has been mystified, to the ruin of thousands and tens of thousands. This kingdom can never again be safe till the great body of the community are contented in their stations. God alone knows how long it may be before any set of ministers will even dream of safety ; but whoever, in his sphere, endeavours to improve the condition of those who are around him

and below him, performs his part of that moral and religious statute labour which duty requires, and prepares the way for safety and for happier times.

One characteristic of the English populace,—perhaps we ought to say people, for it extends to the middle classes,—is their propensity to mischief. The people of most other countries may safely be admitted into parks, gardens, public buildings, and galleries of pictures and of statues; but in England it is necessary to exclude them, as much as possible, from all such places, not only because the proportion of rogues and ruffians is far greater here, to our shame be it spoken, than in any other Christian country, but because there is no security against the wanton mischief and gross offences which are committed in mere sport. This disgraceful part of the English character (for such it is, and as such all foreigners regard it) can neither be soon nor easily corrected; but anything tends to correct it that contributes to give the people a taste for intellectual pleasures,—anything that contributes to their innocent enjoyment,—anything that excites them to wholesome and pleasurable activity of body and of mind; and the faster the march of intellect can be made to proceed in this direction, and the farther it goes, the better.

It is necessary for the general weal that the goods of fortune should be unequally distributed,—that there should be high and low, rich and poor,—that there should be great riches, but not that there should be miserable poverty,—that there should be masters and servants, but not slaves; but it is not necessary that there should be that mental and moral inequality which at present exists beyond what is natural and inevitable. A little of that levelling influence which is allowed on the race-course and on the cricket-ground, might, with excellent effect, be introduced by better things. Modern refinement has widened the interval between masters and mistresses, and their domestics, much to the injury of the latter: farther refinement should tend to bring them again into the relation in which they formerly stood to each other.

Every one who has read ‘*Boswell’s Life of Johnson*’ (and who that reads anything has not read that delightful miscellany?) must have admired the single stanza which Johnson preserved in his memory from a forgotten poem by a clergyman named Gifford, whose name, but for that beautiful stanza, would have been forgotten also:—

‘Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.

All at her work the village maiden sings;

Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,

Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.’

What singing is to ‘the spinners and the knitters in the sun,’
or

or rather what it used to be, (for machinery has silenced their songs!) what it still is to the boatmen of the south and the herdsmen of the Alps, verse, in another sense of the word, has been to Mary Colling, and her fellow-poets in humble life; and knowledge, in any of its numerous branches, might be, if facilities for it were afforded to all who are desirous of obtaining it. The good is very great which might be done by parochial libraries, if they were judiciously extended, and by servants' libraries in the houses of the wealthy. But of such libraries, books of direct moral and religious instruction should form the smallest part; for to put such books into the hands of those who are in no degree prepared for them by their feelings and the course of time, is administering as physic that which can never be wholesome, unless it is taken as food.

'Sunday,' said Dr. Johnson, 'was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read "The Whole Duty of Man," from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter on theft, which, from my infancy, I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before; so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and other excellences of composition; so that the mind, being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects, may not grow weary.'

But when it is desired that persons should instruct themselves, and with no stronger motive than the desire of knowledge, and the pleasure which they find in the pursuit, the books which are provided for them must carry their own attraction. The more they can inform and gratify an inquisitive mind, the better; but any are useful if they amuse minds which would otherwise be idle,—any, in truth, that are not mischievous. History is attractive to most readers; biography, travels, natural history, fiction, and poetry, to almost all. The populace in Italy are not unacquainted with Ariosto and Tasso, though the Italians are not a more intellectual people than the English. It has lately been stated, that in a subscription library at Glasgow, to which the operatives have access, the books most in request are the 'Newgate Calendar,' and Sir Walter Scott's novels.

Perhaps station in life has never been so signally disregarded in this country, in deference to literary merit, as it was some forty or fifty years ago in Portugal, when the two poets, Domingo dos Reis Quita, and Francisco Dias Gomez, were members of the Royal Academy at Lisbon: the first of these writers was a barber; the second a poor tradesman, who kept one of those humble shops

in

in which every thing belonging to common household use is sold; and the first prince of the blood was at that time President of the Academy. Britton, the small-coal man, indeed, was admitted into high company for his musical talents; for as misfortune makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows, so music, as well as dogs, horses, and cricket, bring them into strange society. The pursuits of agriculture, while they were in fashion, had the same harmonizing effect. In our own country, however, genius in humble life has seldom or never been neglected after it has once found means of making itself known; and to this both Scotland and England may at this day proudly bear testimony. But it is not the number of authors in humble life (nor, indeed, in any station) that we are desirous to have increased; it is the number of readers; we would have the intellectual pleasures of the higher and educated classes extended, as far as possible, to all; and greatly extended they may be, for the benefit of all.

There is, at this time, a weaver in the city of Norwich, who takes his place at the loom, during the summer months, at five in the morning, and yet rises two hours earlier for the pleasure of cultivating a flower-garden. That pleasure most persons in the country and in the smaller towns may enjoy; and none of those who enjoy it will frequent the public-house, or that new seminary of mischief, sedition, and sin of every kind, the beer-shop. The country also affords facilities for all the interesting pursuits connected with natural history; and, except London, none of our cities are so large as to preclude their inhabitants from those enjoyments which the country affords. In towns there are advantages for scientific pursuits; and some of the highest enjoyments which art can afford are open for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear,—those enjoyments which are derived from music and from architecture. When we say that these are to be found in our cathedrals, let us not be accused of inviting people thither, as to a theatre, for the sake of entertainment; though no ill would be done even if that undisguised motive took them within reach of sound instruction and the words of life; and some of those who entered the church with no better impulse might haply remain to pray. But we speak of music as a pleasure common to all, and which is capable of being improved as a highly intellectual gratification. In many countries it contributes greatly to the happiness of the people; indeed, it would not be a mere refinement to affirm that the Spanish guitar has no inconsiderable effect in making the peasantry of that delightful country contented with their lot; they are held by the ear, and will not be led by the nose to their own destruction; the revolutionary drum will not draw them into the dance of death!

Would

Would you then, says the objector, have the lower classes instructed in literature and in the arts and sciences?—We would encourage them as far as possible to instruct themselves, being perfectly convinced that it would be for the benefit of all. The enemy scatters his tares among the good seed, in fields where the sower has been before him; but that enemy has the wastes to himself in full occupancy, and it is the unweeded garden which is possessed by ‘things rank and gross in nature.’ Give the people such moral and intellectual pleasures as can be given them, and you will in the same degree withdraw them from such as are injurious to themselves and others. No wise man would wish to see *High Life below Stairs* in reality; for this, which, upon the stage, is an excellent farce, leads to tragedy whenever it is no fiction. But the wise and the good, who see what men are, and rightly consider what they were created to be, must, as they love their country and their kind, wish to see intellectual life, moral life, spiritual life everywhere.

ART. IV.—*Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by Reference to Causes now in Operation.* By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Geology in King's College, London. Vol. II. London. 1832.

NO one, twenty years ago, would have conceived it possible that a work on ‘the principles of geology’ should appear, replete with discussions such as those into which Professor Lyell here enters. The alterations wrought in plants and animals by domestication, climate, and other conditions of existence;—the limits of the deviations which may thus take place from an original type;—the phenomena of mixed races, and the possibility of their continued fertility;—the laws which regulate the geographical distribution of plants and animals;—the mode in which species may be diffused, and again, in which their limits may be contracted, and how at last they may be eliminated and become extinct;—the effects produced in the animal and vegetable world by the advance of human population;—these, and such as these, are the themes which enliven the pages of this interesting and instructive volume. And though our readers may, at first, think that the changes to which man himself, together with his works, is subjected, and the ‘waves’ that

‘have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by;’

and ‘the sands’ that ‘have filled up the palaces of old,’ and the
ocean

ocean bed strewed with treasures and skeletons, the tribute of our argosies and fleets,—fitter argument for the poet's dream than the geologist's reasoning;—though they may marvel to find a Lyell exclaiming, with Clarence,

‘ Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,—

they will soon discover that the consideration of such subjects is most closely connected with the questions which the examination of the earth's surface has forced upon the notice of philosophers. Upon the most pregnant evidence geologists have arrived at the conviction that we can hope to understand the past operations which have formed the strata of the globe, and brought together their contents, only by making ourselves acquainted with the operations which are still in progress on the surface of the earth,—by studying the whole range of organic life, the relations of its classes, and the laws of its mutations.

The readers of our review of the Professor's first volume, are aware of the important discovery to which geology has owed its recent advance and form:—namely, that the organic fossils which the earth contains, offer a series of genera and species, so far fixed and constant, that they enable us to distinguish and identify the successive beds by indisputable evidence, in thousands of cases, where we should look in vain for light to those mineralogical characters which were mainly attended to by the geologists of an earlier school. All who have the slightest acquaintance with the recent additions to our knowledge of the earth, either in this or in other countries, know well that the study of organic remains, more than any other single class of facts, has instructed and can instruct us on questions of the contemporaneous or successive origin of mineral deposits. Those who have traced the history of this portion of geology know also, that, in this region at least, we owe the discovery of the importance of this criterion, and a vast body of the first examples of its successful application, to a countryman of our own, an early, though long unnoticed, labourer in this now favourite field. But though the merits of Mr. William Smith have long been familiar to the minds of geologists, they had not till recently found any official organ to give them their proper praise. It was, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that we heard this gentleman, at the last anniversary meeting of the geologists of this country, saluted by their public voice as the father of English geology. The first of the prize medals which the Geological Society has, by the

the donation of the late lamented Dr. Wollaston, the office of adjudging, was given to Mr. Smith, 'in consideration of his being a great original discoverer in English geology; and especially for his having been the first, in this country, to discover and to teach the identification of strata, and to determine their succession, by means of their imbedded fossils.' This honour was additionally graced by the dignified and philosophical eloquence of the address delivered on that occasion by the president, Professor Sedgwick; and by the singularly interesting account of the early history of Mr. Smith's discoveries, which it contained.

This act of filial duty will give pleasure to all who desire that the utmost zeal and activity in pushing on the boundary of science should be combined with justice and gratitude towards those who have given the impulse to its progress, and the instruments to its achievements. That in attempting to trace the past history of the earth, we must use the study of organic fossils as the right-hand of our philosophy, is now so generally allowed, that it might appear superfluous to expend a word on the subject. Such, indeed, has of late been the general admission throughout geological Europe; and to find any one contesting the point at present, will probably be considered by geologists as an occurrence rather fitted to amuse our curiosity than to affect our opinions. Yet the atmosphere of the geological world has recently been startled by the authoritative accents of a voice uttering expressions of no small disdain and contempt against those who presume to classify strata on organic evidence. 'It ought surely to be obvious,' we are told, 'that when remote beds are said to be identified because their fossils are the same, the proposition is identical and nugatory; since it is simply to say, that similar fossils exist in two places.'* Now, the observer

* McCulloch's Geology, vol. ii. By the bye, we are the last persons who would decry the liberality of government in grants for scientific purposes, when these are properly applied; but we have yet to learn what adequate harvest is to be reaped from the expenditure of more than 7000*l.* on this gentleman's mineralogical survey of Scotland. From a return to an address of the House of Commons, dated 23d December, 1830, it appears that Dr. McCulloch, having been allowed 1*l.* *per diem* for personal expenses, 2*l.* *per diem* as remuneration, and 2*s.* *per mile* for travelling expenses, solemnly declared before the Scotch Barons of Exchequer, that his average rate of travelling, throughout one of his scientific excursions among the rugged mountains of the Highlands, was forty-five miles *per diem*—and in another of them fifty-two! When we consider that the doctor must have travelled hammer in hand, knocking at every crag, and peering into every crevice—that he worked, by his own account, so hard for many months in each of these summers as never to allow himself a *Sunday*—and that the region he was exploring presents very considerable obstacles, both over head and under foot, to the locomotiveness of ordinary mortals—we cannot wonder that the canny barons should have begun to suspect him of being in actual possession of the seven-league boots. The correspondence in which he answers their inquiries is embodied in the Return, and we cannot sufficiently express our surprise that it should have so long escaped the notice of Mr. Joseph Hume. 7000*l.*!!!

who

who knows that he can recognise strata in remote countries by groups of plants, shells, and animals, is not likely to be disturbed by this epigram, or by the many similar sententious sayings which accompany it. The *association* of the members of such groups, given partly as a constant fact of observation, partly as a circumstance traceable to the condition of the earth at the time of their existence, is so far from being an identical or trivial proposition, that it is one of the most startling and weighty, as it is one of the most certain and universal, of geological data. But if we are tempted to smile when we are told that such facts are insufficient for the identification of strata, the smile becomes quite irrepressible when the belief which is thus denied to a most complex and peculiar combination of evidence, is claimed for the single circumstance of the rocks containing beds of muriate of soda or sulphate of lime.

We venture, therefore, to retain our belief that we shall best discharge the duty of exhibiting the most recent advances towards a knowledge of the earth's past history, by following those who have endeavoured to trace it by the aid of organic fossils. But before we proceed to give an account of this train of speculations, we must notice the course of discovery which has led the geologist to subjects, as we have already observed, apparently so foreign to his original aim.

It being ascertained that strata *can* be identified over a wide extent of country, by means of their materials and contents, *two* very remarkable general facts are found to offer themselves in the phenomena of these masses. In the first place, the strata are in a great variety of positions with regard to the earth's surface, and to each other: some are highly inclined, some horizontal; some mutually parallel, others placed upon the edges or against the slopes of the subjacent beds; some continuous and of uniform inclination, others contorted and disturbed, broken and separated. The arrangement of the beds irresistibly suggests the belief that each was deposited at first horizontally, and that then, by the action of mechanical violence, the masses were variously shattered and disturbed. In the next place, the species of organised beings which are contained in each *formation*, or main division of beds, are, for the most part, different. We trace a succession of several conditions of the animal and vegetable world which had little or nothing in common. Each of many periods appears to have had its own Flora and Fauna, and none of these seem to have included the animals and plants with which we are now surrounded. A geological theory should obviously include these two capital classes of facts. That such a theory is at present attainable, may, we think, well be doubted. But though we should not be so sanguine as to look

look to known causes for an explanation of such appearances, or to define the mode in which the unknown have acted, it may still be interesting and instructive to follow out the most promising of the analogies which present themselves.

The differences of position and the mutations of organic forms which have taken place in the pre-existing earth, appear, at first sight, to have but a dim and remote resemblance to anything which is at present occurring. There seems to be little chance of identifying what is now going on with an era when the Andes were raised from the bottom of the ocean, or with the state of our earth when that flying dragon, the pterodactyl, succeeded the trilobite. But the theorist is not so easily daunted. In matters of change, as all know, a beginning is everything. If he can once shake the stability of the existing order, it is difficult to say what revolutions he may not produce. The adventure is, at least, worth a trial.

Now, it appears that, in the present order of things, certain changes do go on, both in the position of portions of the earth, and in the forms of certain organised beings. The volcano and the earthquake are seldom long idle; the ocean is an unremitting assailant of the solid earth; the countless host of streams and showers second his attack, on the other side, by efforts formidable from their multitude and perseverance. The coast yields; the crest of the mountain descends; large tracts of the earth tremble and change their elevation: the volcanic island lifts its head above the waves. Here, at least, are some elements of mutations in the form of the earth and of the bed of the sea. The more we examine such causes, the more constant, the more extensive, the more powerful, does their operation appear. In the course of progressive ages, what effects may they not produce? And what limit are we to place to the time during which their work has proceeded? We know that this past period must be long; we know not how long. Who shall prove to us that the forces which we ourselves witness are too weak, or unfit, to produce all the facts of position which the earth's crust exhibits? Such is the reasoning of the advocate of the geological adequacy of the existing *dynamical** laws of the world.

But changes also take place in the organic creation: by cultivation and domestication, by climate and food, by mixture of races and perpetuation of peculiarities, plants, brutes, and man undergo extensive changes. The various breeds of domestic animals, the results of chance or care, are monuments

* We restrict the word *dynamical* here to its usual scientific sense,—that which relates to forces producing motion.

of this mutability of the forms of species. Man, when he has long inhabited a strange land, acquires new characteristics, which enable the most casual observer to recognise his adopted country. Nature provides, by a new covering, for the warmth of animals in cold climates. Fruits and flowers accept innumerable modifications from the hand of the gardener. Where does this capacity of change terminate? Is it impossible that it may reach so far as to transmute the organised forms of one geological period into those of another? Here, as in the former case, we shall not lack time. We have no occasion to embarrass ourselves for want of thousands, or, if it be necessary, of millions of years. With this liberty, need we despair of passing from one set of shells, of reptiles, of mammiferous quadrupeds, to another? May we not thus, through natural causes, obtain a transition from the plesiosaur of the lias to the crocodile of the Nile; from the mastodon of the Paris basin to the elephant of Asia? Ought we not at least to try the possibility of thus identifying the demonstrated changes of the past with the known mutability of the present? And such an identity is maintained by the assertor of the geological adequacy of the existing *organic* laws of the world.

Such are the two very remarkable questions which at present offer themselves as the prominent points for the attention of the geological *theorist*; and, in the discussion of these two doctrines, Mr. Lyell's work is mainly employed. We do not intend, by any means, to place upon the same footing, with regard to their philosophical character or their evidence, the two theories which we have noticed. It is very conceivable that the first may be true, though the second is false; that the dynamical processes which form part of the present course of the world, may have produced all the effects of that kind which the state of the earth exhibits, while the transmutation of species into other species, may turn out, on examination, to be a visionary and unauthorised speculation. That this is the state of the case, is Mr. Lyell's opinion. His first volume contained a very masterly exposition of the present mode of action and the intensity of the moving forces of the earth, with a defence of the sufficiency of these to explain all the geological phenomena which belong to that part of the subject. The present volume is occupied with various discussions on the laws and limits of the variability of organisation, and is an estimate of the nature and amount of the alterations which causes, belonging to the animal and vegetable world, are now producing. The author's conclusion is, that the changes of this kind at present going on, are highly important towards the explanation of many of the facts of geology: but that the appearance of new species, at successive epochs,

epochs, which we learn from irresistible geological evidence to have repeatedly occurred, is a fact *not* belonging to the operation of that tendency to change in organised beings, which we see still brought into play.

We consider this to be a very important point of doctrine. The opposite opinion, indeed, is perhaps not likely to make many converts in this country, yet it has been embraced, we believe, by no small number of continental geologists; and is one of those conjectures easily suggested to the spirit of wide and venturesome speculation which these studies almost irresistibly call into action. The question itself, too, and the evidence, are eminently curious, physiologically considered. We shall, therefore, follow Mr. Lyell a little while in the discussion of it. The book abounds with remarkable facts showing the modifications which various influences and conditions can effect among animals and plants. Thus—

‘Some of our countrymen, engaged of late in conducting the principal mining association in Mexico, carried out with them some English greyhounds of the best breed, to hunt the hares which abound in that country. The great platform which is the scene of sport is at an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the mercury in the barometer stands habitually at the height of about nineteen inches. It was found that the greyhounds could not support the fatigues of a long chase in this attenuated atmosphere, and before they could come up with their prey, they lay down gasping for breath; but these same animals have produced whelps which have grown up, and are not in the least degree incommoded by the want of density in the air, but run down the hares with as much ease as the fleetest of their race in this country.’—p. 40.

Into the questions concerning mule animals and plants, considered in chap. iv., interesting as they are, we have not space to enter. The general facts of such cases are sufficiently familiar to enable the reader to follow us in judging whether the existing laws of life can have led to such changes of the species inhabiting the globe, as those with which geology presents us.

We may begin by observing that it belongs to a very loose and headlong style of speculation to maintain, that because existing laws may lead to *some* change, they may lead to *any* change. Because the course of domestication and breeding may possibly extract, in the progress of generations, a lap-dog from a mastiff,—may reduce the legs of a sheep to the minutest size,—and alter the outline of a pig or a bull,—it is quite gratuitous to assert that such causes can, therefore, *turn* a bull into a buffalo, or a pig into an elephant. But where, says the theorist, do you place your limit of possible alteration? We answer, that our not knowing the precise place of the boundary line, affords absolutely no presumption that there is no boundary. What is the limit of a
man’s

man's stature?—of his life?—of the change that *one* generation may receive by the influence of circumstances? If the theorist will tell us this, we may then join him in calculating what change a thousand or a million generations may produce. But this calculation will not be rightly performed by repeating the amount of the first change for a given number of times, any more than a similar process will enable us to deduce a man's growth in fifty years from a child's in one year. And till we have it shown that the deviations of species are, from their nature, unlimited, we have at least the force of analogy in our favour, when we suppose that as the strength, and size, and powers of each species are confined within limits narrow in themselves though indefinite to us, so also is the capacity of such deviation,—that certain modifications may be produced by external causes, but that there is an invisible line which the waves of these fluctuations cannot pass,—that the mutability of the species is finite, as all its other properties are finite,—and that, though we may alter some of the attributes of an animal, as the size and proportion of its parts, by suitable agency, there are other changes, less considerable perhaps to the eye, but more attended to by nature, which neither man, nor the elements, nor time itself can ever bring about.

This, we say, is what we should expect from analogy: how completely this view is confirmed by an appeal to facts, we are now enabled most satisfactorily to show. Yet the gainsayers of the fixity of species have begun by going directly in opposition to this philosophical presumption. They have reasoned as if change, once shown to exist in the constitution of organic beings, could have neither limit nor selection;—could not possibly be affected by the remoteness of the succeeding steps from the starting point of the change, or by the clashing of the conditions which this progression may bring into play. And in this way, all metamorphoses having become to them equally probable, they have given us a history of the gradations by which nature has ascended from the lowest step of organic life to the production of man, which it is not easy to repeat with a grave face, but of which we will say a word shortly.

It will, however, be more instructive to proceed to something more definite. The assertion of the *Transmutationists* which is most deserving of consideration is, that by the modifying influence of external circumstances, or of mixed generation, new species may be produced, capable of permanently existing and supporting themselves in a state of nature. This is a proposition susceptible of being tried and decided by an appeal to facts. Here, at least, the advocates of gradual change have an application of their doctrine, where the period which the process requires is not so vast,
nor

nor the testimony of its having taken place so unattainable, as to make it reasonable for them to take refuge in these their usual complaints. Now what is the testimony of facts? That *no one instance* can be produced, or pointed out with probability, of such an establishment of a new species. Animals and vegetables can be modified to a large extent by food, climate, training, and many other causes; but it appears, from the most attentive consideration of the best examples of these changes, that the mutations thus superinduced are applicable to select qualities only, and governed by constant laws;—that the limit of the entire deviation from the original type of which the species is capable, is reached in a brief period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained. It appears, too, that we have no examples of true hybrid races perpetuated for many generations, even by the assistance of man; and that thus an indefinite divergence from a primitive form, and an indefinite mixture of different forms, are laws which find no place in the economy of nature. Every case which the transmutationists adduce, to show how great are the changes which species may undergo, fails utterly, when cross-examined, in proving the change to be unlimited, continuous, and universal. What can be more striking, at first sight, than the varieties of the dog?

* But if we look for some of those essential changes which would be required to lend even the semblance of a foundation for the theory of Lamarck, respecting the growth of new organs and the gradual obliteration of others, we find nothing of the kind. For in all these varieties of the dog, says Cuvier, the relation of the bones with each other remains essentially the same; the form of the teeth never changes in any perceptible degree, except that in some individuals, one additional false grinder occasionally appears, sometimes on the one side, and sometimes on the other. The greatest departure from a common type, and it constitutes the maximum of variation as yet known in the animal kingdom, is exemplified in those races of dogs which have a supernumerary toe on the hind foot, with the corresponding tarsal bones, a variety analogous to one presented by six-fingered families of the human race.—p. 27.

We know that a few generations will, by care in breeding, alter the appearance of the bull or the cat. In consequence of singularly fortunate circumstances,—the custom prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, of preserving the remains of the objects of their superstitious adoration, and the examination of these remains by the French naturalists, after the Egyptian expedition,—we have skeletons of the animals just mentioned, belonging to an epoch almost as remote as any which human history includes. Now what is the amount of the alteration which these species have suffered from that time to this?

* Such

'Such was the conformity of the whole of these species to those now living, that there was no more difference, says Cuvier, between them than between the human mummies and the embalmed bodies of men of the present day. Yet some of these animals have since that period been transported by man to almost every variety of climate, and forced to accommodate their habits to new circumstances, as far as their nature would permit. The cat, for example, has been carried over the whole earth, and, within the last three centuries, has been naturalized in every part of the new world, from the cold regions of Canada to the tropical plains of Guiana; yet it has scarcely undergone any perceptible mutation, and is still the same animal which was held sacred by the Egyptians.

'Of the ox, undoubtedly there are many very distinct races; but the bull Apis, which was led in solemn processions by the Egyptian priests, did not differ from some of those now living. The black cattle that have run wild in America, where there were many peculiarities in the climate not to be found, perhaps, in any part of the old world, and where scarcely a single plant on which they fed was of precisely the same species, instead of altering their form and habits, have actually reverted to the exact likeness of the aboriginal wild cattle of Europe.'—p. 30.

Here, at least, we have no fact which gives any countenance to the notion of the permanent eduction of new species from old, or of the indefinite preservation and exaggeration of a change arising from external causes.

Of the possibility of impressing modifications of great apparent amount on the forms and properties of plants and animals, our farms and our gardens undoubtedly bear ample and decisive testimony. Every ox, sheep, and pig, every cabbage and cabbage-rose, every peach and apple, is an instance of the ductility of the natural constitution of organised beings; and differs widely from the progenitor of the stock, as it existed when man received it at the hands of nature.

But these changes, which nature allows, she does not adopt: they endure only while man continues his cares. Let the master be taken away,—let the human hand be no longer there to till the field, to prune the garden, to feed and tend his servant animals,—and the scene is soon changed. The natural war of the various tribes of the animal and vegetable world recommences. The species that had thriven and unfolded their secret powers in a state of alliance with the lord of the creation, when destitute of his aid, can no longer preserve their ground, or retain their forced developement. The weak and helpless skulk or perish; the active and strong become fierce and predacious. The pointer no longer stops and waits for the approach of the gun, but steals forward and pounces on his prey. The sheep and the ox, if they survive

survive at all, must repair, in a few generations, the legs which the ingenuity of man had condemned to diminution as an unprofitable waste of nutriment. The garden-flower grows wild for a few summers perhaps; but it can live healthily and long among the hardier daughters of the field, only by renouncing its garden dress and habits. The reign of established law is abrogated. The refined flavour and polished exterior of the products of the orchard are assailed by a democratic aggression of thorns and brambles; and, in the struggle, they either perish, or preserve their place only by becoming as coarse and rude as their neighbours. The crab, the sloe, the weed may remain; but the fragrant apple, the luscious plum, the curded cauliflower are there no longer.—

*Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.*

The changes, therefore, which cultivation and other external causes can effect in the character of plants and brutes, afford no ground whatever for the belief that the continued exercise of these capabilities may have produced, by a natural operation, a succession of conditions of the organic creation, differing from each other in any definite way: still less, as might easily be shown, does it appear that we could thus arrive at a series of forms resembling that peculiar succession which is given by geological observation. The transmutationist attempts to make a single step in the region of known fact, and thence to travel on to a boundless extent in the vast void of unknown ages and circumstances. But it appears from what has been said, that not only is everything, after his first step, in the highest degree hypothetical, and indeed extravagantly gratuitous, but that his single point of footing on solid ground utterly fails him; and when he would acquire an impetus for his adventurous spring, he is compelled to slip back into that strictly fixed and limited system from which he wishes to escape.

Such being the untenable character of the most tangible and plausible part of the transmutation theory, it can hardly be deemed necessary to discuss the strange and sweeping assumptions which it ventures upon, when it has escaped out of the province of observation, and plays its fantastic tricks in the remote and inaccessible regions of countless ages past. We may enable the reader to judge of the pace at which the theorist proceeds by indicating the extreme points of his career. The object of the '*Philosophie Zoologique*' of Lamarck is to trace the steps by which the whole of the animal creation has been constructed, through the gradual working of the natural tendencies of the animals themselves. The world of life had its origin, it seems, in certain '*petits corps gélamineux*.' Such elementary bodies formed the lowest classes of

animals; and these again, by their feeling of their wants, by their efforts, by the operation of a 'sentiment interieur,' first acquired organs, and then developed and multiplied these acquisitions, till they had passed through all the varieties of animal being which now exist or have existed. Finally, among these creatures there arose a *dominant race*, which, having acquired a supremacy over the others, succeeded in placing a considerable distance between themselves and the other tribes. To this race of animals we and our readers have the honour to belong.

If the reader does not find himself somewhat giddy with this unexpected elevation, he will readily conjecture the nature of some of the steps by which this developement of animal organisation is supposed to go on. We will mention only an instance or two.

'It is not the organs, or, in other words, the nature and form of the parts of the body of an animal which have given rise to its habits, and its particular faculties, but on the contrary, its habits, its manner of living, and those of its progenitors have in the course of time determined the form of its body, the number and condition of its organs, in short, the faculties which it enjoys. Thus otters, beavers, water-fowl, turtles, and frogs, were not made web-footed in order that they might swim; but their wants having attracted them to the water in search of prey, they stretched out the toes of their feet to strike the water and move rapidly along its surface. By the repeated stretching of their toes, the skin which united them at the base acquired a habit of extension, until in the course of time the broad membranes which now connect their extremities were formed.

'In like manner the antelope and the gazelle were not endowed with light agile forms, in order that they might escape by flight from carnivorous animals; but having been exposed to the danger of being devoured by lions, tigers, and other beasts of prey, they were compelled to exert themselves in running with great celerity, a habit which, in the course of many generations, gave rise to the peculiar slenderness of their legs, and the agility and elegance of their forms.

'The camelopard was not gifted with a long flexible neck because it was destined to live in the interior of Africa, where the soil was arid and devoid of herbage, but being reduced by the nature of that country to support itself on the foliage of lofty trees, it contracted a habit of stretching itself up to reach the high boughs, until its fore-legs became longer than the hinder, and its neck so elongated, that it could raise its head to the height of twenty feet above the ground.'

—pp. 9, 10.

That the organs of animals are adapted in a most remarkable manner to their situations and habits is a fact which strikes all mankind; and certainly the above is a very amusing mode of reading the characters of this adaptation. Because animals could
not

not well subsist without their present forms of legs, and toes, and teeth, therefore they have made these parts what they are, by a series of efforts and actions of their own. Because they have now no want unprovided for, no propensity without the means of gratifying it, no feeling of the need of other organs and members than those they actually possess, nothing defective and nothing superfluous,—therefore many of their tribes formerly had cravings which for thousands of years they could not satisfy—propensities which they could not indulge;—for an indefinite number of generations they preserved and transmitted life in conditions to which their constitutions were not suited, and were incessantly urged by feelings of endowments unpossessed, of the same kind with an oyster's 'sentiment' of the want of a head, or a snail's of the need of a back-bone. Because the organisation of animals, in regard to their destination, is now, so far as we can judge, perfect, therefore it must have gone through all imaginable degrees of imperfection. Because we now see nothing but adaptation in the organic world, therefore the sole and universal agent in its developement has been the want of adaptation. Truly this is a strange 'Zoological Philosophy!'

That a very great or very small exercise of certain organs may augment, diminish, and modify them;—that in new conditions of life, new powers of accommodation in animals may be called into play,—we have already stated: but the same observations by which we learn that this is so, teaches us likewise that this mutability has its laws and its limits;—fixed laws and narrow limits. How wild then and unphilosophical is it to attempt to snatch up the first phrase of nature's lecture, without allowing her to finish her sentence; to catch at her confession of certain moderate changes of particular kinds under certain circumstances, and to insist upon it that she means to say indefinite changes of entirely different kinds. Because organs may become larger by use or less by disuse, therefore it is held that new organs may be produced, though here the analogy of the mode of production is necessarily utterly obliterated. Because animals are strenuous in exercising powers which they feel they possess, in seeking gratifications which they know they like, therefore they were at one time still more urgent in trying to exercise powers unfelt and unknown, and strained still more eagerly after acquisitions of which they could not guess the nature. And because muscular efforts and nervous sensations can produce certain physical effects directly upon the human frame, therefore such causes may also produce complex contrivances quite dissimilar or opposite to those which physical causation could occasion. Let it be supposed that the effort to seize its prey might tend to lengthen the legs of a spider;—but what effort

could tend to make it construct an apparatus for secreting a gelatinous substance, to the end that, when the many generations had elapsed in which such an organisation could be established, the creature might spin a fine net of this substance, in order to catch a kind of food, which before it could not have tasted?

The speculations of Lamarck, to which we here principally refer, were followed out to their strange conclusions, simply as physiological doctrines, without any express reference to geology. But we believe we are not mistaken in asserting, that though one of the greatest of the French naturalists has always maintained, as we have seen, the fixity of species, yet many of the geologists of France entertain no doubt of the theory of transmutation being that by which the different forms of animal life, at different periods of the earth's past history, are rightly explained. Some, indeed, of these reasoners appear, with a very unphilosophical but natural *esprit de corps*, to hesitate at the theory when applied to their own species; and though willing to give up all other flesh and fish to be transformed during their lives into as many forms as their organic remains ever assumed under the hands of Robert or Beauvilliers, they have a repugnance to admit that man must look back to a polyp as '*la première souche de sa noble race*.' Such, at least, seems to be the doctrine of M. Omalius D'Halloy, a geologist of no small note, as proposed in a work very recently published. He wishes, if we rightly understand him, to claim for our species a sort of perpetual dictatorship in the creation, under all its changes,—allowing only such differences of the physical constitution of our ancestors from our own, as may have been desirable for their comfort, in the very different state of things in which it was their fortune to live. For instance, there may have been many wise and excellent men upon the earth during the period of the growth of the plants which now form our coals; but then, these inhabitants of the carboniferous period must have had lungs adapted to an atmosphere containing a quantity of carbonic acid, '*suffisant pour faire mourir les hommes d'aujourd'hui*.' They must, it would seem, have had, at least in this respect, some resemblance to the lizards and fishes, which lived, we know, at the same time; and, what is still more remarkable, it appears that the book of Genesis affords an argument for this curious physiological circumstance, in the account which it gives us of the antediluvian patriarchs. 'For what it tells us concerning their longevity indicates an order of things more like what now takes place among reptiles and fishes, than what obtains among the existing race of men.'

It would be bordering on the absurd to treat seriously anything so fantastically extravagant as this view of the subject. How far the resemblance of the earlier descendants of Adam to crocodiles

or sharks extended, we cannot expect to know certainly till we have some means of recognising their exuviae. Indeed, we can hardly hope to disinter any of these venerable personages; but should their remains be discovered in our days, we shall receive with no small delight the restoration of the *Patriarchosaurus*, which Mr. Conybeare, in his double capacity of divine and saurologist, will no doubt feel himself bound to undertake.

For ourselves, we do not conceive that those who endeavour to fasten their physical theories on the words of scripture are likely to serve the cause either of religion or of science. The sacred volume is big with an importance of a higher kind than any which can arise from the mere lapse of time, and there appears to be no presumption in saying, that it begins where its subject man begins. If, indeed, anything be clear on physical evidence it is, that the period of time which sufficed for the whole moral and religious discipline of man had not any of the gigantic mutations of the organic or inorganic world, of which geologists read in the book of nature, crowded into its scanty space. But though we cannot feel any gratitude to Mr. D'Halloy for his illustration of the Bible, his speculations may serve to shew that the transmutation theory readily offers itself to the minds of persons speculating upon the organic facts of geology, and requires to be fully considered in its bearing on this subject.

The transmutationist endeavours to account, by physiological laws, for the successive appearance and extinction of different races of animals, of which the earth offers the record. It has appeared that this attempt is utterly futile, even if the zoological speculator were allowed to assume such a succession of animals as that to which his theory points. We need not, therefore, explain how entirely unlike such a succession is to the geological one, for Mr. Lyell has shown, in his former volume (chap. ix.), that the evidence of what has been called the successive developement of organic life, as derived from the earth's strata, fails altogether. So far, then, we are left apparently without any possibility of referring to laws or causes, 'now in action,' the leading phenomenon which offers itself in the examination of organic remains: and if it be forbidden to natural philosophy, as some maintain that it is, to infer anything concerning the act of creation—this, at least, we may say; that so far as we can trace the history of the new species and families which have inhabited the earth, they have made their appearance exactly *as if* they had been placed there, each by an express act of the Creator—each provided by its Author with such powers and habits, with such organs and constitutions as adapted it precisely to the condition of things in which it was to live.

This

This is the conclusion at which Mr. Lyell arrives, and which he justifies and illustrates with a great variety of facts and reasonings. He thus, wisely, we think, and philosophically, opposes himself entirely to the assertors of the geological adequacy of the existing laws of *organic* life; while, as we have already seen in his first volume, he strenuously urges the permanency of the present *dynamical* causes of geological phenomena.

But though the study of the existing organic world thus leaves the great fact of the production of new species unexplained, and apparently wrapt in the mystery of Creative Power, there is still much in the present course of the history of animals and vegetables which is of the highest interest and instruction to the geologist. In particular, it may be asked, can the extinction of species, the blotting out of certain forms from the book of existence, at various intervals of time, be shown to form part of the present order of the world? Mr. Lyell maintains that it can. Here, at least, he holds we have an evidence of the conformity of the events of the historical, with those of geological periods. He considers, in some detail, the causes which at present operate to produce, in the numbers of the various races of living things, oscillations, some of which may touch the line of their absolute elimination from the earth, and then observes—

‘The continued action of these alone, throughout myriads of future ages, must work an entire change in the state of the organic creation, not merely on the continents and islands, where the power of man is chiefly exerted, but in the great ocean, where his control is almost unknown. The mind is prepared by the contemplation of such future revolutions to look for the signs of others, of an analogous nature, in the monuments of the past. Instead of being astonished at the proofs there manifested of endless mutations in the animate world, they will appear to one who has thought profoundly on the fluctuations now in progress, to afford evidence in favour of the uniformity of the system, unless, indeed, we are precluded from speaking of *uniformity* when we characterize a principle of endless variation.’—pp. 156, 157.

Nothing can be more striking than the picture given by our author of the mutual wars of the different tribes of plants and animals, their struggles for food, their powers of diffusion, their relation to man, and the wide and sweeping changes which these phenomena have produced and are producing in the face of animated nature. We cannot forbear to notice some of the species that have been extinguished in our own island:—

‘Besides those which have been driven out from some haunts, and everywhere reduced in number, there are some which have been wholly extirpated; such as the ancient breed of indigenous horses, the wild boar, and the wild oxen, of which last, however, a few remains

maines are still preserved in the parks of some of our nobility. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century, and, by the twelfth century, was only to be met with, according to Giraldus de Barri, in one river in Wales, and another in Scotland. The wolf, once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century (1710), though it had been extirpated in Scotland thirty years before, and in England at a much earlier period. The bear, which in Wales was regarded as a beast of the chase equal to the hare or the boar, only perished as a native of Scotland in the year 1057.

* Many native birds of prey have also been the subjects of unrelenting persecution. The eagles, larger hawks, and ravens, have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, and the bittern, have been drained equally with the summer dwellings of the lapwing and the curlew. But these species still linger in some portion of the British isles; whereas the large capercaillies, or wood grouse, formerly natives of the pine-forests of Ireland and Scotland, have been destroyed within the last fifty years. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants.

* The bustard (*Otis tarda*), observes Graves, in his British Ornithology, "was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds; whereas it is now a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual." Bewick also remarks, "that they were formerly more common in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open counties of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and some parts of Yorkshire." In the few years that have elapsed since Bewick wrote, this bird has entirely disappeared from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.—pp. 149, 150.

The death of such a species as the dodo (for we must conclude, we fear, that this bird is blotted out from the catalogue of living animals,) is too remarkable to be passed over:—

* The most striking example of the loss, even within the last two centuries, of a remarkable species, is that of the dodo—a bird first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited, immediately after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. It was of a large size and singular form; its wings short, like those of an ostrich, and wholly incapable of sustaining its heavy body, even for a short flight. In its general appearance it differed from the ostrich, cassowary, or any known bird.

* Many naturalists gave figures of the dodo after the commencement of the seventeenth century, and there is a painting of it in the British Museum, which is said to have been taken from a living individual.

Beneath

Beneath the painting is a leg, in a fine state of preservation, which ornithologists are agreed cannot belong to any other known bird. In the museum at Oxford, also, there is a foot and a head, in an imperfect state; but M. Cuvier doubts the identity of this species with that of which the painting is preserved in London.

* In spite of the most active search, during the last century, no information respecting the dodo was obtained, and some authors have gone so far as to pretend that it never existed; but amongst a great mass of satisfactory evidence in favour of the recent existence of this species, we may mention that an assemblage of fossil bones were recently discovered, under a bed of lava, in the Isle of France, and sent to the Paris museum by M. Desjardins. They almost all belonged to a large living species of land-tortoise, called *Testudo Indica*, but amongst them were the head, sternum, and humerus of the dodo. M. Cuvier showed me these valuable remains in Paris, and assured me that they left no doubt in his mind that the huge bird was one of the gallinaceous tribe.—pp. 150, 151.

One of the most ingenious parts of the reasoning on this subject appears where the author urges that when new species, multiplying widely, and requiring large supplies of food, are introduced into a country, the older tenants of the soil *must* necessarily be reduced by want, and some classes must be destroyed. He considers the millions of wild cattle and horses which are established in the New World, from the latitude of 25° N. to 40° S.; the sheep and goats which have multiplied enormously there, as well as the cat and the rat, the latter having been introduced unintentionally in ships; the dogs which have at different periods become wild in America, and hunt in packs, like the wolf and the jackal; and

* the many millions of square miles of the most fertile land, originally occupied by a boundless variety of animal and vegetable forms, which have been already brought under the dominion of man, and compelled, in a great measure, to yield nourishment to him, and to a limited number of plants and animals which he has caused to increase; and then observes, that 'we must at once be convinced that the annihilation of a multitude of species has already been effected, and will continue to go on hereafter, in certain regions, in a still more rapid ratio, as the colonies of highly-civilized nations spread themselves over unoccupied lands.'—pp. 155, 156.

With the causes of extinction of species, and of alterations in their proportions and relations, which thus appear to reside in the mutual bearings of different portions of organic nature, Mr. Lyell combines the other causes, arising from the changes now going on in the state of the earth's surface, which he has so ably developed in his first volume. This is not the occasion to contest the accuracy of the opinions which he has advocated concerning the true nature

nature and extent of these changes. Our readers will recollect that he carries his representations of the scale of the effects thus produced in the course of ages far beyond the narrow limits of other writers, who are in the habit of contrasting the present as a period of repose with the vast convulsions and mutations which, according to their opinion, geological evidence demonstrates to have occurred in former ages of the world. But if we allow our author, as is but reasonable, the use of the machinery which he himself has made so formidable in assailing the fixed forms and levels of existing shores and continents, he finds in it, as may easily be conceived, a very powerful help in the task of obliterating and transposing the species of plants and animals. His speculations in this way, indeed, make us rejoice that as yet geology is a science of observation only, and not of experiment; for if he could bring to the test of actual trial the hypotheses which he proposes in order to trace the operation of his dynamical agents upon the organic world, the present inhabitants of the earth and sea would have but an uneasy time of it. Thus, he would sink the isthmus of Panama 'a few hundred feet,' and convert it into 'the straits of Panama,' uniting the Pacific with the Atlantic. By another sinking down 'to a trifling amount,' he would pour the sea of Azof into the Caspian, and lay the whole of central Asia under water. As a third experiment, he would block up the straits of Gibraltar, and the Bahama channel between the bank of that name and the coast of Florida. Again, he puts forward a proposal to raise, by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, a mountain-chain in the central parts of the great African desert, the summits to be kept constantly covered with snow. Though he is for the present confined to mere supposition in these processes, Mr. Lyell traces with great skill the revolutions which such operations would bring about, in the condition of the inhabitants of the sea and land, thus put in unexpected communication, or separated as unexpectedly; and shows how these changes would strengthen the laws of that fate by which species as well as individuals are subject to mortality.

We will not dispute that he has made it probable, or, if our theorist chooses, certain, that *some* species do become extinct by the operation of causes now in action; but we may observe, that the question, whether this is the *manner* and *rate* of extinction which we find in passing from one geological formation to another, is very far from being settled by such reasonings. This is, indeed, a question which can be decided by none but geological evidence, and therefore the consideration of it will come before us with more propriety when we are favoured with the third volume of the professor's work, in which the facts of geology, peculiarly so called,

called, are to be stated. We shall then, perhaps, see whether the transition from the population of the carboniferous series to that of the magnesian limestone, from the marine animals of the oolites to those of the green sand and chalk, lends itself in any degree to the idea of this slow and doubtful process of the accidental obliteration of species, occurring, one by one, as the condition of things in which they lived was altered by the effect of such causes as are now at work upon the earth. In the meantime, we proceed to the remaining part of the present volume.

This portion of our author's labours refers to the processes by which organic and other objects are in modern times imbedded in the materials of the earth, and scattered upon the floor of the ocean. In his former volume, the author was principally employed in submerging tracts of dry land, and in elevating submarine deposits above the level of the sea; in putting the strata of the earth *in the position* in which we find them; and his main thesis, which we shall not here controvert, was, that the existing dynamical agencies of the world are sufficient for this task. It therefore peculiarly concerns him, as the assertor of the uniform course of the world, to show, that when this is done the strata will be *such* as we find them: and, without reference to any theory, it must be deemed very interesting to inquire how far the portions of the animate and inanimate world, which are yearly and hourly consigned to destruction and oblivion, are assuming the condition and arrangement of those remains of early epochs which exercise the ingenuity of our present searchers into the earth's history. We must refrain from detailing the results of this part of Mr. Lyell's inquiries, but the mere indication of some of his topics will show the varied interest which belongs to it. He speaks of the formation of peat bogs; the trees and plants which are found in them in various conditions; and the human remains which have occasionally been discovered there, preserved in a remarkable manner from very remote times;—of the caverns containing the bones of animals variously cemented or incrustated, to which the labours of various geologists, and especially the active researches and striking views of Dr. Buckland, have lately attracted so much notice;—of the imbedding of animal remains in landslips, in blown sand, in lavas, or in showers of ashes. He treats also of the deposits of organic remains on the submerged portion of the earth; of the beds of wood-coal, and of shells thus formed in rivers and lakes; of the entombing of land animals by torrents and floods. Man, so recently only a denizen of the earth, can nowhere be traced as the contemporary of its former inhabitants; but when future revolutions, such as Mr. Lyell loves to contemplate, shall have altered the distribution of the present land and

and water, man and his works may figure in the cabinets of future collectors of fossil organic and *fabricated* bodies. The author has brought together much curious information to illustrate the amount and kind of the supply of such articles.

‘When we reflect on the number of curious monuments consigned to the bed of the ocean in the course of every naval war from the earliest times, our conceptions are greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours. During our last great struggle with France, thirty-two of our ships of the line went to the bottom in the space of twenty-two years, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty-six frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of cannon constructed of iron or brass, whereof a great number had the dates and places of their manufacture inscribed upon them in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver, and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments; in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace, many formed of materials, such as glass and earthenware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages—when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves, and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of seawater.

‘But the reader must not imagine that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea. From an examination of Lloyd’s lists, from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared that the number of *British vessels* alone lost during that period amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half *daily*, a greater number than we should have anticipated, although we learn from Moreau’s tables that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about twenty thousand, having one with another a mean burden of one hundred and twenty tons. Out of five hundred and fifty-one ships of the royal navy lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only one hundred and sixty were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident;—a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep.

‘Millions of dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship, and on these, when they happen to be enveloped in a matrix capable of protecting them from chemical changes, much information of historical interest will remain inscribed, and endure for periods as indefinite as have the delicate markings of zoophytes or lapidified plants in some of the ancient secondary rocks. In almost every

every large ship, moreover, there are some precious stones set in seals, and other articles of use and ornament composed of the hardest substances in nature, on which letters and various images are carved—engravings which they may retain when included in subaqueous strata, as long as a crystal preserves its natural form.

‘It was a splendid boast, that the deeds of the English chivalry at Agincourt made Henry’s chronicle

‘———— as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the deep
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures;

for it is probable that a greater number of monuments of the skill and industry of man will, in the course of ages, be collected together in the bed of the ocean, than will be seen at one time on the surface of the continents.’—p. 256—258.

Other facts, which bear more directly on the comparison of geological and historical times, are such cases as that of the valley of the Ouse, between Newhaven and Lewes, where the contents of the strata contain the evidence of the steps by which a salt-water estuary became, successively, an inlet of brackish water, the shallow mouth of a river, a peaty swamp or morass, and a verdant meadow, as it now is. The most important, perhaps, of all the divisions of the subject, is the consideration of the deposits, now going on, of the remains of marine animals. Of these, the most extensive is the vast aggregation of coralline and testaceous masses which is taking place over a wide extent of the Pacific; where we have, apparently, long chains of submarine mountains, crested with circles or *atolls* of coral; such, for instance, as that of the Maldives, running four hundred and eighty geographical miles from north to south, or the one to which the following passage refers:—

‘The inhabitants of Disappointment Islands, and those of Duff’s Group, pay visits to each other by passing over long lines of reefs from island to island, a distance of six hundred miles and upwards. When on their route they present the appearance of troops marching upon the surface of the ocean.’—p. 295.

That by processes now going on in such instances, vast layers of calcareous matter will be produced, containing the remains of corallines and shells, is obvious; and the arrangement of these may agree, in many respects, with that which we observe in terrestrial rocks with similar contents. But we would submit to Mr. Lyell that his manufacture of future strata is not yet quite complete. The mineralogical texture of most of the calcareous mountain masses is very different from that of these beds of coral, and apparently different from anything which these would ever become. Who has found, in coral reefs, the crystalline character of mountain limestone, or the oolitic structure so widely prevalent in another

other of the most conspicuous of the marine formations? The Huttonians, Mr. Lyell's predecessors, thought, that when they had laid the materials of their calcareous or siliceous strata at the bottom of the sea, the action of subterraneous fire was requisite in order to convert them into sparry limestone or quartz rock. They deemed it necessary to bake their cake, when they had kneaded it; and all will recollect their exultation when Sir James Hall drew from his oven a marble loaf made of chalk flour. What does Mr. Lyell intend to substitute for the Plutonic cookery of these elder assertors of the constancy of nature? Or is he prepared to maintain that this application of fire is superfluous, and that time alone, who does so much for him, will give the due solidity and structure to the stratified masses? It may be that this part of the subject will not raise any insuperable difficulty in the way of the author's conclusions; but some consideration of it seems to be a proper step in his reasonings.

Perhaps, however, such topics will occupy a part of our author's third volume. By what is already published, the way is prepared for this, and we shall be happy to see these speculations thus brought to a point. It has been shown that causes of destruction and degradation, of elevation, of dislocation, do prevail in the present state of the inorganic world; it is shown, also, that changes in the distribution and relations of the families of the organic world take place, along with the probable extinction of species, from time to time. Changes have occurred: changes still occur. One remarkable exception, indeed, to the illustration of the past by means of the present, these researches have led us to consider as indubitably proved; namely, the creation of new species, fitted to new conditions of the elements, in successive periods of the earth's history. This fact, the more it is examined, the more it is found to be utterly out of the reach of any known laws of physiological action; or of any other power than that of which the Creator has confined the regulation and manifestation to the depths of his own bosom. The wisdom with which other organic forms have been fitted for their places in former states of the earth, resembles the wisdom with which the creatures about us are fitted for the earth as it is; but the power by which these varied forms were successively brought into being, resembles nothing of which we can see any vestige in the present world: it appears to belong, not to what we are accustomed to speak of as the laws of nature, but to that Supreme Will, which is their source and foundation. We can trace the fortunes of the material spoils of living things, and even the bearings by which the vital processes of various classes are connected, and the phenomena which they produce upon the earth; but our sagacity is altogether baffled,
when

when we try to ascend to the act which has breathed the breath of life into generation after generation: and we find that even if our philosophy is allowed to burst the barriers of time, and to summon to its aid the energies of the elemental world, it is still unable to touch even the skirts of the garment of creative power which envelopes the Supreme Being.

With this striking exception, we may assert, with our author and other geologists, that all the facts of geological observation are of the same kind as those which occur in the common history of the world. The question then comes before us,—are the extent and the circumstances of the geological phenomena of the same order as those of which the evidence has thus been collected? Have the changes which lead us from one geological state to another been, on a long average, uniform in their intensity, or have they consisted of epochs of paroxysmal and catastrophic action, interposed between periods of comparative tranquillity?

These two opinions will probably for some time divide the geological world into two sects, which may perhaps be designated as the *Uniformitarians* and the *Catastrophists*. The latter has undoubtedly been of late the prevalent doctrine, and we conceive that Mr. Lyell will find it a harder task than he appears to contemplate to overturn this established belief. Indeed, we think it ought to be so. It seems to us somewhat rash to suppose, as the uniformitarian does, that the information which we at present possess concerning the course of physical occurrences, affecting the earth and its inhabitants, is sufficient to enable us to construct classifications, which shall include all that is past under the categories of the present. Limited as our knowledge is in time, in space, in kind, it would be very wonderful if it should have suggested to us all the laws and causes by which the natural history of the globe, viewed on the largest scale, is influenced—it would be strange, if it should not even have left us ignorant of some of the most important of the agents which, since the beginning of time, have been in action; of something, in short, which may manifest itself in great and distant catastrophes. When we find that such events as the first placing of man upon the earth, and the successive creation of vast numbers of genera and species, are proved to have occurred within assignable geological epochs, it seems to us most natural to suppose, that mechanical operations also have taken place, as different from what now goes on in the inorganic world, as the facts just mentioned are from what we trace in organic nature. But we will not at present proceed with this discussion.

If our geologists now resume the character of general theorists, which for some time they have in a great measure laid aside, they

they will, it is hoped, proceed more temperately and cautiously than in former days, when the Neptunians and Plutonians alike attempted to pass, at a single rush, through all the varieties of successive formations to the first origin of things. The new race of speculators, at least the most intelligent and best informed of them, will probably now be content to work their way back, step by step; they will, we conceive, endeavour to make out, in the first place, the history of those strata which are uppermost and come nearest to our own time; they will study primarily the *tertiary* formations, those, namely, which lie above the chalk, and which, among their organic contents, include species not distinguishable from those now alive. By this path of investigation alone can they hope to ascend to the higher and more remote ages of geological antiquity. Among the events which this science has to deal with, the nearest are separated from us by intervals of overwhelming magnitude, the simplest are complicated with almost innumerable circumstances. Except these cases be first steadily and exactly considered, all expectation of secure and permanent advance in our speculative knowledge is visionary and futile.

The supercretaceous groups of strata, which thus may be expected to provide us with the best materials for sound theory, are fortunately very extensive and various in Europe, and have been recently studied with great devotion of zeal and attention. There is, indeed, something very striking in the view which these strata present to us of the vast changes of sea and land, of animal and vegetable life, which have taken place since the chalk was deposited. These changes, though probably occupying almost countless ages, must be considered as, geologically speaking, modern, because the resulting collection of fossils all of them offer some, and several of them many, species, identical with those which now live; while, in the strata from the chalk downwards, no such cases have yet been shown to occur. Mr. Lyell has given a very interesting map, principally founded on that of Dr. Boué, by which it appears, that a small part of Europe only has escaped being submerged at one time or other during this period.

The evidence of this fact, as applicable to different parts of Europe, has been gradually accumulating upon us. The celebrated description of the strata of the neighbourhood of Paris, published in 1811 by Cuvier and Brogniart, gave the first impulse to this research. That district was shown to have been at certain epochs a portion of the sea,—at others a fresh-water lake, or dry land; and though the regular and distinct succession of these conditions has been proved by M. Constant Prevost
to

to have been too hastily assumed, the general facts of the case of the fossils of the Isle of Wight to those of Paris; and the connexion of the two districts has been recently still further established by Mr. Pratt, who discovered in the English locality some of the teeth of the French anaplotherium and palæotherium. Among the movements to which this part of the world has been subjected during the tertiary period, we trace not only that which has set on edge a vast range of the chalk in the Isle of Wight, but also the elevation of the subjacent sands and clays into a vast mound or *saddle*, extending from Salisbury Plain to Hastings, and separating the basins, originally one only, of London and Hants; for this operation, according to Dr. Buckland, took place after the deposition of the London clay. The southward of France, from Bourdeaux to the foot of the Pyrenees, contains in like manner evidence of having been covered by the waters of the postcretaceous times. The fresh-water deposits of Provence, which have been examined, among other persons, by Professor Lyell and the present distinguished President of the Geological Society, Mr. Murchison, contain also a variety of curious remains of a similar period, among which occur many winged insects and spiders. Some deposits in the central parts of France have an additional interest, inasmuch as they are associated with the lava streams from extinct volcanoes which cover a large portion of that country, and thus give us in some measure the geological date of those eruptions. In Poland and in Russia also tertiary beds are found extensively distributed. A large addition to our knowledge on this subject will shortly be made by the publication of the labours of Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison. These gentlemen have examined a wide range of deposits formed in an ocean which formerly washed the feet of the Eastern Alps; and they have been led to the conviction, that the last elevation of this chain, which lifted the plains of Bavaria above the sea, and separated the valleys of the Rhine and the Danube, took place after the tertiary strata of Switzerland were formed. The last mentioned of these writers has shown that the beds of Oeningen, near Constance, already famous as having supplied the *aquatic Salamander* (*homo diluvii testis* of Scheuchzer), and many remarkable fossils, belong to the time when there was a lake and dry land in that district. The same geologist has further had the joyous recollections of his earlier life revived by *viewing and digging out* of that locality a fine fossil fox, which was associated with a very perfect tortoise of a species not now living, but approaching nearest to the *chelydra serpentina*, or snapping tortoise of the North American lakes.

The most interesting formations, perhaps, with regard to our
theoretical

theoretical views, are the subapennine strata of Italy; of which Mr. Lyell has so well illustrated both the natural and literary history. In Britain, besides the more southerly tertiary basins, we have evidence of the former subaqueous condition of the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk in the 'crag' of those districts, so well known for the beauty and multitude of its fossils. And very recently it has been proved, that both the eastern and western shores of the northern division of England have formed part of the bed of the ocean within periods which, though far beyond the range of history, and probably before the creation of man, are, geologically speaking, modern.

Undoubtedly the tendency of opinion among geologists of late has been to consider these changes, not as the effect of any universal disturbance of the earth's surface, but as the results of a series of partial elevations and depressions, which have, at successive periods, affected various patches and strips of the earth, changing sea into land and land into sea, yet probably not submerging the highest portions of the dry land, nor obliterating the whole, or even the greatest part, of the existing continents and shores. That these great oscillations of the solid materials of the earth were not attended with a complete destruction of the then existing races of animals, appears to be proved by the occurrence, in the strata which attest these changes, of an abundance of species which still live, and which therefore, it is most natural to suppose, have been continuously propagated from that time to this. The appearance, among these assemblages of animals, of species undiscoverable in the previous state of the earth is, as we have already said, a fact which seems to lead us at once to an act of creation. But supposing new races to be thus placed upon the earth, provided with the means of subsistence and reproduction, we should expect that the progress of their numbers and well-being, and the fortunes of their struggles with external impediments, must depend on causes such as determine the condition of different families of animals in the present state of the world. Hence their groups and localities, and the geographical distribution and association of various species at each period of the earth's history, must probably be governed by the same laws as those which now prevail in similar phenomena at the earth's surface. This consideration places geology in contact with natural history and physiology, over a wide and almost indefinite extent. Without at present entering more at large into the field thus opened, we shall point out, very briefly, two topics thus suggested, as subjects where the most extensive and comprehensive knowledge of the present is requisite to throw light upon the events of the past, as recorded in the organic fossils of the globe.

No fact is more remarkable, among those which have been brought into a clear and prominent light by the researches and comparisons of modern naturalists, than the division of the surface of the globe into distinct *provinces*, with reference to the distribution of animal and vegetable families. The plants and animals inhabiting each part of the globe are, no doubt, determined and limited by climate, soil, and many other physical conditions of existence. But, besides these causes, the influence of which is immediate and readily apprehended, some others, unknown and remote, but not less certain, have given to different districts, under the same circumstances of latitude and temperature, groups of species altogether different and distinct. Thus, in the flora of St. Helena, out of sixty-five native species, there are only *two or three* which are to be found in any other part of the globe. And this is not only the case where the communication is interrupted by the ocean; for, in an unbroken continent, if we take wide spaces, we find these invisible boundary lines to exist. There is found one assemblage of species in China, another in the countries bordering the Black Sea and the Caspian, a third in those surrounding the Mediterranean, a fourth in the great platforms of Siberia and Tartary. There are no indigenous quadrupeds common to the old and the new world. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the camelopard, the camel, the dromedary, the buffalo, the horse, the ass, the lion, the tiger, the ape, the baboon, are nowhere to be found on the American continent; their places were occupied by species sometimes analogous, but in all cases different,—the tapir, the lama, the peccary, the jaguar, the cougar, the agouti, the paca, the coati, and the sloth. Similar demarcations, no doubt, prevail among the submarine vegetation and the races of marine animals. When, therefore, in a succeeding stage of the earth's history, these creatures come under our notice as geological subjects,—when Proteus has driven his cattle to visit the mountains and left them there,—we may expect to find a similar distribution of distinct, though contemporaneous, organic remains. Hence, in establishing the synchronous origin of beds in remote situations, we are to expect to find, not an exact and rigorous identity of the co-existing species of all localities, but such a resemblance of the groups of species to each other as we find to obtain in the corresponding animal and vegetable provinces of the existing world. The application of this to the observed organic phenomena of the best characterised formations, would shew that this consideration is one of great practical value and utility to the geologist.

Again, the laws of the *diffusion* of the species of plants and animals are also of considerable interest. If we suppose, amid the

the revolutions of the tertiary period, a new island to be elevated above the waters, it is curious to consider the causes which might, in time, stock it with living forms. The geologist's main business here, however, appears to us to be, to see that, in some way or other, the new soil will probably receive some supply of vegetable and animal life from the previously existing shores. We do not know enough of the distribution of land and water, at any assigned point of the earth's past history, to enable us to explain the co-existence of the species of any given deposit by a reference to the principles by which organised beings spread their colonies over the earth's surface; but it is of some consequence to see that, according to the usual course of time and natural causes, the new island would almost inevitably become so far a sharer in the existing live stock of its nearest neighbourhood, that its date may afterwards be detected by the animated beings which it has supported. The various chances and combinations by which a new region is thus supplied with a vegetable and animal population, are of the most remarkable kind, and we may add, of the most refined and complex contrivance. Mr. Lyell has collected a considerable quantity of information on this subject, in addition to that which Dr. Prichard had already given in his very interesting '*Researches on the Physical History of Man.*' Instead, however, of attempting here to enter into any details, we shall only quote the account of one of the most striking of the instruments of colonization which nature has thus provided:—

'Captain W. H. Smyth informs me, that when cruising in the *Cornwallis* amidst the Philippine Islands, he has more than once seen, after those dreadful hurricanes called typhoons, floating islands of wood, with trees growing upon them, and that ships have sometimes been in imminent peril, in consequence of mistaking them for *terra-firma*.

'It is highly interesting to trace, in imagination, the effects of the passage of these rafts from the mouth of a large river to some archipelago, such as those in the South Pacific, raised from the deep, in comparatively modern times, by the operations of the volcano and the earthquake, and the joint labours of coral animals and testacea. If a storm arise, and the frail vessel be wrecked, still many a bird and insect may succeed in gaining, by flight, some island of the newly-formed group, while the seeds and berries of herbs and shrubs, which fall into the waves, may be thrown upon the strand. But if the surface of the deep be calm, and the rafts are carried along by a current, or wafted by some slight breath of air fanning the foliage of the green trees, it may arrive, after a passage of several weeks, at the bay of an island, into which its plants and animals may be poured out as from an ark, and thus a colony of several hundred new species may at once be naturalized.'—pp. 98, 99.

While, therefore, inorganic forces, in the most recent geological period anterior to that in which we live were producing vast changes in the distribution of sea and land, drawing to the bottom of the ocean, perhaps, large tracts, of which at present no trace remains, and certainly pushing upwards, suddenly or gradually, wide submarine districts, and thus pouring off the ocean into a different bed, the organic powers of nature were, on their part, employed in producing corresponding and dependent revolutions. The new lands and seas were soon occupied by the swarms of a population already existing in the less disturbed portions of the surface. The desert rock and the tenantless depths soon afforded a hold to the moss and the shrub, to the coral and the mollusc. The boundaries of the provinces of plants and animals were narrowed or extended,—the races which they contained were reduced to a smaller number, or mixed in a fresh district,—the history of each species was affected by an innumerable host of new influences, and its existence menaced, perhaps extinguished, by successive classes of enemies animate and inanimate. When we consider the complexity of causes thus brought before us, we shall have no difficulty in conceiving how all the vast variety of the phenomena of the tertiary formations may have been produced. To retrace the history of this period, thus depending on all these causes, is the first question which the theoretical geologist has to solve; and his problem is here reduced to its most simple form—inasmuch as, in this case, the events approach nearest to those of our own time, both in date and in kind, and are least perplexed with succeeding mutations. Whether those who have the courage to undertake this task will be rewarded by the *felicity* of discovering the *causes of things*, or whether they are destined only to make a few steps on the ascent to that lofty summit from which the philosophical geologist of some succeeding period shall discern the true cause of the past history of the earth, we pretend not to decide. In either case, however, they must have the satisfaction of feeling that they are engaged in as noble and comprehensive a subject of thought as any which the mere material creation can supply; and that every advance in such knowledge, founded on a faithful examination of facts, and asserted in a candid and philosophical spirit, will fix the attention and the gratitude of a daily and hourly widening circle of intelligent readers.

ART. V.—1. *Fragments of Voyages and Travels.* By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh. 1832.

2. *An Account of the British Campaign, of 1809, in Portugal and Spain.* By the Earl of Munster. London. 8vo. 1831.

THE daily increasing familiarity of the belligerent classes with the use of the pen will, if we mistake not, lend one important distinguishing feature to the English literature of the present age. Books such as these on our table cannot be multiplied among us without affecting, to a considerable extent, not only the general tone of contemporary thought and sentiment, but even the materials and mechanism of popular language. New words, new phrases, and a whole host of new images and allusions are, from this source, rapidly finding their way into the common stock; and the martial triumphs of the era of Trafalgar and Waterloo will probably tinge, a thousand years hence, the vocabulary, both tragic and comic, of yet nameless nations, flourishing thousands of leagues from the scenes of their achievement.

From the mere *style* of any people—from the prevailing character of the figures and illustrations, inwoven into almost any work of literature that ever acquired great popularity among them—one might pronounce, 'with a near aim,' as to the main scope of occupation, and business, and habitual feeling in the nation. Every page of the drama of Athens bespeaks, as plainly as Athenian history, a nation of political partisans and restless mariners; the high estimation of agriculture, and the proud tumults of the camp, are written with equal distinctness in the most urbane and pacific of Roman lucubrations. The languages of this country and France are, *ex facie*, those of the two *active* nations of modern Christendom. That is seen, not merely, nay not so much, in the vocabulary of either, as in the structure and march of its sentences, as compared with any of the neighbouring tongues. The stately indolence of the Spaniard is reflected in the slow sonorousness of even his billet-doux; the Italian, unless when he tortures himself into a perplexed and obscure mimicry of Tacitus, makes scarcely better progress in his liquid paragraphs of 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' than a pinnace floating at height of noon on one of his own beautiful lakes; the German author, no matter what ground he takes, builds up such heavy columns, and carves them with such a dreamy quaintness, that we perceive at once he belongs to a people whose literature is *mainly* a literature of professors—stamped, in every lineament, in spite of gallant individual efforts in the contrary direction, with the mental, and indeed corporeal, habits of a caste of pedantic recluses, who seldom have the mouthpiece of the ponderous Meerschaum pipe out of their lips,

lips, unless when they mount the desk to overcloud gaping boys with metaphysical vapours, about as consistent and refreshing as those of their tobacco. A good French prose book is easily converted into a good English one—and *vice versa*—(we say nothing of poetry); but no skill in *translation* can make even treatises like Frederick Schlegel's, or tales like Ludowick Tieck's, acceptable to the readers of London or Paris: their materials, however precious in themselves, must be *refondus*, as the French express it, before they can acquire that *lucidus ordo*, that direct steady clearness of arrangement, that succinctness of garb, and life and spring of movement, without which nothing will command general attention in a country whose own literature has taken its predominant bias and colouring from men of the world and of business.

We must not at present, however tempted, be seduced into a lecture on this subject; but it is certain, that the first popular works in our language came from the pens of authors distinguished in active life; and that, in every succeeding age, the originally uncloister-like character of English composition has on the whole been sustained. With few exceptions, even our poets have been men trained and exercised in stirring occupations—certainly all our dramatists and novelists worth notice have been such; and every one of these masters has enriched the national exchequer with coins stamped in the mint of his own calling. It is this that gives to all our literature that air of practical pith, shrewdness, and sagacity, by which it is brought much nearer, in general effect, to the literature of France, than, in spite of far more intimate kinship of blood—and, we may add, as to many of the most important branches, of opinion and sentiment—it is ever likely to approach the German; and it is this same old-established custom of drawing largely on professional dialects (as we may call them) that leads us to anticipate extended and lasting effects from those literary habits which appear of late years to be taking such a deep root among our soldiers and sailors. Who would have fancied, thirty or twenty years ago, that, A. D. 1832, one of the most successful periodical publications in the country should be a magazine devoted exclusively to naval and military topics, written entirely by officers of the united service, and edited by a sprightly veteran, *minus* a leg? or who, that knows that such is now the fact, and knows also that many of the most popular histories, novels, tales, and descriptive essays of all sorts, have for some years past been supplied to the London market by Halls, Napiers, Marryatts, &c.*—in short, gentlemen who took their only degrees

* In our *et cetera* we do not wish to include the author of 'Cavendish, or the Patricia at Sea'—one of the most impudent bundles of trash and vice that ever issued from any press. We are much at a loss to conjecture for what class of readers such compounds of filth and dulness are manufactured.

under such tutors as Nelson and Wellington—can doubt that the habitual feelings and expressions—the *τοῦτοι* and *γινώσκαι*—the wit, whim, and humour even—of the modern camp and cockpit, are at this moment settling themselves into the great body of our written speech, in the same fashion that the histrionic habits of our early dramatists familiarized the national ear, two hundred years ago, and for ever, to the technical glossary of the green-room?

Lord Munster's character, as an accomplished scholar, in many and various departments, had long been well known; but his 'Hussar's Letters' and other contributions to the professional miscellany above-mentioned have, of late, much raised his literary reputation. The separate publication, named at the head of our paper, is mainly, we perceive, made up of sketches that had already attracted considerable notice in the pages of that magazine;—and not more than they deserve, for they are among the liveliest specimens of military description that we have happened to meet with anywhere. By printing them in a distinct form, with his name, the author has brought them within our jurisdiction; and though, extensively as they have been circulated in their original shape, it would be idle to spend much space upon them, we must make room for an extract or two, to justify our praise to readers in remote quarters, into which the Journal of the United Service may not as yet have found its way.

Lord Munster's picture of Soult's flight from Oporto may rank with the best pages of 'Cyril Thornton,' or 'The Subaltern':—we quote a fragment:—

'Soult collected his army on the morning of the 15th at Guimaraens, but finding our troops at Villa Nova de Famillacao, and no road open for cannon, he destroyed the baggage and the military chest of Loison's corps, and in despair took to the goatherds' paths across the mountain, trusting to the interest, aid, and information procured by the Bishop of Braga. The paths were so narrow, that but one man could pass at a time, and the cavalry were obliged to lead their horses, while the column, thus distressingly lengthened, had the additional misery of incessant rain, that fell in torrents during the whole of this trying period. The peasantry, happy in revenging the horrors and atrocities of their enemy's advance, watched them like vultures, and failed not to dart upon all who sunk under fatigue; the stones they rolled on them swept whole files into the abysses, while single shots from the mountain-tops slew soldiers in the column of march. Their sufferings met commiseration from the British alone, who had not suffered from the guilty acts for which they were now receiving retribution. . . . The rocky torrent of the Cavado presented next morning an extraordinary spectacle. Men and horses, sumpter animals and baggage, had been precipitated into the river, and literally choked the course of the stream. Here, with these fatal accompaniments of death and dismay, was disgorge the last of the plunder of Oporto. All kinds

kinds of valuable goods were left on the road, while above three hundred horses, sunk in the water, and mules laden with property, fell into the hands of the grenadier and light companies of the guards. These active-fingered gentry soon found that fishing for boxes and bodies out of the stream produced pieces of plate, and purses and belts full of gold and silver; and, amidst scenes of death and destruction, arose shouts of the most noisy merriment.'

After describing the portentous absurdity of Cuesta's conduct previous to the battle of Talavera,—his obstinate determination to avoid fighting,—his excuses about Sunday, &c., the Earl thus proceeds:—

'Sir Arthur deserves as much credit for keeping his temper during his six years' intercourse with the Spanish government and officers, as for the general conduct of the war. When we reflect on promises broken and engagements violated, involving the safety of his army, the honour of his character, and his credit as an officer, and yet know of no quarrel that extended (if any existed) beyond correspondence or negotiation, future ages are bound to give our commander credit for unbounded placidity of temperament.—Though sorely annoyed by Cuesta's determination, the officers could not let pass without ridicule the incongruity we had observed within the last three days in the old gentleman's proceedings. It was impossible not to notice the general going out to battle, to within half a mile of the advanced-posts, in a carriage drawn by nine mules, and the precautions to preserve him from the rheumatism, like those taken by delicate ladies, in our humid climate, at a *fête champêtre*, in placing the carriage cushions on the grass. To these the Spanish commander-in-chief was supported by two grenadiers, who let him drop on them, as his knees were too feeble to attempt reclining without the chance, nay, certainty, of a fall. The Cortes had only one excuse; the year before had made common honesty a virtue, and they forgot every other requisite in a desire to avoid treachery.'

The night before the conflict is vividly given. The enemy had made an attack just after dark; and, though this was easily repelled, the troops bivouacked in momentary expectation of some fresh assault. A French cow, having broken her tether, cantered up to the Spanish lines, whereupon old Cuesta's artillerymen fired a salvo of their whole battery!

'A large portion of his troops posted in front left their ground, and rushed through the town, and in the midst of the crowd of fugitives was seen a certain square-cornered coach, the nine mules attached to it being urged to the utmost; implying that its inmate was as anxious to escape as the meanest in the army.'

'Sir Arthur, surrounded by his staff, slept, wrapped in his cloak, on the open ground, in rear of the second line, about the centre of the British army. A hasty doze was occasionally taken, as more continued rest was disturbed by alarm of different kinds,—while the reflections of others kept them waking. The bustle of the day had prevented
a review

a review of our situation, but, on being left to our own thoughts it was impossible not to reflect on the awful approaching crisis. We could not but feel that here was to be another trial of the ancient military rivalry of England and France; that the cool, constitutional, persevering courage of the former was again to be pitted against the more artificial, however chivalrous, bravery of the latter. This view of the relative valour of the two nations cannot be questioned, if we consider that the reminding the British of this moral quality is wholly unnecessary, and instead of the language of excitement being constantly applied to our soldiery, that of control, obedience, and composure is solely recommended; while our ancient opponents are obliged incessantly to drive into the ears of their men, that they are nationally and individually the bravest of the human race. Hearing nothing else so flattering to their unbounded vanity, they become so puffed up by this eternal stimulant, as to be fully convinced of its truth, which, in consequence, makes their first attack tremendous. But this sort of created courage is not capable of standing a severe test—the French have always been in their military character more Gauls than Franks; and what Cæsar said of the former, eighteen centuries ago, is still applicable to the races now occupying their fine country. If stoutly opposed at first, this kind of courage not only diminishes but evaporates, and does, and will, ever fail before that of the British. As soldiers, taking the expression in its widest sense, they are equal, if not superior, to us in many points; but on one, that of individual constitutional courage, we rise far superior to them. It is remarkable how often they evince a knowledge of this, and in nothing more than their subterfuges of all kinds to keep it from resting on their minds. All France, aware of this inferiority, by every species of casuistry attempts to conceal it; and in order not to shock their national vanity, they blame every unsuccessful officer opposed to us, even should his disposition be ever so good, and such as might, but for the courage of our men, have succeeded.

* Besides the bravery of the two nations, no less was the plain of Talavera to try the merit of two systems of education in forming a powerful and efficient military. It was not only to be shown if a chivalrous enthusiasm, and a confidence founded on vanity was to overcome natural and patriotic courage, but if a sense of duty, inculcated by a real discipline, was to sink under feelings created by an absence of control and a long train of excess and license. It was whether an organized army, worthy of a civilized period, and state of warfare, should not overcome a military caste grown up in the heart of Europe—little better than the bandits led by Bourbon to the walls of Rome in the sixteenth century. The system on which the French armies were formed was so demoralizing and pernicious in its effects, that the army of Buonaparte ought not to be considered as the national force of France, but that of a conqueror, like Ghenghis Khan, or Tamerlane. Like those scourges, the ruler of the French existed by upholding that soldiery the times had first created, and which his ambition subsequently

sequently fostered, and in perpetuating their attachment to his person by leading them to victory and plunder; in consequence, robbery was not only overlooked but permitted, and an encomiast of the French army has since dared in print to excuse its atrocities. All discipline sank under this state of things. Coercion was neither necessary nor prudent, where the views of all were directed to the same lawless objects; and the military code was rather a bond of union and companionship, fostering a spurious glory, or ambition, and a thirst and hope of reward in unshackled military license, than a collection of laws respecting the rights and claims of human nature.

‘The quickness and intelligence of the French soldiery pointed out the necessity of an obedience to their officers, whom they considered as leading them to objects equally desirable to all; and thus actuated, far from having to receive orders, they readily anticipated them. A Bedouin robber does not require the positive commands of his chief to do his utmost to destroy the guards, or to plunder the camels of a caravan; and no more did the French, with gain or impure military fame in view, require farther stimulus or direction.

‘But these various causes so suited the French, that they had the effect, since the revolution, of raising their armies to the summit of fame, while their successes over the continental troops had made them universally dreaded. They felt this, which increased their confidence; and the army before us, sleeping on the opposite side of the ravine, was strongly imbued with this impression, being formed of the fine regiments of the Italian era, who had so often conquered under Buonaparte, and subsequently marched from one victory to another. Neither the corps of Victor nor Sebastiani, nor the guard or reserve under Desolles, from Madrid, had formed part of the troops defeated by us at Vimiera or Corunna, nor had any recollection of our prowess to shake that good opinion of themselves, in which the principal strength of the French armies consists.

‘Though no fears could be entertained for the result, dependent on the brave fellows lying around us, we could not but regret that they were not composed of troops as fine as those who accompanied Sir John Moore. We could not hide from ourselves that our ranks were filled with young soldiers, being principally the second battalions of those English regiments which had embarked at Corunna, and consisting of draughts from the militia that had never seen an enemy. With the exception of the guards and a few others, there were more knapsacks with the names of militia regiments upon them, than of numbered regular regiments. Indeed we felt, no contrast could be stronger than that of the two armies.’

The result of next day is described with much clearness and energy; but we must, for the present, leave Lord Munster. Throughout, his little volume is full of interest,—evidently the work of a humane and gallant mind,—an enthusiastic soldier of Wellington,—and a hearty Tory. Of his powers of description

we

we have given a specimen; occasionally, in sarcasm also, he shows himself a skilful hand;—and we may notice, in particular, the quiet contempt of his allusion to ‘a certain nobleman,’ who opposed the vote of thanks to Sir Arthur Wellesley and his army, after the battle of Talavera, and, on being asked whether the number of cannon taken did not look very like a tolerable victory, answered, ‘The French might have found it convenient to leave some of their guns.’ Meantime we must turn to an author with whose lucubrations we are sure the Earl will think it anything but a poor compliment to see his own associated;—the most popular, no question, of all these book-making ‘captains, and colonels, and knights in arms;’ and the second series of that delightful work which he persists in calling ‘Fragments of Voyages and Travels,’ and which we, on the appearance of its former volumes, christened more judiciously, ‘The Autobiography of a thorough-bred British Naval Officer.’

Continuations are proverbially hazardous; but the second group of Captain Hall's adventures, like that of Don Quixote's, completely sustains the spirit of the first,—nay, we think it will be generally considered as justifying our prediction, that the story would become more and more interesting as it advanced into the maturer experiences of its hero.

He, above all the rest of those ‘who lay down the sword and take up the pen,’ as the song has it, deals in the peculiar diction and imagery of his original craft, and to him, accordingly, more than any of his rivals, our opening observations, as to the matter of style, were pointed. He is known to be skilful in various departments of physical science, and master of the lore proper to his profession; and he has, we need not say, ‘surveyed the globe from China to Peru,’ with his own microscopic optics, as well as all the stars in both hemispheres, with one of Dollond's best portable telescopes; but, judging from his writings, we should not suppose his general reading to have been extensive. He makes no pretensions to being a scholar, properly so called, which Lord Munster does not pretend to be, but evidently is. In bringing his views of men and things before the world, the captain, therefore, has not the same copious supplies of ready-made figures and expressions which persons of regular literary education and habits can always depend upon; he is thrown continually on his own proper personal resources, and, to the infinite advantage of himself and his readers, turns the log-book at his elbow into a lexicon. The same circumstance, indeed, gives an air of extraordinary freshness to his views and opinions themselves, as well as the language in which he develops them. Whatever he writes about, however hackneyed the topic, we
always

always feel that here is a shrewd clever man thinking for himself, and from himself, and listen to him with a degree of attention and interest which we should find ourselves quite unable to bestow on an exposition of even the very same thoughts in a more rounded and flowing sequence of what the antiquary of Monkbarne calls 'pyet words.' We may almost venture to apply to him part of Ben Jonson's famous lines :—

' His learning savours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
———It is so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength and life with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.' *

Nothing more true than that 'le style, c'est l'homme;' in his there is often a sharp turn, a hard corner, an ungraceful twist or projection; but it is all genuine bone and muscle,—no gummy flesh, far less any padding; and we prefer it to the smooth, oily, well-balanced sing-song in which one mere *litterateur* echoes another, as much as we do a real young face, even with irregular features, to the most finished beauty in a barber's window.

There is a *critical* digression in one of these little volumes which we must quote,—first, because the writer does not often poach on our manor,—and, secondly, because the passage is a capital one, and will fall in very advantageously with what we have been saying about his own style. Nobody is fonder of a paradox than the captain. Who has forgot his bold, blunt assertion, at the opening of a chapter in the former series, that 'it is highly for the benefit of humble-born sea officers that the scions of nobility should be promoted rapidly in the navy?' or his more recent oral announcement of his belief that—

'A party man's the noblest work of God?'

On the present occasion he sets off thus :—

'When things are possessed of much intrinsic interest, the very multiplicity of previous descriptions will rather help than stand in the way of subsequent accounts, provided these be written with skill

* See the 'Poetaster.' Jonson pretends to be describing *Virgil*, but how could even a commentator ever doubt that he was in fact drawing an exquisitely graphic character of a poet as unlike *Virgil* as any one great poet can be to another—Shakespeare? Of whom else would 'Envious Ben' have said

'That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment laboured and distilled
Through all the needful uses of our life,—
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch on any serious point
But he might breathe his spirit out of him!'

worthy of the subject. We may even, I think, go further,—it will be in favour of the writer that his topic should have been not only repeatedly but *well* treated by previous authors. Who can doubt, for instance, that the "Diary of an Invalid" owes its chief interest to the hackneyed nature of the topic? We are enchanted to recognize incidents and scenes the most familiar to our thoughts trimmed up for fresh inspection by a scholar and a gentleman, who, to much knowledge of his subject, and of the world generally, superadds a rare felicity of expression, and the happy knack of giving new interest to all he touches. If a man of genius, minute and varied local information, and correct taste, were to write a book, and call it "London," it would assuredly outrun in freshness of interest, in the opinion even of the Londoners themselves, all other books of travels. Whatever talents, in short, an author may possess, their most touching and popular exercise will generally be found to lie in those departments with which his readers are most familiar. When Taglioni descends from her pirouettes, and dances the Minuet de la Cour, or the Gavotte, or Paganini leaves off his miracles of sound, and plays some simple air which is well known to every one, we feel, not indeed the same astonishment as before, but ten times more real pleasure. Thus, too, such a novel as "Pride and Prejudice" probably derives its greatest charm from the characters and incidents being such as we are already well acquainted with, either from personal observation, or from a thousand previous descriptions.

* Many writers, however, fall into the mistake of imagining that everything will bear this degree of handling, and forget that, while the ductility of fine gold is almost infinite, every other metal has its limit. This analogy will hold in all the fine arts, and perhaps in none more than in the art of composition, whether in prose or verse. When will the poets exhaust the good old topics of love and beauty? or painters fail to discover, in mountain scenery, and in the sunsets of summer, varieties of tints, and lights, and shades, far beyond all their power of colouring? On the other hand, has not the whole strength of one celebrated school of painting been unequal to impart true interest, and what has been termed graceful pleasure to vulgar images? Has not even the mighty "Childe Harold" compelled us to withdraw much of our respect for his genius by seeking to describe what is essentially vicious and degrading?

All this is introduced by way of apology to the author's professional friends for inditing a chapter entitled 'A Man Overboard!' and that persons who have, times without number, seen the two-legged, featherless, but no longer laughing, animal so situated, will hold the said attempt to be justified by the method of its execution, we do not doubt. To us, however, and to the great majority of Captain Hall's readers, no apology of this sort could be necessary on the occasion in question. That the manner of the essay is excellently clear and energetic we, too, can feel;—
but

but the subject-matter itself has the charm of almost absolute novelty :—

‘ After all that has been said of the exact nature of a man-of-war’s discipline, and the degree of foresight, preparation, and habits of resource, which enable officers to act promptly and vigorously in the midst of difficulties, it is truly wonderful to see men of experience so completely at a loss as the oldest officers sometimes are, when the cry is given that a man is overboard. I have beheld brave and skilful men, who could face, unmoved, any other sort of danger, stand quite aghast on such occasions, and seem to lose all their faculties just at the moment of greatest need. Whenever I have witnessed the tumultuous rush of the people from below, their eagerness to crowd into the boats, and the reckless devotion with which they fling themselves into the water to save their companions, I could not help thinking that it was no small disgrace to us, to whose hands the whole arrangements of discipline are confided, that we had not yet fallen upon any method of availing ourselves to good purpose of so much generous activity.

‘ Sailors are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse; if they possess little prudence or worldly consideration, they are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, too, they are much attached to one another, and will make great sacrifices to their messmates or shipmates when opportunities occur. A very little address on the part of the officers will secure an extension of these kindly sentiments to the quarter-deck; but what I was alluding to just now was the cordiality of the friendships which spring up between the sailors themselves, who, it must be recollected, have no other society, and all, or almost all, whose ordinary social ties have been broken across either by the chances of war, or by the stern decrees which, I fear, will always render impressment absolutely unavoidable, or by the very nature of their roving and desultory life, which carries them they really know not where, and care not wherefore.

‘ I remember once, when cruising off Terceira in the *Endymion*, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and long search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the fore-castle, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their station, missed one of the fore-top men. Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and apparently hiding himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and the booms. “Hillo!” I said, “who are you? What are you doing here, you skulker? Why are you not at your station?”

“I am not skulking, sir,” said the poor fellow, the furrows in whose bronzed and weather-beaten cheek were running down with tears. The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day.” “Never mind, sir, never mind,”

mind," said the kind-hearted seaman, "it can't be helped. You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty." So saying, he drew the sleeve of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mustering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

* In the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing alongside in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding-sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard-arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all seafaring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions, the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above water. So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

* The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across, and his well-varnished canvas hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake, or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the fore-topmast backstay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad sunk so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the party. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old berth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift himself.

* At the top of the ladder he was stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, as he sat across the gangway hammocks,

hammocks, watching the swimmers, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labour of undressing and dressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, "That was very well done of you, my man, and right well deserves a glass of grog. Say so to the gun-room steward as you pass; and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff norwester." The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgment of the attention, and instinctively touched his hat when spoken to by an officer, he made no reply, till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, "Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life?"

This is followed by an account of the life-buoy now generally in use in the royal navy, the invention of Lieutenant Cooke; with some wise and humane suggestions of the author himself as to the propriety of making it a *sine qua non* that every able seaman should be a swimmer, and that the exertions of the various parts of the crew, in case of a man falling overboard, should be regulated beforehand, *secundum artem*, and the scene from time to time rehearsed:—

"The life-buoy at present in use on board his Majesty's ships, and, I suppose, in all Indiamen, as well as, I trust, in most merchant-ships, consists of two hollow copper vessels connected together, each about as large as an ordinary-sized pillow, and of buoyancy and capacity sufficient to support one man standing upon them. Should there be more than one person requiring support, they can lay hold of rope beackets fitted to the buoy, and so sustain themselves. Between the two copper vessels there stands up a hollow pole, or mast, into which is inserted, from below, an iron rod, whose lower extremity is loaded with lead, in such a manner, that when the buoy is let go, the iron rod slips down to a certain extent, lengthens the lever, and enables the lead at the end to act as ballast. By this means the mast is kept upright, and the buoy prevented from upsetting. The weight at the end of the rod is arranged so as to afford secure footing for two persons, should that number reach it; and there are also, as I said before, large rope beackets through which others can thrust their head and shoulders, till assistance is rendered.

"On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes, or half-an-hour; this is ignited most ingeniously by the same process which lets the buoy fall into the water. So that a man falling overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, the man not to have gained the life-buoy, it is clear that, if above the surface at all, he must be somewhere in that neighbourhood; and if he shall have gone down, it is still some satisfaction, by recovering the buoy, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches.

"The

‘The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is, perhaps, not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidships over the stern, where it is held securely in its place by being strung, or threaded, as it were, on two strong perpendicular iron rods fixed to the taff-rail, and inserted in holes piercing the framework of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt, which can be unlocked at pleasure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls at once into the ship’s wake. The trigger, which unlocks the slip-stopper, is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked “Life-Buoy;” this alone is used in the daytime. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked “Lock,” fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock primed with powder; and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment, the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations always performed simultaneously, that is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the day-time would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night. The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy lock sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a report to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half hour, when the bell strikes, he calls out “Life-buoy!” to show that he is awake, and at his post.’

The chapter thus ends:—

‘I have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight than that of eighty or a hundred persons, stationed aloft, straining their eyes to keep sight of a poor fellow who is struggling for his life, and all eagerly extending their hands towards him, as if they could clutch him from the waves. To see these hands drop again is inexpressibly painful, from its indicating that the unfortunate man is no longer distinguishable. One by one the arms fall down, reluctantly, as if it were a signal that all hope was over. Presently the boat is observed to range about at random—the look-out men aloft, when repeatedly hailed and asked “if they see anything like him?” are all silent. Finally, the boat’s recall flag is hoisted—sail is again made on the ship—the people are piped down—and this tragical little episode in the voyage being concluded, everything goes on as before.’

The first volume of this second series contains among other things a voyage to India, in the course of which the author contrives to put together a very complete picture of sea life in tropical latitudes. We have no wish to follow strictly the course of the captain’s nar-

rative,—that possesses all the charm of a romance,—and we should be sorry to disturb it; and shall, therefore, merely string together a few of the episodic passages. First, then, take this lively start:—

‘A ship of war, as her name implies, is fitted almost exclusively for warlike purposes; and in order to justify this definition, and fulfil her pugnacious destiny, she is supplied with a certain number of guns, and a certain number of men to fight them, together with a proper quantity of stores, provisions, and other fitting munitions, to render these implements of mischief efficient. So exactly, indeed, is the space allotted to these several uses, that whenever any persons come on board, over and above the regular complement required to navigate and fight the ship, or when extra goods and chattels are to be stowed away, the inconvenience, which is always considerable, becomes very great. This is true, even when the passengers are naval officers, or sailors and marines destined for other ships; for the whole internal area being already taken up, in one way or another, some person, or some thing, has to move, in order to make room for the intruding body. This causes no small quantity of general growling; while the distracted first lieutenant is driven to his very wit’s end to devise ways and means to reconcile the different interests of the various and too often conflicting parties committed to his charge. When the intruders are persons subject to naval discipline, the difficulty, though still considerable, is at its minimum, because these professional folks, whether they like it or not, know full well that they must submit not only to the general rules and regulation of the service, but to the particular ordinances or by-laws of the ship on board which they are ordered a passage. They form, in fact, for the time being, part and parcel of the crew, are made to keep watch, and to perform any other duties which may be required of them. They are subject, likewise, to the ordinary “wiggings,” or wholesome chastisements, by which the well-being of the naval service is kept up. The case, unhappily, is very different when landsmen take a passage in a man-of-war. If they fall under the description of what Jack calls “Knobs,” so much the worse; for, although men of rank are, in their own persons, among the least exacting of mortals, the most considerate of the feelings and wishes of others, generally speaking the most easily accommodated, and always grateful for sacrifices made with a view to their convenience, yet, unfortunately, these amiable qualities rarely descend to the satellites which accompany and revolve round the Knob in his orbit. I remember once having orders to receive on board a very small brig of ten guns, a person of such high station, that even if the whole cabin had been vacated, it would hardly have equalled in dimensions the dressing-room which his excellency was in the habit of using. In this dilemma, and being extremely anxious to do all honour to so distinguished a guest, I consulted a friend who had long known him, and asked how the great man was likely to put up with the scanty accommodation and indifferent fare I could afford him. “Put up with it!” cried the chief of the factory’s friend—for this was far away in China—“why, the baronet

is such a good fellow, that if you thrust him into a cask, and feed him through the bung-hole, he will never complain!"

'The attendants and other followers of the "Ta Yin," on the contrary, seem to think that his Majesty's naval service has been instituted for the sole purpose of giving ship-room to them and their endless boxes, barrels, hampers, and trunks. The articles of war expressly say, that "every person in or belonging to the fleet shall be subject to the laws and customs used at sea;" but what conceivable discipline can be supposed effective on the mind or body of one of those finest of fine men, the gentleman's gentleman—the all-accomplished valet of a colonial governor—a person not only better looking and better dressed than his master, but one who gives himself twenty times the airs, and even makes a merit of playing off his most refined graces upon the astonished and subdued first lieutenant? It is in vain for the poor constituted authority to say "This will not do!" The cool assurance of the whole thing, indeed, goes so many degrees beyond the reach of ordinary interference, that we might almost imagine the objects of the mission would be entirely lost were the ambassador's butler to be offended. Whatever comes of the public service, his high mightiness at least must be propitiated!

'People who have not visited distant countries are very apt to fancy that out of England nothing is to be procured; and therefore it becomes requisite, they think, to lay in several years' stock of every possible article they can ever possibly want. Perhaps some moderation in these huge outfits might be introduced, if, by any contrivance, we could explain to the parties concerned that the greater number of such extra articles of food, raiment, and equipage, are not only superfluous, but will almost necessarily be troublesome, unless (by good luck!) they are totally damaged and thrown overboard on the passage. If, however, it be a hopeless task to make the governor understand the inutility of carrying such loads of things, which are to be procured often at a less cost, and equally good, at the place he is going to, it is a still vainer hope to convince him that his regiment of followers will prove a great deal worse than useless, and that they will be a never-ending source of plague to him and to every one else on the voyage; or that, when he reaches his destination, they will all be superseded by a Tartar sort of incursion of sable spirits, under the name of dubashes, hookah burdars, gora wallas, and fifty others, the stupidest of whom will outmatch in usefulness the most crack footman in his train.

'Nevertheless, in spite of all these and numberless other difficulties and obstructions, some private, some official, the good ship does, by a kind of miracle, at last get ready for sea, or what is called ready; for I verily believe, if she were to remain six months in port after the day on which she was reported ready to proceed, there would always be something to do with the dock-yard, the victualling-wharf, or the gun-wharf. The daily post too, and that perennial epidemic the periodical press, lend their aid to worry the officers; while tavern-

keepers, tailors, and washerwomen, to say nothing of weeping friends and relatives, or broken-hearted connexions, co-operate to destroy all peace of mind, and make every one on board pray with the heartiest sincerity for a good strong puff of easterly wind to waft him far beyond the reach of these multifarious distractions. Oh the joy! the relief unspeakable! of feeling one's self fairly under weigh, and of seeing the white cliffs of Old England sink fast in the north-eastern horizon right to windward! Let the concoctors of romances say what they please of the joys of returning home; give me the happiness of a good departure, and a boundless world of untried enjoyments ahead.'

Among the 'enjoyments ahead,' fishing, after his own fashion, fills no inconsiderable space in the imagination of the mariner. The captain describes scenes of this sort with hardly less *gusto* than the chase, which no reader can have forgotten, of his little French privateer in the Irish Channel:—

'Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence of our being within the tropical regions,—one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly,—than the company of those picturesque little animals, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water; and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude 45°. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge gulf-stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyager has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone that he sees the flying-fish in perfection. No familiarity with the sight can ever render us indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of all the finny, or, rather, winged tribe. On the contrary, like a bright day, or a smiling countenance, or good company of any kind, the more we see of them, the more we learn to value their presence. I have, indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull, or unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal, or, it may well be called, a covey of flying-fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see even a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scotch wife on this head is sufficiently excusable. "You may hae seen rivers o' milk, and mountains o' sugar," said she to her son, returned from a voyage: "but you'll ne'er gar me believe you hae seen a fish that could flee!"

'The pleasant trade which had wafted us, with different degrees of velocity, over a distance of more than a thousand miles, at last gradually failed. The first symptom of the approaching calm was the
sails

sails beginning to flap gently against the masts,—so gently, indeed, that we half hoped it was caused, not so much by the diminished force of the breeze, with which we were very unwilling to part, as by that long and peculiar swell which,

“ In the torrid clime

Dark heaving,”

has found the hand of a master-artist to embody it in a description more technically correct, and certainly far more graphic in all its parts, than if the picture had been filled up from the log-books of ten thousand voyagers. The same noble writer, by merely letting his imagination run wild a little, has also given a sketch of what might take place were one of these calms to be perpetual; and so true to nature is all his pencilling, that many a time, when day after day has passed without a breath of wind, and there came no prospect of any breeze, I have recollected the following strange lines, and almost fancied that such might be our own dismal fate:—

“ The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished.”—

“ In vain we looked round and round the horizon for some traces of a return of our old friend the trade, but could distinguish nothing save one polished, dark-heaving sheet of glass, reflecting the unbroken disk of the sun, and the bright, clear sky. The useless helm was lashed amidships, the yards were lowered on the cap, and the boats were dropped into the water to fill up the cracks and rents caused by the fierce heat. A listless feeling stole over us all, and we lay about the decks gasping for breath, in vain seeking for some alleviation to our thirst by drink! drink! drink! Alas, the transient indulgence only made the matter worse.’

A heavy squall succeeded this calm, then a dead calm again, in which the difficulty of keeping company at sea, when the helm is useless, without sad accidents from the collision of ships, was strikingly exemplified. At length a light air sprung up in the desirable quarter, and the story thus proceeds:—

“ While we were stealing along under the genial influence of this newly-found air, which as yet was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-mouthed to the eastward to catch a gulp of cool air, about a dozen flying-fish rose out of the water, just under the fore-chains, and skimmed away to windward at the height of ten or twelve feet above the surface.’

“ A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast
of

of the weather gangway, at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying-fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time. The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it,—at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things! and whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that their strength and confidence were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards. It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends of the weaker side,

side, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chance, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and spritsail yard-arms, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the body and wings of the flying fish, that many a proud dolphin, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

¹ It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which, I learn from the *Encyclopædia*, is the *Coryphæna hippurus* of naturalists, is totally different from their *Delphinus phocæna*, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient dolphin of the poets, I mean that on the back of which Dan Arion took a passage when he was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than our porpoise. For the rest, he is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and, when properly dressed, is really not bad eating.

This leads the captain to treat at some length of the *classical* dolphin.

² When the shoal of porpoises is numerous, half the ship's company are generally clustered about the bowsprit, the head, and any other spot commanding a good view of the sport. When a mid, I have often perched myself like a sea-bird at the fore-yard-arm, or nestled into the fore-topmast staysail netting, till I saw the harpoon cast with effect by some older and stronger arm. A piece of small but stout line, called, I think, the foreganger, is spliced securely to the shank of the harpoon. To the end of this line is attached any small rope that lies handiest on the fore-castle, probably the top-gallant clew-line, or the jib down-haul. The rope, before being made fast to the foreganger, is rove through a block attached to some part of the bowsprit, or to the foremost swifter of the fore-rigging; and a gang of hands are always ready to take hold of the end, and run the fish right out of the water when pierced by the iron.

³ The strength of the porpoise must be very great, for I have seen him twist a whale harpoon several times round, and eventually tear himself off by main force. On this account, it is of consequence to get the floundering gentleman on board with the least possible delay after the fish is struck. Accordingly, the harpooner, the instant he has made a good hit, bawls out, "Haul away! haul away!" upon which the men stationed at the line run away with it, and the struggling wretch is raised high into the air, as if still in the act of performing one of his own gambols. Two or three of the smartest hands have in the meantime prepared what is called a running bowline knot or noose, which is placed by hand round the body of the porpoise, or it may be cast, like the South American-lasso, over its tail, and then, but not till then, can the capture be considered quite secure. I have seen many a gallant prize of this kind fairly transfixed with the harpoon, and rattled like a shot up to the block, where it was hailed by the

the shouts of the victors as the source of a certain feast, and yet lost after all, either by the line breaking, or the dart coming out during the vehement struggles of the fish. I remember once seeing a porpoise accidentally struck by a minor description of fish-spear called a grains, a weapon quite inadequate for such a service. The cord by which it was held being much too weak, soon broke, and off dashed the wounded fish, right in the wind's eye, at a prodigious rate, with the staff erected on its back, like a signal-post. The poor wretch was instantly accompanied or pursued by myriads of his own species, whose instinct, it is said, teaches them to follow any track of blood, and even to devour their unfortunate fellow fish. I rather doubt the fact of their cannibalism, but am certain that, whenever a porpoise is struck and escapes, he is followed by all the others, and the ship is deserted by the shoal in a few seconds. In the instance just mentioned, the grains with which the porpoise was struck had been got ready for spearing a dolphin; but the man in whose hands it happened to be, not being an experienced harpooner, could not resist the opportunity of darting his weapon into the first fish that offered a fair mark.

'It happened in a ship I commanded, that a porpoise was struck about half-an-hour before the cabin dinner; and I gave directions, as a matter of course, to my steward to dress a dish of steaks, cut well clear of the thick coating of blubber. It so chanced, that none of the crew had ever before seen a fish of this kind taken, and in consequence there arose doubts among them whether or not it was good or even safe eating. The word, however, being soon passed along the decks, that orders had been given for some slices of the porpoise to be cooked for the captain's table, a deputation from forward was appointed to proceed as near to the cabin door as the etiquettes of the service allowed, in order to establish the important fact of the porpoise being eatable. The dish was carried in, its contents speedily discussed, and a fresh supply having been sent for, the steward was, of course, intercepted in his way to the cook. "I say, Capewell," cried one of the hungry delegates, "did the captain really eat any of the porpoise?" "Eat it!" exclaimed the steward, "look at that!" at the same time lifting off the cover, and showing a dish as well cleared as if it had previously been freighted with veal cutlets, and was now on its return from the midshipman's berth. "Oh! ho!" sung out Jack, running back to the fore-castle; "if the skipper eats porpoise, I don't see why we should be so nice, so here goes!" Then pulling away the great clasp-knife which always hangs by a cord round the neck of a seaman, he plunged it into the sides of the fish, and, after separating the outside rind of blubber, detached half-a-dozen pounds of the red meat, which, in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse. His example was so speedily followed by the rest of the ship's company, that when I walked forward, after dinner, in company with the doctor, to take the *post mortem* view of the porpoise more critically than before, we found the whole

whole had been broiled and eaten within half-an-hour after I had unconsciously given, by my example, an official sanction to the feast.

But the fox-chase of the sea—the sport of sports—is furnished by Jack's hereditary enemy, the shark.

'The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer, working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once observing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the afterpart of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. "What's the matter with you, Master Mona?" said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. "Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork," cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. "Where's your hook, quarter-master?" "Here, sir, here!" cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce-looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

'A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious *haut goût*, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find
leisure

leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together; after which the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin.

When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd: but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for,

for, when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bow-line knot, is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is afterwards easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the afterguard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent
about

about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

'The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lad; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!"—p. 266-272.

We wish we had room for an alligator hunt, in company with the late Sir Samuel Hood, which the captain describes in another volume of this series; but we perhaps have given enough of sportsmanship. Our quotations have shown that the marine adventures of these volumes possess quite as much of life and amusement as those in the former series; but there is a great deal of the sailor on shore also, and the zest with which things that landsmen would hardly think of describing, are detailed and luxuriated upon, will come home to every bosom. A single specimen must serve our turn—and it shall be from an early cruise in the north of Ireland—in the course of which, our author, then a gay lieutenant of twenty-two, seems to have run fearful risks of being made prize of by what Tom Pipes calls 'them there fair-weather frigates.'

'A curious and vastly pleasing fashion prevails in that part of Ireland, where I was so nearly bewitched as almost to forget my ship, my duties, and everything else but beauty bright! When a country party, such as I have been describing, had passed a certain time together,

ther, they seldom broke up entirely, or scattered themselves in different directions, but generally shifted, or emigrated in a body—flitted, I think they used to call it—to the house of some one of the number. Now and then various members of the group dropped off by the way, but their places were presently filled up by other friends, either ready in the new hive, or who soon found their way to it, when the well-known sounds of festivity were heard in the neighbourhood. In this manner the country party, into which I had been so kindly admitted an honorary member, made several moves, with sundry losses and sundry accessions to its numbers; and as every day rendered this life more and more grateful, I could scarcely bear to think of returning to the tame occupations and rugged society of the frigate. . . .

What surprised me most, all this time, was the air of refinement and high polish in the Irish society amongst whom I was thus casually thrown. I had previously entertained an idea that their hospitality, proverbial in all parts of the world, was of a rude and rather troublesome description. I found it, on the contrary, marked not only by the strongest lines of sincerity and kindness, but by many of those delicate touches of consideration for the feelings of others which form the most indubitable symptoms of genuine good-breeding. So very carefully, indeed, are these traits preserved as characteristics of their society, that rather more latitude in the intercourse of young people than I remember to have seen elsewhere is not only permitted, but even perhaps encouraged. The propriety, as well as safety, of all this, consists in the perfect confidence which the parties possess in one another's sense of what is due to themselves; so that a degree of freedom, which in England might possibly be called bold or odd, is, in Ireland, merely one branch of a peculiar system of manners. It rests, no doubt, on as scrupulous a foundation of sentiment and principle as ours does, but it is less restricted by etiquettes, and far less frozen over with those conventional forms which the uninitiated find so troublesome to break through.

I landed once at Burncrana, a pretty little quiet village, with a watering-place look, on the eastern banks of that great and beautiful bay Lough Swilly. One side of this noble harbour is formed by the bold promontory of Inishowen, celebrated in every land for its noble whisky, second only—if second it be, (which I am bound as a Scotchman to doubt)—to that of Ferntosh or Glenlivet. I was accompanied by an English gentleman, on the first day of his landing in Ireland. As he then seriously imagined the inhabitants to belong to a sort of wild and uncouth race, I could see he was rather surprised at the gentlemanlike deportment of an acquaintance of mine resident on the spot, for whom he had brought a letter. We had walked together to his house, or rather cottage—for he was not a fixed resident, but came there for summer quarters. The neatness, and even elegance, of the domestic arrangements of his temporary establishment, both without and within the dwelling, gave token of a taste many degrees removed

removed from the state of people far back in civilization. Presently the ladies came; and their national frankness—modified by the most entire and unaffected simplicity—puzzled my friend completely. In due season the dressing-bell sent us off to prepare for dinner; and while we were getting ready, my companion said to me—"I see perfectly what this fellow is at; he means to sew you and me up, by pouring claret down our throats. You may do as you please, but I'll be shot if he plays off his Irish pranks on me. I will eat his dinner—take a couple of glasses of his wine—make my bow to the ladies—go on board by eight or nine o'clock—and, having given them a dinner in return, shall have done my duty in the way of attention, after which I shall totally cut the connexion. I have no idea of their abominable fashion of forcing strangers to drink." "We will see," said I; and, having knocked the dust off our shoes, down we went to dinner.

* Every thing was plain, and suitable to the pretensions of a cottage. There was no pressing to eat or drink during dinner; and in process of time the cloth was removed—the ladies sipped a little sweet wine, and disappeared. "Now for it," whispered my friend; "he has sent the women out of the way, that he may ply us the better." And I must own things looked rather suspicious; for our host, instead of sitting down again at the dinner-table, walked to a bow-window overlooking the anchorage, and exactly facing the setting sun, at that hour illuminating the whole landscape, in the gorgeous style peculiar to combined mountain and lake scenery. "Why should we not enjoy this pleasant prospect while we are discussing our wine?" said the master of the house. At that instant the door opened, and in walked the servant, as if he knew by intuition what was passing in his master's head. "Tim," said our host, "put the card-table here in the bow-window, and give us some other glasses,—also, if you have such a thing, bring up a bottle of claret." Tim nodded, smiled, and made the fitting adjustments. The table was barely large enough to hold a noble long-corked bottle, for the fashion of claret decanters had not as yet reached that remote district of the empire. Round the margin was placed the necessary accompaniment of capacious glasses—famous tall fellows, with such slender stalks, that they seemed scarcely equal to the weight of their generous load. My friend and I exchanged glances, and I could see his shoulders slightly raised, as if he was saying internally, "Now we are in for it!—but I will not drink a drop more than I choose."

* The claret, which in itself was most delicious, was cooled in as perfect style as if it had been subject to the skill of an abdar, or professional wine-cooler at Madras. The party consisted, I think, of four or five persons—I forget exactly which—but this one bottle, I remember, just passed round the group twice. As the flavour of the beverage appeared to have become more exquisite at the second turn than at the first, though but a short interval had been allowed to elapse, it seemed odd that another bottle was not instantly called for.

Instead

head of which, our landlord went on expatiating on the beauties of Lough, and the fineness of the season in general, and the sunset particular, for full five minutes after the wine had disappeared, when he suddenly said, with a half-hesitating tone, towards my English friend, who sat at his elbow, "I beg your pardon—perhaps you would like some more wine?" As no one made any objection, the bell was rung, and Tim reappeared, bearing with him another bottle. This wine vanished in a trice, and Tim was again summoned. "Bring me more claret," said the master to the man—or rather boy, as he was called, though twice as old as any of the party. At this instant I caught my companion's eye; and I could see he was becoming alive to the plot against him—so much so, indeed, that he seemed to be preparing to rise. The following conversation, however, attracted his attention, and fixed him to his seat.

"Well, Tim, what are you gaping at? Why don't you run for more claret?" "I didn't know," replied the other, "whether you'd like to use the whole of it." "Use the whole of it?" exclaimed his master—"What does the boy mean? What are you at, Tim?" "Oh, sir," quoth the well-instructed rogue, "I knew you came here only for a short time, and as the wine you brought was but little, I don't know but you might wish not to use it all entirely to-day." And as he whispered something in his master's ear, the words of which I could not distinguish. The reply, however, shewed, or seemed to shew, what had been said. "Nonsense, Tim, nonsense, you're an old man, bring it up." Tim accordingly disappeared, but soon returned with a basket apparently full of straw; at the bottom of which, however, after some considerable shew of hunting, a couple of bottles were said to be found. "Confound you, Tim; is this all?" said the master. "It is, sir," lied Tim; "and in faith, sir," added he, still lying, "it's one more bottle than I thought there was; for there was only the dozen when we started from Derry a week ago; and you know, sir, you and the collector on last Tuesday—."

This sort of trickery in various shapes is repeated until the English gentleman had all but set—the English gentleman getting at every turn the bottle more 'sorely puzzled.'

He saw there was none of the detention he had expected, and he had a strong consciousness that he was undergoing the deception well known afloat and ashore by the title of "the game rumbag." At the same time, he felt the most eager desire to get another good pull at the claret. There was no wine before us at this critical juncture of the evening, and our landlord, who, most accountably, seemed indifferent to this material circumstance, went prosing for a quarter of an hour about Protestant ascendancy, the final siege of Derry, the battle of the Boyne, and such-like stale topics. At length one of the company—whose interest in these subjects resembled that of a man who has never looked through a telescope when listening to the conversation of a company of astronomers

nomers—became somewhat impatient, and, watching for a pause, asked his host if it were the custom in Ireland to discuss Orange politics with empty glasses? "God bless me!" cried the other, with well-feigned surprise, "is there no wine on the table?" and ringing the bell furiously, scolded poor Tim so naturally that the confederate was almost thrown out. "Well! you numskull, why don't you make off with you, and bring something for the gentleman to drink?"

Tim stood fast till interrogated a second time, and then replied, with perfect gravity, that there was not another drop of wine in the house, swearing by all manner of saints to the truth of his assertion. Upon this the master got up in a rage, and brushing past the servant, declared his intention of searching the cellar himself. He was absent some time; and before he came back, we had prevailed on our hesitating companion to sit down again. Just as the stranger took his place, and as if there had been some electrical communication between his chair and the handle of the door, it opened, and in walked our generous entertainer, exulting in his success, crowing like chanticleer, and bearing in each hand a couple of bottles, clicking against each other; while Tim, with a degree of impudence equalled only by that of his master, substituted clean glasses, of a still more capacious swallow than the first. To these were added two pair of candles which towered high above the jolly crew, and promised to last till another dawn should look in upon our revels.

Through the hazy atmosphere of my recollection of that jolly evening, I remember that about eleven o'clock, more or less, our host was enchanted almost beyond the power of words with seeing his wine so much relished, and tickled also with the good joke of having succeeded, as he thought, in throwing the suspicious Englishman off his guard, and making him drink just as much wine as he, the Irishman, thought fit to impose. "Well, sir!" he exclaimed, "although this is the first day you ever set foot on the island, you have seen enough, I hope, to satisfy you that we are not quite such savages as you supposed. Political liberty we have not got, it is true; but liberty hall is the true title of every Irish gentleman's dining-room—there's no compulsion here, you must see very clearly." It was but little, however, that my English friend could now see very clearly of any thing; and the above premature announcement of victory, on the part of the native, hurried back all his suspicions that he was speedily to be made a martyr at the shrine of old Bacchus. Fired with this idea, he started on his feet, and swaying himself about from side to side, like a ship in a calm, stood the very image of tottering equilibrium, as the mathematicians call it.

Our adroit landlord gallantly met this great occasion. It is true, he had now some three or four bottles of wine under his girdle more than when he and Tim had tricked the party about the poverty of the cellar, just as the sun was going down. That manœuvre, and all other similar devices, were, of course, exhausted; so he took another line, and called out, "Oh, you're off, are you?—wish you joy!—you'll find
the

the ladies in the drawing-room—I think I hear the tinkle of the piano—I prefer the tinkle of the glass—pray tell the damsels we are coming, by-and-by—mind you say ‘by-and-by’—I don’t like to be too particular, for fear of seeming rude—don’t you see?” This speech was wound up by a telegraphic flourish of the hand towards Tim, who stood near, with a bottle between his feet, and screw buried in the cork, and his body bent to the effort, which he only delayed to exercise till ordered by his master. “Out with him, man! out with the cork!” cried the host. The loud report which succeeded rang over the apartment, like the sweetest music to the souls of the ever-thirsty company. Tim’s thunder was echoed back by a truly bacchanalian shout, such as nothing on earth can give proper emphasis to, except double allowance of claret. The Englishman, fairly subdued by the sound, glided again to the table; then seizing his brimming glass in one hand, and grasping the fist of his merry host in the other, he roared out, “You really are an uncommon good fellow; and hang me if ever I distrust an Irishman again as long as I live!”

‘But within three minutes afterwards this promise was broken; for as soon as we had discussed the bottle which the incomparable Tim had so opportunely introduced, the master of the house, seeing us at length quite at his mercy and eager to go on, rose, and said, to our great amaze—“Come! we’ve had wine enough: let’s join the ladies in the next room.” The disappointed company stared at one another, and loudly proclaimed that it was not fair to limit us in this way. The Englishman in particular wished to remain, but our host was inexorable. Meanwhile, Timothy grinned from ear to ear—familiar with his master’s tricks upon travellers—and the landlord deliberately opening the door, marched off the field of battle with flying colours! As we moved along to the drawing-room, my companion whispered to me, “I must own, I have been well served for my suspicions. I made quite certain of being bullied into drinking more than was agreeable to me; but it turns out,” cried he, laughing, “quite the reverse; for I cannot get a drop of wine now that I want it.” “Well! well!” cried our hospitable friend, who overheard the conclusion of this remark, “you shall do as you please ever after this evening.” He then showed us a couple of snug rooms, which he said were ours as long as we chose to occupy them.’

Captain Hall drops a hint somewhere, that he has for years past been a water-drinker; but after reading this chapter, which he entitles ‘Tricks upon Travellers,’ we should have objections to betting on the constancy of his hostility to ‘long-necked bottles.’

Perhaps we have already quoted too much from the gayer portion of this book; but there is a chapter on ‘Sailors’ Pets’ in Volume Second, which sadly tempts us, and which will no doubt furnish grand scope for the ingenuity of the adroit person who has turned the former series of our Captain’s adventures into a toy-book.

What has especially moved us in this section is, the history of one of a race of animals, from which few of our readers may fancy it possible that any human being should ever extract a *pet*; but it so happens, that in a country place with which we are well acquainted, the farm-yard boasted, a year or two ago, a most knowing favourite of the same despised species. A more dutiful and affectionate creature never trotted at one's heels. Its attentions were indeed only too constant; and its docility was such, as has not often been surpassed even by a spaniel. These tender recollections must serve as our apology for the length of the following quotation:—

' On our sailing from England, six little sows, of a peculiarly fine breed, had been laid in by my steward. In the course of the voyage five of these fell under the relentless hands of the butcher; but one of the six, being possessed of a more graceful form than belonged to her sister swine, being kept as clean as any lap-dog, was permitted to run about the decks, amongst the goats, sheep, dogs, and monkeys of our little ark. The occurrence of two or three smart gales of wind off the Cape of Good Hope, and the unceremonious entrance of sundry pea-green seas, swept the decks of most of our live stock, excepting only this one pig, known amongst the crew by the pet name of Jean.

' In warm latitudes, the men generally take their meals on deck, and it was Jean's grand amusement, as well as business, to cruise along amongst the messes, poking her snout into every bread-bag, and very often she scalded her tongue in the soup-kids. Occasionally the sailors, to show the extent of their regard, amused themselves by pouring a drop of grog down her throat. I never saw her fairly drunk, however, but twice, upon which occasions, as was to be expected, she acted pretty much like a human being in the same hoggrish predicament. Whether it was owing to this high feeding, or to the constant scrubbing which her hide received from sand, brushes, and holystones, I know not, but she certainly grew and flourished at a most astonishing rate, and every day waxed more and more impudent and importunate at the dinner hour. I saw a good deal of this familiarity going on, but had no idea of the estimation Jean was held in, till one day, when we were about half way across the China sea, and all our stock of sheep, fowls, and ducks was expended, I said to the steward, "You had better kill the pig, which, if properly managed, will last till we reach Macao." The servant stood for some time fumbling with his hair, and shuffling with his feet, mumbling something to himself. "Don't you hear?" I asked. "Kill the pig; and let us have the fry to-day, the head, with plenty of Port wine, as mock-turtle soup to-morrow, and have one of the legs roasted for dinner on Saturday." Off he went; but in half-an-hour returned, on some pretence or other, when he took occasion to say, "Did you say Jean was to be killed, sir?" "Jean! who is Jean?—Oh, now I remember, the pig. Yes, certainly. Why do you bother and boggle

so about killing a pig?" "The ship's company, sir—" "Well; what have the ship's company to say to my pig?" "They are very fond of Jean, sir." "The devil they are! Well; what then?" "Why, sir, they would take it as a great kindness if you would not order her to be killed. She is a great pet, sir, and comes to them when they call her by name, like a dog. They have taught her not to venture abaft the mainmast; but if you only call her, you'll see that what I say is true." "Indeed! I'll soon try that experiment;" and seized my hat to go on deck. "Shall I tell the butcher to hold fast?" asked Capewell. "Of course!" I exclaimed. "Of course!" Off shot the steward like an arrow; and I could soon distinguish the effect of the announcement, by the intermission of those horrible screams which attend the execution of the pig tribe, all which sounds were instantly terminated on the seizings being cut that tied poor Jean's legs.

On reaching the quarter-deck, I told what had passed to the officer of the watch, who questioned its propriety a little. I thought, by the tone of his answer. I, however, called out "Jean! Jean!" and in a moment the delighted pig came prancing along. So great, in fact, was her anxiety to answer the call, as if to show her sense of the trifling favour I had just conferred upon her, that she dashed towards us, tripped up the officer's heels, and had I not caught him, he would have come souse on the deck. Even as it was, he indulged in a growl, and muttered out, "You see, sir, what your yielding to such whims brings upon us." I said nothing, and only took care in future to caution my friends to mind their footing when Jean was summoned aft, which, I allow, was very often; for there was no resisting the exhibition to all strangers of such a patent pet as this. To the Chinese in particular our comical favourite became an object of the highest admiration. The natives of the celestial empire soon recognised in this happiest of swine the celebrated breed of their own country; and many a broad hint I got as to the acceptable nature of such a present, but I was deaf to them all; for I felt that Jean now belonged more to the ship's company than to myself, and that there was a sort of obligation upon me neither to eat her nor to give her away.

Under this tacit guarantee she gained so rapidly in size, fat, and other accomplishments, that on our return to China, after visiting Loo Choo and other islands of the Japan Sea, the gentlemen of the factory would hardly credit me that this huge monster was the same animal. In talking of Jean's accomplishments, I must not be understood as describing her as a learned pig, for she could not play cards, solve quadratic equations, nor perform any of those feats which enchant and astonish the eyes of the citizens of London and elsewhere, where many dogs and hogs are devoutly believed to be vested with a degree of intelligence rather above than below the average range of human intellect. Far from this, honest Jean could do little or nothing more than eat, drink, sleep, and grunt; in these respects she was totally

unrivalled, and the effect of her proficiency in these characteristic qualities became daily more manifest. At first, as I have mentioned, when her name was called from any part of the ship, she would caper along, and dash impetuously up to the group by whom she was summoned. But after a time she became so excessively fat and lazy, that it required many a call to get her to move, and the offer of a slice of pine-apple, or a handful of lychees, or even the delicious mango-steen, was now hardly enough to make her open her eyes, though in the earlier stages of the voyage she had been too thankful for a potato or the skin of an apple. As she advanced in fatness, she lost altogether the power of walking, and expected the men to bring the good things of their tables to her, instead of allowing her to come for them. This was cheerfully done; and though the only show of gratitude was a grunt, it was taken as a full recompense for all trouble on her account.

At a subsequent point of the voyage, Jean's condition is thus described:—

'Both her eyes were bunged up by huge bolsters of fat, which admitted only a slender chink of light between them. As she had long lost the power of locomotion, she generally lay flat on her side all day long, giving out a low sort of grunt for more food about once every hour. At this stage of her happiness, two of her legs only touched the deck, the others being rigged out horizontally; but as she became fatter and fatter, the upper pair of legs gradually formed an angle with the horizon, and eventually assumed the position of 45° . The lower legs next began to leave the deck, as the rotundity of her corporation became greater, till, at length, all her four legs were erected towards the heavens, and it became a source of discussion amongst the curious as to which side she was actually lying upon. A hollow, difficult, feeble moan, hardly a grunt, gave token of her impatience when a rope came too near her, or when a party of the sailors, running away with the jib-haulyards, tripped over her huge carcase.'

We now approach the final exit of 'Bonny Jean':—

'We had scarcely anchored at Second Bar, in the midst of a fleet of magnificent English ships, when we were boarded by hosts of Chinese mandarins, Hoppo, Hong merchants, wearing all the variety of buttons by which ranks are distinguished in that well classified land. This was not to compliment us, or to offer us assistance, or even to inquire our business. One single object seemed to engage all their thoughts and animate the curiosity of half the province of Quantung. The fame of our fat sow Jean, in short, had far outrun the speed of the Lyra, and nothing was heard on every hand but the wondering exclamations of the natives, screaming out in admiration, "High-yaw! High-yaw!" We had enough to do to clear the ship at night of these our visitors, but we were by no means left in solitude; for the Lyra's anchorage was completely crowded with native boats. The motive of all this attention on the part of the Chinese was not merely pure admiration

admiration of Jean, as we at first suspected; for when the decks came to be washed next morning, and two or three dead ducks were thrown overboard, a rush of a dozen boats took place towards the spot, and there was a battle royal on the river for the precious property. Upon inquiry, we found that foreign ships were always surrounded by the boats from Canton, where the state of want appears to be so great, that the people eagerly seek after the smallest morsels of food, and struggle with avidity to catch dead stock of any kind thrown overboard. This at once explained the marvellous degree of attention which we had been honoured with; for the acute Chinese, skilled especially in hog's flesh, saw very well that our pet pig was not long for this world; and knowing that, if she died a natural death, we should no more think of eating her than one of our crew; and having guessed also that we had no intention of "killing her to save her life," they very reasonably inferred, that ere long this glorious *bonne-bouche* would be at the disposal of Chinese taste and delicacy. Our men, who soon got wind of this intention on the part of the Chinese, became quite outrageous against Fukee, as the natives are called, and would hardly permit any visitors to come near her, lest they should poison their favourite, and so accelerate her inevitable fate. At length poor dear Jean gave token of approaching dissolution; she could neither eat, nor drink, nor even grunt; and her breathing was like that of a broken bellows: in short, she died! Every art was taken to conceal the melancholy event from the Chinese, but somehow or other it got abroad, for the other English ships were deserted, and long before sun-set a dense mass of boats, like a floating town, was formed astern and on both quarters of the *Lyra*.

The sailors now held a grand consultation what was to be done, and, after much discussion, and many neat and appropriate speeches, it was unanimously resolved, that the mortal remains of their favourite, now no more, should be deposited in the mud of the river Canton, in such a way that the most dexterous and hungry inhabitant of the celestial empire should not be able to fish her up again. As soon as it was quite dark, and all the Chinese boats sent, as usual, beyond a circle limited by the ship's buoys, the defunct pig's friends set to work to prepare her obsequies. The chief object was to guard against the ravenous natives hearing the splash as she went overboard; and next, that she should not afterwards float to the surface. The first point was easily accomplished, as will be seen presently; but there was a long debate, in whispers, amongst the men, as to the most expedient plan of keeping the body of their late pet from once more showing her snout above the stream. At length it was suggested by the coxswain of one of the boats which had been sent during the morning to sound the passage, that as the bed of the river where the brig lay consisted of a deep layer of mud, it would be a good thing if Jean's remains could be driven so far into this soft stratum that the drags and hooks of the hungry Chinese might never be able to grapple her up again. This advice was much applauded, and at once acted upon with that happy facility of resource which it is
and

the pride of the profession to have always in store for small as well as for great occasions. The dead sow was first laid on its back, and then two masses of iron ballast, being placed one on each side of the cheek, were lashed securely to the neck and shoulders in such a manner that the ends of the kentlage met across her nose, and formed, as it was very properly called, an extra snout for piercing the mud. When all was ready, the midship carronade was silently dismounted, the slide unbolted, and the whole removed out of the way. Jean's enormous corporation being then elevated, by means of capstan bars and handspikes, was brought on a level with the port-sill. A slip-rope was next passed between her hind legs, which had been tied together at the feet, and poor Miss Piggy, being gradually pushed over the ship's side, was lowered slowly into the water. When fairly under the surface, and there were no fears of any splash being caused by letting her go, one end of the rope was slipped, upon which the well-loaded carcase shot down perpendicularly at such a rate that there could be no question of its being immersed a fathom deep, at least, in the mud, and, of course, far beyond the reach of the disappointed Chinese!

The kind-hearted manner of this little narrative is quite characteristic of the captain; and surely the whole history of the pig 'killed with kindness' is very creditable to his crew. Jean does not appear to have been the most brilliant of her race—but the race is really much calumniated; and, indeed, there is no limit to our injustice with respect to certain domesticated *quadrupeds*, at least. We all talk of the ass as the stupidest of the browsers of the field: yet if any one shuts up a donkey in the same enclosure with half a dozen horses of the finest blood, and the party escape, it is infallibly the poor stupid donkey that has led the way. It is he that alone penetrates the secret of the bolt and latch: many a time and oft have we stood at the other side of a hedge, contemplating a whole troop of brood mares and their offspring, patiently waiting while the intellectual chief of the array was snuffing over a piece of work to which all but he felt themselves entirely incompetent.

To come back to the lords of the creation—we must now take a page from a most amusing chapter on the island of Johanna. We had long been aware that the potentates of the *Guinea coast* not only assume English titles, but wear under, or in place of, diadems, the cast-off wigs of our Lord Chancellors—but we were not prepared for what follows in the latitude of the Mozambique Channel:—

'We proceeded to our guide's house, where he introduced us, not indeed to his wives, for all these ladies were stowed away behind a screen of mats, but to some of the males of his family, and, amongst others, to a queer copper-coloured gentleman, who styled himself, in his communications with us, "the Duke of Devonshire," and begged very hard to be allowed the honour of having our linen to wash. His Grace was a little dumpy fellow, who stooped considerably, wore nei-

ther shoes nor stockings, and exhibited so little of a nose, that when you caught his countenance in profile, the facial line, as the physiognomists call it, suffered no interruption when drawn from the brow to the lips. The poor duke little knew the cause of the laughter which his occupation, title, and the contrast of looks, excited in those of our party who had seen his grace's noble namesake in the opposite hemisphere.'

'Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, talk a little English; but the best examples of such acquirements were found, where they ought to be, amongst the grandees of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the dukes and earls at the capital of the Comoros.—"How do you do, sir? Very glad see you. D—n your eyes! Johanna man like English very much. God d—n! That very good? Eh? Devilish hot, sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n my eye! Very fine day." After which, in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a most insinuating smile, his lordship, or his grace, as the rank of the party might be, would add:—"You want orange? You want goat? Cheap! I got good, very. You send me your clothes; I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! very! I got every thing, plenty, great, much! God d—n!" And then, as if to clench the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of Indiamen, masters of Yankee brigs, and middies of men-of-war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes-bag if he could safely do so.'—Vol. ii., p. 284.

Our closing quotation shall be from Captain Hall's account of the blockade of New York in 1804.

'We were rather short-handed in those days, and being in the presence of a blockaded enemy, and liable, at half an hour's warning, to be in action, we could not afford to be very scrupulous as to the ways and means by which our numbers were completed, so that able-bodied men were secured to handle the gun-tackle falls. It chanced one day that we fell in with a ship filled with emigrants, a description of vessel called, in the classical dictionary of the cockpit, an "Irish guinea man." Out of her we pressed twenty Irishmen, besides two strapping fellows from Yorkshire, and one canny Scot.

'Each of this score of Pats was rigged merely in a great-coat, and a pair of something which might be called an apology for inexpressibles; while the rest of their united wardrobe might have been stowed away in the crown of any one of their hats. Their motives for emigrating to a country where mere health and strength of body are sure to gain an independent provision, were obvious enough; and I must say, that to this hour I have not been able to forget the melancholy cry or howl with which the separation of these hardy settlers from their families was effected by the strong arm of power. It was a case of necessity,

necessity, it is true, but still it was a cruel case, and one for the exercise of which the officer who put it in force deserves almost as much pity as the poor wretches whose feelings and interests it became his bounden duty to disregard.

* In most admired contrast to this bewildered drove of half-starved Paddies stood the two immense, broad-shouldered, high-fed Yorkshiremen, dressed in long-tailed coats, corduroy breeches, and yellow-topped boots, each accompanied by a chest of clothes not much less than a pianoforte, and a huge pile of spades, pick-axes, and other implements of husbandry. They possessed money also, and letters of credit, and described themselves as being persons of some substance at home. Why they emigrated they would not tell; but such were their prospects, that it was difficult to say whether they or the wild Irishers were the most to be commiserated for so untoward an interruption. Be this as it may, it cost the clerk half an hour to write down a list of their multifarious goods and chattels, while a single scratch of the pen sufficed for that of all the Irishmen.

* At last honest Saunders came under review. He was a tall, raw-boned, grave-looking personage, much pitted with the small-pox, and wearing a good deal of that harassed and melancholy air, which, sooner or later, settles on the brow of an assistant to a village pedagogue. He was startled, but not abashed, when drawn to the middle of the deck, and asked, in the presence of fifty persons, what clothes and other things he possessed? Not choosing at first to betray his poverty, he made no answer, but looked round, as if to discover where his chest had been placed. He then glanced at his thread-bare sleeve and tattered shoon with a slight touch of dry and bitter humour playing about the corners of his mouth, and a faint sparkle lighting up his grey and sunken eye, as he returned the impatient official stare of the clerk, who stood, pen in hand, ready to note down the items. "Don't be frightened, man," said the captain; "no one is going to hurt you, your things are quite safe. What does your property consist of?" "A trifle, sir, a trifle," quoth poor Sawney,—*"Fourpence ha'penny, and an auld knife!"*—Vol. ii., p. 103—106.

It is so difficult to choose passages for extracting in a book thus 'rammed' with amusement, that we shall pause here—having left two volumes out of three almost untouched. In the lighter department of materials we admire particularly the chapters on 'A Pic-nic Party at Elephanta';—the Hindoo ceremony of 'Throwing the Cocoa-Nut';—'The Admiralty List';—and 'Bombay.' But the graver pages are in their way quite as good. In each volume, we observe, the author introduces, on the principle of ballast we suppose, one or two sections of strictly professional didactics. That on 'a Method of diminishing Naval Punishments,' in Volume Second, is perhaps the most valuable of all these; but the one in which the utility of the Marines is discussed is exceedingly interesting; and that on the subject of the trade-winds abounds, not only in philosophical reasoning, but in curious
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and, as far as we know, novel observations, that must fix the attention of every student of geographical and nautical science. The essay on 'Taking a Line in the Service,' is another masterly serious piece, full of knowledge, sagacity, and, what distinguishes indeed all the author's professional disquisitions, a generous humanity of thought and sentiment; nor can we say less of that devoted to his favourite text, 'Cheerfulness considered as a duty;' though we doubt the taste of one or two passages, particularly that in which St. Paul is complimented for his 'very officer-like conduct' during the storm near Melita. 'The Ship-Church' leads us from a singularly happy specimen of mere description into a pithy little sermon on the importance of religious observances at sea, and the national disgrace of not having a chaplain on board *every* ship, which we sincerely hope will be studied at the Admiralty as carefully as Captain Hall's anecdotes of pet monkeys and pigs and parrots are likely to be in the cockpit; and all through the book are scattered hints touching the peculiar duties of officers of every order, especially lieutenants and captains, which, from the natural modest style of the expression, and the pregnant wisdom, the fruit of long experience and reflection, of their import, deserve the most serious consideration of the classes for whose benefit they are designed.

The same harmless eccentricities, of which we said something formerly, are quite as copiously visible in these pages as in those that went before them:—at such things many will smile, and some may occasionally laugh; but take the work as a whole, it is one of the few of these days for which we would venture to prophecy permanent acceptance. It is, in fact, a performance altogether unique in literature; opening at once an accomplished officer's personal history, rich in most varied abundance of anecdote and adventure 'on flood and field,' and a panorama of nautical existence, habits, and manners, from the skipper's region down to the cabin-boy's, so full and picturesque, that it cannot fail to be in request while any part of the old English character and taste shall remain. Subjects which, in any coarser hand, would have been revolting, become not only inoffensive but delightful in Captain Hall's; and he has contrived to equal the graphic effect, and in many places even the humour, of Smollett's marine pencil, without introducing a single touch that can wound the delicacy of the most refined woman. The style is at once lively and mellow. The author of such a work has merited more of his country than he could have done by almost any service in the active course of his profession; and we are sure the public will be disappointed if he does not give them, by Easter 1833, a third series, devoted entirely to a magnificent subject, which he has on this occasion barely touched—that of *India*.

ART.

ART. VI.—1. *Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis.* By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. London. 1831.

2. *Reports from the Select Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions.* Communicated by the Commons to the Lords, 1828.

3. Ditto, 1829.

HAVING no intention to discuss the abstract question of the justice or fitness of capital punishments, but simply to offer some remarks on the question, whether the English penal law, as it exists, can with propriety be mitigated, we beg, as a preliminary, to call our readers' attention to a short view of the past and present condition of that code. In dealing with legislative questions, we think it is most important, before we decide whither we would go, to understand exactly where we are, and to view the steps by which we have arrived at our actual position.

The committee on the Criminal Law in 1819, over which Sir James Mackintosh so ably presided, made the first important and successful steps in the work of mitigating severity of punishment. In compliance with its recommendations, acts were shortly afterwards passed, repealing a variety of capital punishments, some of which ought never to have been enacted, others of which remained wholly unexecuted, or were inapplicable to the existing times. The provisions for putting to death persons taking away women unlawfully;—persons receiving money to procure a return of stolen goods;—bankrupts defrauding their creditors;—persons pulling down and destroying turnpike-gates, or flood-gates in rivers;—Egyptians remaining one month within the realm;—notorious thieves in the border counties of Northumberland and Cumberland;—persons going in masks or disguises in the Mint;—persons attempting to destroy Westminster, Fulham, and other bridges;*—persons shoplifting to the value of 5*s.*—were most properly removed from the statute-book.

Sir Robert Peel, in the valuable acts which he completed in 1826, for the consolidation of the law respecting larceny and malicious injuries to property, and for improving the administration of justice, (which we noticed at large on a former occasion,) introduced still further mitigations into the punishments for crime. He repealed the penalty of death attaching on the offence of purloining in a church, and confined that punishment to the offence of church-robbery with violence. He removed the capital punishment from the crime of stealing in booths or stalls

* These acts were passed in consequence of the watermen, who were injured by the new bridges on the Thames, endeavouring to damage and deface them. The felony of destroying turnpike-gates was created in consequence of the attacks made upon them on their first introduction.

at fairs ; and also from the offence of simple larceny, when committed for the second time ;—and he repealed the penalty of death for stealing in a dwelling-house to the value of 40s, which originated in the time of Queen Anne, and raised the amount to 5*l*. The statutes of George IV. consolidating the laws respecting the Customs, and several acts relating to the Excise, have also abolished a considerable number of capital enactments against violating and evading those laws, and have (we believe with practical advantage in many instances) substituted milder punishments.

The last mitigation of punishment was effected, as to the crime of forgery, by Sir Robert Peel's statute, consolidating (according to the recommendation of the committee of 1819) all the laws relating to this offence. This excellent act, framed with great conciseness and precision by Sir Robert Peel and his learned coadjutor, Mr. Gregson, repealed a mass of twenty-eight statutes respecting forgeries scattered through the book from the reign of Edward III. to that of George IV. ; and, while it has materially amended their provisions, has consolidated them into one concise law. The whole law (with very slight exception) respecting forgery is now, therefore, to be found plainly and intelligibly set forth in a single statute of thirty-one sections, the 1st William IV. c. 66. By this act the punishment of death was repealed as to the offence of forging bonds, deeds, and receipts for money ; and this severe penalty is now almost solely confined to forging bills, notes, and negotiable instruments, transfers of stock, debentures, orders, warrants for money, and last wills.

The alterations thus made have been little more than an assimilation of the law to the gradual habit of mitigation which had influenced the executive for many years, and long before the laws themselves were altered. Sir Robert Peel's judicious and memorable administration of the home department was signally marked by this lenity in practice ; but his predecessors had before commenced it. For thirty years following the revolution of 1688, the average proportions of executions to convictions was twenty to thirty-eight, that is, nearly two-thirds of the convicted were hanged. From 1755 to 1784 it was thirteen to forty-six, between one-third and one-fourth ; and from 1784 to 1814 it was nineteen to seventy-four, little more than one-fourth. It appears from tables in Mr. Wakefield's book, that in the three years, 1827 to 1830, the capital convictions in London and Middlesex were four hundred and eight, and the executions only fifty-two—so that little more than one-eighth of the capital convicts were executed. In the seven years preceding 1822, there were seven hundred and thirty-one executions in England and Wales, being
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at the rate of one hundred and four per annum, while, in the seven years following 1822, (when Sir Robert Peel first occupied the home department,) the number was reduced to four hundred and thirty-five, being only about sixty-two per annum.

The crimes now punishable, and occasionally punished with death, in England are—Burglary (that is, night house-breaking and robbery).

Stealing in a dwelling-house to the value of 5*l*.

Robbery in a dwelling-house with force and intimidation, however small the value.

Robbery from the person (that is, with force and intimidation).

Stealing from wrecks or ships in distress.

Stealing horses, cows, and sheep.

Incendiarism (in legal language, arson).

Riotously demolishing and pulling down churches, chapels, houses, &c.

Exhibiting false signals to bring ships into danger; destroying ships or their cargo in distress; or forcibly preventing persons escaping from them.

Rape, murder, treason.

Stabbing or shooting, with intent to murder or to maim, provided the act would be murder if death ensued.

Forgery of notes, negotiable instruments, government securities, orders for money, drafts and wills.

Coining.

Extorting money by threatening to accuse a party of an infamous crime.

Piracy (that is, forcible robbery on the high seas).

We have thought it right to call our reader's attention to the above facts as to the past and present condition of the law, as the best means of doing away any impression produced by those, who, in ignorance or malice, still perpetually charge the English code with a severity which has long ceased to characterize it. The question respecting the possibility of safely mitigating the law still further is (like all questions of policy and legislation) eminently of a practical nature. None but the shallowest tyros in politics, or the most presumptuous system-mongers, can imagine that it is to be settled by any neat and concise inductions from a few general axioms, or by any process except a careful investigation of facts, an inquiry into the practical operation of the existing law in the existing condition of society, and a close and sifting examination of the results on the security of property which are likely to be produced by a change. Regardless of the speculative code-framers, who legislate for states in embryo, in presumptuous disregard of the experience

rience of states that exist, and little heeding the few over-scrupulous, though most respectable, persons, who doubt the warrant of man to inflict death on man, the great mass of the world take a practical and rational view of this question. Few doubt that in this country, and in this age, the privation of life is in some cases an indispensable visitation on guilt; while no one will deny that this severity can only be justified by its being strictly necessary for the protection of life and property, and that it ought only to be tolerated while it is shown to effect that end to a degree to which other punishments could not be expected to be operative. The question therefore now is, not whether the English law has reached that point of lenity which the philanthropist and the speculative jurist may think desirable,—not whether it is as lenient as the code of a new country might be constituted, or as the codes of some countries with other manners, other habits, and other institutions, may possibly now exist,—but whether, with reference to our population, our character, our commerce and manufactures, our freedom, our lax police, and all the other peculiarities of our situation, the relaxation of punishment, which has of late been carried so far, can with prudence and safety be carried farther. Ere such a step is attempted, the legislator should be very sure of the ground on which he is treading; he should be satisfied beyond doubt that he does not under-rate the preventive efficacy of the punishment he abolishes,—that he can find an *adequate substitute* for what he gives up,—and that he incurs no hazard of endangering the security of society, and of being compelled, with infinite danger and difficulty to retrace his steps.

The great majority of crimes in the above list are of that violent and dangerous character which most unprejudiced persons admit to be necessarily subjects of the last punishment of the law. Crimes effected with violence against the person or the dwelling; the offences of the midnight burglar, the assassin, the incendiary, and the highway robber, are admitted on all hands to demand the utmost severity of the law, and to be, in fact, prosecuted and punished under the existing law without repugnance. The offences of stealing horses, sheep, and cows, which have, after much consideration, been left in the list of capital crimes, certainly do not carry with them the same reprobation which follows offences attended with violence or bloodshed. But the executions which take place for these crimes are extremely rare: the great value of the property,—its necessary exposure in fields and open pastures during night,—and the great facility of transporting it (especially horses) beyond the reach of discovery, seem to render more than ordinary legal protection in these instances requisite; and though Mr. Wakefield and some of the witnesses before the Committee speak vaguely of an indisposition to prosecute in such cases,

we believe that this is much exaggerated, and exists only to an inconsiderable degree.

The crime, as to the punishment of which there is the greatest diversity of opinion, is undoubtedly that of forgery. Of all the crimes accomplished without violence, this, in a commercial country, most seriously demands the efforts of the magistrate for its prevention. It differs from other crimes not less as to the magnitude of the spoil it may obtain, and of the injury it inflicts, than as to the facilities attending its accomplishment. The common thief often finds a limit to his depredations in the bulkiness of the goods he purloins; the robber's booty is generally confined to such property as one individual may carry about his person; the swindler raises insuperable and defeating obstacles to his frauds if the amount he seeks to obtain is so considerable as to awaken close vigilance or inquiry. To carry their projects to any very profitable extent, almost all these criminals are reduced to the hazardous necessity of *acting in concert*, and thus infinitely increasing the risks of detection. But the forger, who is compelled to trust to no accomplice; who is burdened with no bulky and suspicious property; who needs no receiver to assist his contrivances, may acquire, by the skill of his own individual right hand, the command of thousands, often with the certainty of not being detected, and oftener with such rapidity and expedition as to enable him to baffle pursuit, and escape beyond the reach of justice. The gradations of moral and religious guilt cannot in all cases supply an adequate rule as to the apportionment of legal punishment to various crimes. The '*Regula peccati quæ poenas irroget æquas*' cannot always be measured by the divine or the moral code. It may be that *in foro divino* the forger is not more guilty than the clandestine thief or the swindler; but if his crime is more dangerous to security of property, more pernicious to commerce,—if it is more easy of commission, more difficult of detection,—these are legitimate and cogent reasons why the law should deem it more heinous, and punish it with greater severity. That the committer of this most ruinous and deliberate offence—this compendious and deep-laid theft—should, when suffering for his crimes, awaken more of sympathy and interest than the highway robber, the horse-stealer, or the house-breaker, arises, in a great degree, from the unreflecting and fallacious judgment which is often formed as to the nature of his crime, and from the false sympathy which his station in society and his talents often procure for him. When a crime is distinguished above others by superior moral enormity, or when it is marked by those characteristics of force and intimidation which inspire terror in all, a very simple process of mind leads to an acquiescence in its being more than ordinarily punished.

punished. But when the necessity for the superior punishment is grounded on the less obvious (though equally forcible) reasons of social expediency, which we have shown to exist in the case of forgery, the little thinking vulgar (unfortunately in these days acted upon by a press obviously interested to flatter, rather than correct their illusions) do not so readily admit the necessity of the severe law. Force and violence accompanying a crime are undoubtedly sound reasons for heightening its legal guilt; but they are only so because they prove it to be more than ordinarily dangerous to society. If the same pernicious character is shown to arise (as in the case of forgery) from other characteristics of the crime, these furnish not less sound, though perhaps less popular, reasons, for affixing to it an extraordinary penalty.

The sympathy and commiseration of which the station and intelligence of convicted forgers often cajole a part of the public, ought to be refused upon the very grounds upon which they are given. While the housebreaker is generally a man of the lowest order, who is urged to the commission of crime by actual not by artificial necessities, and possessed of few advantages of education, religion, or intelligence, the forger is almost necessarily a person superior to the vulgar classes in education and capacity, who wilfully tramples on principles and knowledge to which the humbler delinquent is a stranger, and often relieves self-created embarrassments or gratifies pampered appetites by his refined and dexterous depredation on his neighbour. Who can doubt that Fauntleroy or Hunton were capable of the crimes of the highwayman or the housebreaker, had not their superior station and intelligence opened to them a less precarious and far more efficient road to plunder? In a moral, in a religious, in a political point of view, what distinction can soundly be drawn between these different offenders, favourable to the character of the forger? But the truth is, forgery is a crime peculiarly committed *against* the rich, and the offender, therefore, finds sympathy with the poor. All the humbler and many of the middling classes who dread the sheep-stealer, the burglar, and the robber, and who see them hanged without much reluctance, lavish their sympathies on the forger, of whose depredations they are in little terror. On the other hand, forgery being generally committed *by* persons of education and refinement, weak minds in the numerous classes of this description are apt to indulge a sentimental and self-complacent tenderness for the criminal, which they withhold from the plunderer of ruder character and coarser proceedings. The forger is thus pitied by the poor, who have neither banking accounts nor dividend-warrants; and by the refined and luxurious, who sympathise most with necessities upon a large and artificial

artificial scale; who show their liberality by appreciating talent even when abused; and are shocked at the spectacle of one of themselves in the condemned cell of Newgate.

But while we admit that, to a certain extent, a (misplaced) sympathy is extended by the public to persons convicted of this crime, we altogether deny that, as to this or other offences punished with death, this sympathy produces a defeat, of the law—a conspiracy among judges, jurors, witnesses, and prosecutors, against its execution, in the manner and to the degree which we perpetually hear asserted. Sensible writers, from Beccaria, Montesquieu, Paley, and Johnson downwards, having long ago remarked that severity of penal laws alone was not calculated to repress crime, but that certainty in their execution was a point equally necessary to be aimed at, modern speculators have distorted and exaggerated these opinions till two striking fallacies are now perpetually repeated: first, that in exact proportion as punishments are severe, is their infliction uncertain; and second, that a punishment, however mild, if it be only inflicted with certainty, is more efficacious in repressing crime than a more terrible or severe punishment, the infliction of which is subject to some uncertainty.

Mr. Wakefield (whose book would have been far more valuable if it had given a simple and correct detail of facts witnessed in Newgate, instead of being a selection and marshalling, and often a colouring and distortion, of scanty facts to support preconceived theories) labours hard to show that prisoners escape conviction in proportion as the offence is certain of being punished with death if they are convicted.

'Table No. 9,' says he, 'relates to the two crimes of cutting and maiming, and returning from transportation. The proportion of persons executed to those convicted of the *former crime* is 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$, much exceeding the average proportions of executions to capital convictions generally, which by Table No. 1 appears to be 1 in $8\frac{1}{2}$. The crime, therefore, of cutting and maiming is more frequently punished with death than capital crimes generally. Let us observe the *effect of this difference*—'

(that is, the effect which Mr. Wakefield *assumes*—)

'on the convictions. As to crimes generally, Table No. 1 shows the proportion of convictions to commitments to be 1 in $2\frac{1}{3}\frac{5}{6}$. The same proportion as to cutting and maiming is 1 in nearly 4. But now look to Table 9, at the results of returning from transportation. Here none are executed; and it is notorious to prosecutors, witnesses, judge, and jury, (those, in short, on whom depends the question of conviction,) that no one is ever executed for this crime. What, then, is the proportion of convictions to commitments as to this crime? *equal*. All the prisoners committed are convicted. The proof of the crime is more difficult than in most other cases, depending on identification, which the artful class of persons who commit the crime take great pains

pains to prevent, by many disguises, and by a truly wonderful simulation of innocence. To what are we to attribute the facility of conviction in this case, where none are executed, in comparison with the case of cutting and maiming, wherein so many are executed? To the difference as to the *punishment*—to the fact, that one involves the punishment of death, and that the other does not.*—p. 39.

A more rash example of theorizing without premises—nay, in the teeth of facts,—we have seldom seen. To prove how little capital punishment has to do with the fact stated by Mr. W., it is only necessary to turn to his own tables. Let him look to his table as to forgery. The persons executed for forgery are about one-third of the persons convicted; which, as we have seen, is about the proportion in cases of cutting and maiming. But do we find, as we ought to do, if Mr. Wakefield's theory were good for anything, that the convictions in forgery cases are as few, in proportion to the commitments, as in cases of cutting and maiming? Directly the reverse. The convictions for forgery are to the commitments as 21 to 35, or near two-thirds; while the convictions for cutting and maiming are only as 7 to 27, or about one-fourth. Take, again, the case of coining, as appears by Mr. Wakefield's own tables. The executions for this crime bear a much higher proportion to the convictions than in the case of cutting and maiming. The executions for the offence are (according to Mr. Wakefield's tables, which apply only to London and Middlesex) actually *equal* to the convictions; whereas, for cutting and maiming only one-third of the convicted are executed. But do we find the proportion of convictions to commitments is as low as in the offence of cutting and maiming? By no means.—It is higher. The convictions for coining are to the commitments as 4 to 11, or rather more than one-third; whereas we have seen the convictions for cutting and maiming are to the committals only about one-fourth. What then becomes of Mr. Wakefield's theory, that in proportion as death is frequently inflicted for an offence, the convictions are rare? It is quite clear the low proportion of convictions, as compared with commitments, in the instance he selects of cutting and maiming, cannot be ascribed to any greater certainty of death following conviction for that offence than in other cases. What, then, is the cause of the fact? Every lawyer could tell Mr. Wakefield that the disproportion may readily be accounted for by the nature of the offence,—by the difficulty of proving the murderous or sanguinary *intent*,—by the minute details of evidence on which this depends, by the multitude of nice points of law, which have been referred to the judges, on the construction of Lord Ellenborough's act and of the present act of parliament.*

* 9 Geo. IV., c. 31.

As to the offence of returning from transportation, Mr. Wakefield might, with a slight inquiry, have found very sufficient reasons, besides the mildness of the punishment, why conviction followed certainly on commitment in the few cases (only eight) which occurred during the three years to which his table applies. And he might also have discovered from the parliamentary returns for the very same three years, that the total absence of executions for a crime was not always attended with certainty of conviction. Why did he not give us a table as to cattle-stealing? During those three years—nay, during the seven years from 1824 to 1830—there was not in London and Middlesex one execution for cattle stealing. But do we find the convictions equal to the committals, as they ought to be according to Mr. Wakefield's theory? Not at all. The committals in the seven years were eighteen, and the convictions only twelve. The truth is, the proof of the crime of returning from transportation (so far from being difficult) is peculiarly simple and easy, consisting merely of the order for transportation proved by the certificate of the officer of the court, and the proof of the identity of the party by constables or others familiar with his person. That numbers of such persons are at large in London without being detected is clear from the fact of only eight commitments taking place in three years; but when the officer has detected the individual, and has sworn decisively to his identity (without which the magistrates would not commit him), the case is so simple and so concise, that there can hardly be a doubt of his conviction. Mr. Wakefield might have discovered indeed, from the parliamentary returns, that this offence forms an invariable and solitary contrast to all other offences, as to the proportion between convictions and commitments. In 1825, four were committed and four convicted. In 1826, twelve were committed and all convicted. In 1827, thirteen were committed and twelve convicted. The returns show that there is scarcely an escape once in four years of a prisoner committed for this offence.

The fact which Mr. Wakefield has so unsuccessfully attempted to prove—viz. that in proportion as punishment is severe, convictions are infrequent—is however so confidently proclaimed, and peremptorily reasoned upon, by various writers and speakers, that it may be as well to examine a little further how far it is borne out by authentic facts. The following tables, which we have constructed from the Parliamentary Returns for 1831, will enable the reader to pursue this inquiry, and will at the same time afford much light on other important points connected with crimes.*

* It is right to state that our Tables (for the sake of brevity) only exhibit the twenty-four most frequent crimes, leaving out sixteen offences in the Returns, as to which the numbers are in general so trifling (in many years none at all) as not to afford any grounds for inference one way or the other.

TABLE I.—COMMITTALS.

Names of which Persons convicted, acquitted, whom no Bills were indicted who were not pro- (excluding London & &c.)	Number of Persons in the Years							Totals.
	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	
1 other wilful burn- property	28	22	17	14	14	37	45	177
•	31	33	42	29	46	38	41	260
•	460	428	478	572	249	171	155	2,513
into a dwelling- and larceny	176	150	168	300	491	781	718	2,784
building, shop, &c. communicating with g-house), & larceny					194	204	263	661
•	2	3	8	21	10	1	3	47
sterfeit, putting off, & having, &c.	267	210	283	280	261	313	322	1,936
ment (by servants)	116	105	143	153	195	180	182	1,074
f, & uttering forged ents, other than England notes	30	32	28	53	55	42	40	280
and uttering forged England notes	4	4	19	38	11	14	3	93
t offences	239	302	279	332	310	405	427	2,294
ling	150	229	171	229	180	184	185	1,328
(not otherwise de- •	9,354	10,087	11,182	12,014	10,989	12,628	12,031	78,485
a dwelling-house, •	275	265	300	295	122	119	134	1,510
on the person	695	835	1,055	1,081	1,079	1,138	1,234	7,117
hier	109	122	141	141	142	125	141	921
•	73	94	57	65	83	47	65	484
ooting at, stabbing, g, and administer- son with intent to &c.	71	57	47	82	72	115	80	524
•	5	11	14	16	16	10	18	90
•	46	43	29	48	41	54	54	315
ult, with intent to •	69	65	117	111	128	108	87	685
f the person on the y, and other places ding, and killing ent to steal	258	189	307	384	314	299	301	2,052
•	155	166	190	248	199	237	297	1,492
ds, receiving	388	289	406	531	463	611	581	3,269

TABLE II.—CONVICTIONS.

Nature of the Crimes of which Persons were convicted in Eng- land and Wales, (excluding London and Middlesex).	Number of Persons in the Years							Total
	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	183	
Arson and other burning of property	6	7	3	3	2	8	15	4
Bigamy	22	25	35	23	38	31	27	20
Burglary	302	276	311	368	171	108	104	1,54
Breaking into a dwelling- house, and larceny . .	128	112	125	240	350	561	527	2,84
— building, shop, &c. (not communicating with dwelling-house), & larceny	151	164	208	52
Coining	2	1	7	14	6	3
Coin, counterfeit, putting off, uttering, and having, &c.	206	176	210	223	205	256	243	1,51
Embezzlement (by servants)	71	70	91	101	135	130	122	72
Forgery of, & uttering forged instruments, other than Bank of England notes . .	18	16	8	20	32	24	17	12
— and uttering forged Bank of England notes . .	4	2	15	26	10	13	2	7
Fraudulent offences . . .	142	176	157	206	215	282	290	1,46
Horse-stealing	104	65	121	147	138	147	139	86
Larceny (not otherwise de- scribed)	6,914	7,293	8,089	8,858	8,199	9,444	8,969	57,7
— in a dwelling-house, &c.	188	186	222	223	74	81	100	1,07
— from the person . . .	446	532	658	722	682	724	759	4,31
Manslaughter	50	62	62	83	72	56	82	46
Murder	17	12	13	12	20	13	16	10
— shooting at, stabbing, wounding, and administer- ing poison with intent to murder, &c.	21	17	14	35	20	65	28	20
Perjury	3	7	6	6	7	4	9	4
Rape, &c.	9	6	4	11	5	7	9	5
— assault, with intent to commit	43	42	83	64	78	69	41	42
Robbery of the person on the highway and other places	124	93	144	204	155	147	166	1,03
Sheep-stealing, and killing with intent to steal . .	105	104	127	153	120	155	213	97
Stolen goods, receiving . .	184	131	157	235	229	277	277	1,46

Tab

TABLE III.—ACQUITTALS:

The Crimes for which were Tried and Ac- quitted in England and Wales in London and Mid-	Number of Persons in the Years							Totals.
	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	
other wilful burn- ing of property . . .	14	8	8	6	4	15	15	70
" " " " " "	3	7	5	5	6	7	11	44
" " " " " "	88	101	115	136	45	35	30	550
" " " " " "	33	27	27	44	102	167	136	536
" " " " " "					35	28	47	110
" " " " " "		2		7	2	1	3	15
" " " " " "	41	19	48	28	30	33	44	243
" " " " " "	36	26	39	39	47	35	48	270
" " " " " "	11	9	11	20	17	13	17	98
" " " " " "		2	3	12	1	1	1	19
" " " " " "	50	51	44	76	71	79	97	468
" " " " " "	32	49	36	60	32	27	37	273
" " " " " "	1,580	1,727	1,918	1,969	1,768	2,036	1,924	12,922
" " " " " "	54	46	59	52	33	31	26	301
" " " " " "	125	173	236	203	232	236	277	1,482
" " " " " "	49	56	71	53	54	66	50	399
" " " " " "	28	61	32	34	48	27	28	248
" " " " " "	35	29	26	29	41	39	45	244
" " " " " "	1	3	7	9	8	6	3	37
" " " " " "	16	20	14	20	23	30	27	150
" " " " " "	12	17	16	27	31	25	28	156
" " " " " "	108	78	130	115	128	113	102	774
" " " " " "	32	41	40	60	57	63	52	345
" " " " " "	156	113	193	205	191	265	246	1,369

TABLE

TABLE IV.—BILLS THROWN OUT, AND PROSECUTIONS ABANDONED.

Nature of the Crimes with which Persons were Charged, against whom no Bills were found, and who were not prosecuted, (ex- cluding London & Middlesex)	Number of Persons in the Years							Total
	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	
Arson and other wilful burn- ing of property	8	7	6	5	8	14	5	53
Bigamy	6	1	2	1	2	..	3	15
Burglary	70	51	52	68	33	28	21	323
Breaking into a dwelling- house, and larceny . . .	15	11	16	16	39	53	55	205
— building, shop, &c. (not communicating with dwelling-house), & larceny	9	12	8	29
Coining	1	..	2	3
Coin, counterfeit, putting off, uttering, and having, &c.	20	15	25	29	26	24	35	174
Embezzlement (by servants)	9	9	13	13	13	15	12	84
Forgery of, & uttering forged instruments, other than Bank of England notes .	1	7	9	13	6	5	6	47
— and uttering forged Bank of England notes	1	1
Fraudulent offences . . .	47	75	78	50	24	44	40	338
Horse-stealing	14	15	14	22	10	10	9	84
Larceny (not otherwise de- scribed)	1,060	1,067	1,115	1,187	1,022	1,148	1,138	7,737
— in a dwelling-house, &c.	33	33	19	20	15	7	8	145
— from the person . . .	124	130	161	156	165	178	198	1,112
Manslaughter	10	4	8	5	16	3	9	55
Murder	28	21	12	19	15	7	21	123
—, shooting at, stabbing, wounding, and adminis- tering poison, with intent to murder, &c.	15	11	7	18	11	11	7	80
Perjury	1	1	1	1	1	..	6	11
Rape, &c.	21	17	11	17	13	17	18	114
—, assault with intent to commit	14	6	18	20	19	14	18	109
Robbery of the person on the highway and other places	26	18	33	65	31	39	33	235
Sheep-stealing, and killing with intent to steal . . .	18	21	23	35	22	19	32	170
Stolen goods, receiving . .	48	45	56	91	43	69	58	410

The most cursory inspection of these tables shows the important and lamentable fact that, as to every crime, there is an immense disproportion between commitments and convictions; that nearly one-third of the persons committed for trial are not convicted. We shall presently allude to some causes contributing to produce this unhappy result. At present we shall only inquire how far this small proportion of convictions can be ascribed to the punishment of death, to which we perpetually hear the fact exclusively attributed by the declaimers against the existing law. We are perpetually told that capital punishments produce a conspiracy by prosecutors, witnesses, judges, and juries, against the execution of the law; and that in proportion as punishments are mild, their infliction is of course easy and certain. Mr. Bentham asserts this in that peculiar quaint *patois* in which he delights to enshrine his lucubrations.

* Now for a measure of the degree of this same reluctance. Would you have an instructive one? Take for the subject-matter of observation a place in which sympathy for sufferings ordained by law may be stated as being at its *minimum*—the heart of an English judge—case, prosecution for theft—subject-matter, nine-and-thirty pieces of gold—value, nine-and-thirty pounds sterling—Judge's charge—gentlemen of the jury find the value nine-and-thirty shillings. *Note*—that in England the verdicts of jurymen are given on their oath.*

It was of course quite beneath Mr. Bentham to know that in 1831, when he was writing, it would be very idle for a judge to order a jury to reduce the value to 39s., because the law no longer made stealing to the amount of 40s. capital, the sum having been, for five years then last past, raised to 5*l*. If the statement is meant as a fact, it happens to be as untrue as Mr. Bentham's law is incorrect. Whatever *juries* may occasionally have done, no *judge* of the realm ever did direct a jury to find the value of stolen property in flat opposition to the evidence. But we

* See 'Jeremy Bentham to his Fellow Citizens of France on Death-punishment,' 1831, which, when translated into English out of that obscure, unliving dialect which gives a sort of mystery to it, is as trite and *vetuline* a tissue of sophistry as was ever introduced with such a flourish as 'Fellow-citizens! hear me speak a second time!' One of this philosopher's main arguments against 'death-punishment' is, that it tends to produce murder, that is, that it enables a man's enemy, who desires to make away with him, to invent a capital charge, and procure witnesses to swear away his life!—doubtless a very simple process, easily effected at the Old Bailey! Another is the dreadful increase of 'pardon-power' in the king, which enables him to murder any man at pleasure, that is, to command an agent to commit the murder of any obnoxious subject, and then, when the agent has been publicly tried and convicted, to confer on him a pardon! a circumstance so probable as to render the king's prerogative of mercy dreadful to think on! We half incline to agree with Jeremy when he says, 'Thus mischievous is this same word *mercy*. In a penal code, having for its first principle the *greatest-happiness-principle*, no such word could occur.' A somewhat singular opinion for an abolisher of capital punishment.

apologize for being serious—it is obvious that the whole passage is only one of Mr. Bentham's pleasant exaggerations—one of those amiable *facetiae* which we understand are considered laughing matter among the utilitarians of Queen-square.

The above tables, it will be seen, are not, like Mr. Wakefield's, confined to capital crimes, but embrace others which are punished only with imprisonment and transportation. Taken together, they not only give the means of tracing the increase of the several crimes, their fluctuation in various years, but also of comparing the number of acquittals and convictions, and bills thrown out, with the number of offences, both capital and minor, for which parties were committed for trial in the years to which the tables apply. The comparison of Tables Nos. 1 and 3 undoubtedly proves that the acquittals for capital offences are more frequent than those for minor offences,—but this to a very far less extent than is commonly imagined and asserted. In cases of burglary, from one-fourth to one-fifth of the prisoners committed are, on trial, acquitted; in cases of house-breaking, about one-fifth; in cases of forgery of general instruments, about one-third; in cases of forgery of bank-notes, only one-fifth, which is also the proportion in horse-stealing cases; and it is not larger in that particular offence of stealing to 5*l.* value in a dwelling-house, which Mr. Bentham selects for an especial instance of the reluctance of judges and jurors, and of their wilful perjury to defeat the law. In cases of murder, rape, and highway robbery (as to which no one but Mr. Bentham doubts the propriety of the punishment of death, and as to which judges and juries have certainly no hesitation to convict), the acquittals are much higher, being about one-half of the committals. Now, how stands the comparison as to those crimes in the Tables which are *not punished with death*? Are the acquittals at all materially less in such cases? In the offence of embezzlement and the various frauds classed under 'fraudulent offences,' the acquittals are one-fourth; that is, precisely as numerous as in the capital crime of burglary, and more numerous than in the capital offences of house-breaking, forgery of bank-notes, and larceny in a dwelling-house to the amount of 5*l.* In cases of manslaughter, which is not punished with death, the acquittals are one-half, being the same proportion as in the case of murder, which is always punished with death; and in the minor offences of perjury and receiving stolen goods, the proportion of acquittals is equally large. Taking the whole number of capital offences in the Tables, and comparing them with the whole number of minor crimes during the whole period of seven years, there is a slight advantage as to the proportion of acquittals, in the minor offences. In the capital crimes, the acquittals are somewhat more than one-fourth; whereas,

whereas, in the minor offences, they are only about one-fifth. But it must be observed, that the difference is in a considerable degree accounted for by the very large proportion of acquittals in the four crimes of arson, murder, rape, and felonious stabbing and wounding,—as to which crimes, be it remembered, there is no reluctance in judges or juries to give effect to the law, and where, therefore, the frequent acquittals must be ascribed to some other cause. We beg therefore to ask, whether it does not appear, from these indisputable facts, that mild punishments are attended with a great uncertainty of infliction,—that lesser criminals do in fact escape from justice nearly in an equal degree with those charged with offences which affect their lives? Here and there an instance may occur, like that in 1828, where (according to Mr. Wakefield's assertion) a man was acquitted of forgery contrary to the evidence; but it is perfectly manifest, that if these instances were frequent, as Mr. Wakefield asserts, and as Mr. Bentham, with so much wit, insinuates,—if judges and juries 'constantly nullified the law by saving from capital conviction one whom they believe to be capitally guilty,'—the fact must appear by the results of the Tables,—by a very much larger excess of acquittals in capital cases over those in minor cases than that which we have shown actually to exist.

What says Sir Archibald Macdonald, a most experienced judge, and great advocate for reducing the number of capital crimes, when examined before Sir James Mackintosh and the Committee? 'The Committee were pleased to ask, whether I observed considerable reluctance in convictions for forgery—The forgery itself being rarely proved upon the prisoners in the case of negotiable paper, the charge that is usually proceeded in, and sometimes followed with conviction, is the *uttering* the instrument knowing it to be forged. When I spoke of reluctance, I meant it in the same sense as I have spoken of it before, *not a hesitation to convict in a satisfactory case*, but great anxiety and care, the case being so highly penal and capital punishment rarely remitted. When I spoke of reluctance in juries, I meant to say that in this case they require, and the Court encourages them to require, a very strong and clear connexion of facts from whence the fatal inference may be drawn—but that being once done, and to their satisfaction, *there then is no reluctance in pronouncing the verdict*, excepting that which must always take place when one man delivers another over probably to death.'—p. 55.

In another place Sir Archibald says,—

'In proportion as the danger is great, juries are more watchful; but in a clear case, *I never saw any reluctance to convict.*'—p. 50.

The late Sir W. D. Evans, an experienced lawyer and magistrate, speaking as to Lancashire, is asked—

'With respect to the disinclination of prosecutors to proceed, through their

their being deterred from its being a capital punishment, in some cases, have you made any observation that coincides with what has been stated by a former witness?—*A.* I never saw anything of the kind, for, commonly, the magistrate's clerks conduct the prosecution, and are, therefore, perhaps, to be looked on as public prosecutors.'—p. 29.

To Mr. Shelton, the late experienced clerk of the peace for Middlesex, who thought there was, of late years, some disinclination to prosecute for forgery, though not for horse-stealing, or shop-lifting, or for any violent crimes, this question is put:—

† I would ask you generally, do you not think that in offences not atrocious, if the punishment were mitigated, the prosecutions and convictions would become more certain?—*A.* No: parties are not prevented after the offenders are committed: for then they are irritated, and the offender is taken before a magistrate, and put in the course of prosecution by the injured party being put under recognizance, so that they have not any discretion to exercise; and, unless in cases where the punishment depends much upon the value of the property, I do not observe any disinclination in jurors to convict in one case more than another.'—*Evidence*, p. 27.

If we compare the numbers in the Table No. 4 with those of Table No. 1, the result is even somewhat less indicative of any advantage as to superior certainty of conviction in the minor over the capital offences. The Table No. 4, containing those cases as to which the prosecutions are abandoned, or where the grand jury throws out the bill, affords, it must be remembered, the same sort of light as to the conduct of prosecutors, witnesses, and grand jurors, which the Table No. 3 gives as to that of the judges and the petty jury who try criminals. Now, what is the result? It appears that the cases of bills thrown out and prosecutions abandoned in the capital crime of burglary are as one in seven; in the capital offence of house-breaking, one in thirteen; in the capital crime of coining, one in fifteen; in forgery, one in six; in forgery of bank-notes, only one in ninety-three! * in horse-stealing cases, one in fourteen; in larceny in a dwelling-house, one in ten; in murder they are as many as one in four; in cases of cutting and stabbing, they are one in six; in cases of sheep-stealing, one in eight. Now, in the list of offences not punished with death, do we find any diminution at all important of the number of prosecutions abandoned, and bills thrown out by the grand jury? By no means. We find in fraudulent offences and in larceny from the person, the prosecutions given up and bills thrown out are

* The Bank *always* prosecutes—which accounts for there being no prosecutions for this crime abandoned; but how is it that there are not more bills thrown out by the grand jury, if the reluctance to give effect to the law be such as Mr. Bentham, Mr. Wakefield, and others allege?

about one in six, that is, precisely the same amount as in the capital offences of forgery and stabbing, and more than double the number in the capital crimes of house-breaking, coining, and horse-stealing. In the minor offences of perjury and receiving stolen goods, the bills thrown out and prosecutions dropped, are as many as one in eight, being about the same proportion as in the capital crime of sheep-stealing, and higher than that in the capital offence of highway robbery; and in the minor offence of uttering counterfeit coin, the bills thrown out and prosecutions abandoned, are actually one in eleven; whereas in the capital crime of coining, they are only one in fifteen. Taking the whole of the capital and the whole of the minor crimes together, the proportion of bills thrown out and dropped prosecutions as to the former, are about one in eight; and as to the latter, about one in nine—a difference perfectly slight and immaterial.

What then is the obvious inference to be drawn from these facts? It is this—that, although the number of abortive prosecutions and of cases fruitlessly sent before juries is most mischievously large,—capital punishment is not to be charged with producing this effect, since it is exhibited as much, or very nearly as much, as to those minor offences which are only the subject of milder inflictions. It is clear, that as far as juries are concerned, there is no such strongly operative dislike to the punishment of death as to induce them to ignore bills or acquit prisoners for capital crimes in greater proportion than for lesser offences. We have no doubt that, as stated by Sir A. Macdonald, in proportion as the danger is great, juries of both kinds are more watchful—that, feeling a strong sense of the awful responsibility attaching on their inquiries, they are more strict in sifting the evidence and weighing its probabilities. Who can doubt that they ought to be so? But it is clear that if there existed any such general and deep dislike to the infliction of capital punishments as to induce them to tamper with their oaths, and ignore bills, or pronounce verdicts contrary to the proofs before them, (as is perpetually and confidently alleged,) the fact must appear by the numbers in the returns.

Mr. Wakefield, indeed, who has never compared the returns as to the capital crimes with those as to minor offences, and whose statements proceed on a constant assumption that *capital punishments prevent convictions*, is somewhat surprised at the small number of bills ignored by grand juries as to capital offences; and finding it, therefore, impossible to ascribe the rarity of convictions to any *pia fraus* of grand jurors in defeating the law, he speculates, in another strain, upon the matter.

* Explain how so many true bills are found by the grand jury. The explanation

explanation is easy—First, the bribed prosecutor or witness is generally desirous to avoid the forfeiture of his recognizance, and for that purpose goes through the form of his part in the prosecution, taking care to shape his evidence in favour of the accused.—Secondly, the prosecutor or witness, whose humanity or sense of religion impels him to cheat the law of its prey, is actuated by a motive which would be condemned by society, or rather, an honourable motive leads him to do that which is itself a crime and which society would reprobate.

(If society reprobate such defeats of the law, it is clear they are not hostile to the law itself.)

‘He is ashamed, if not afraid, to avow his noble weakness, and he too, consequently, bears his part formally in the prosecution, preferring the crime of perjury’—

(The religious man, observe !)

‘to the *ill will* of society.—Thirdly, considerable allowance must be made for this, that the witness who desires to swear falsely to save a life, may have no opportunity of doing so without palpably exposing his intention until he be subjected to cross-examination.—Lastly, it often happens that the prisoner’s friends do not exert themselves vigorously with prosecutors and witnesses until a true bill has been found, and the nearer prospect of conviction and execution comes to disappoint the idle hope which they indulged of the bill being thrown out without their interference.’—p. 58.

This specious and plausible explanation of Mr. Wakefield happens to be at variance with facts and experience. In the first place, we happen to KNOW that there is scarcely ever an instance at an assize of criminals escaping (*when once put upon trial*) from the sort of conduct in prosecutors and witnesses which Mr. W. imagines. Cross-examination often perplexes a weak, or frightens a timid witness, and quite as often confirms and clenches the testimony of one who hesitates. But the notion of cross-examination drawing out the latent reluctance and humanity of the prosecutor, and affording a bridge to his ready perjury in favour of the prisoner, is really a mere vision of the brain, not realized in criminal courts of justice. The truth is, that the trial before the petty jury is not the stage at which ‘religion,’ and ‘humanity,’ and ‘noble weakness’ show their influence upon prosecutors and witnesses. Where these motives do operate, they operate to produce concealment of the offence and a *total refusal* to prosecute. Dr. Lushington declined, from humanity, to prosecute his servant who robbed him; but if the man had been once on his trial, and Dr. L. put into the box as a witness, does any one believe he would have perjured himself from humanity? Mr. Fowell Buxton has religious scruples as to the punishment of death, which have prevented his prosecuting criminals; but does any one imagine his religion ever led

led him to take the absurd course of going with his case before a grand jury, and then on the trial availing himself of the opportunity of cross-examination to commit false swearing out of regard to conscience and to piety?

But even admitting that Mr. Wakefield described accurately the sort of processes by which capital felons avert conviction for their crimes, we should be glad to hear his explanation of the fact appearing from our tables, that the receiver of stolen goods, the embezzler, the swindler, and the cheat, who run no risk of the gallows, almost exactly as often (*after commitment*) prevent the conviction for their delinquencies. Do 'humanity,' and a 'sense of religion,' and 'honourable motives,' and 'noble weakness,' induce prosecutors, judges, and jurors to perjure themselves to rescue a pickpocket from the whipping-post or the treadmill, as well as to save a forger from death? Surely, in these cases, other motives must be sought for. Mr. Wakefield, and every witness who can speak upon the topic, will prove that they are not wanting. The various and powerful causes which operate to prevent prosecutions, without the least reference to the degree of punishment, should, indeed, be most carefully and seriously considered before any change in the law is attempted. Indolence, selfishness, fear of expense, dislike to public exhibitions, and, above all, the interested desire to procure restitution of the property lost, operate quite as much as any of Mr. Wakefield's 'honourable motives' to prevent prosecutions for capital as well as minor offences. Were the law mitigated, we are convinced that numbers of those who now persuade others, and perhaps themselves, that their refusal to prosecute proceeds solely from those pardonable motives, would be found still compromising with offenders, and evading, under other pretexts, the discharge of an onerous public duty. Persons who are the subjects of depredation are now often happy to find that certain views of religion and humanity (we think most erroneous ones) justify the course which self-interest and regard to ease, in fact, induce them to pursue.

What says Mr. Wakefield himself?

'The first, the constant thought and occupation of a prisoner on being committed for trial is to devise means of tampering with his prosecutor and the witnesses against him. If he have money, and his prosecutor and the witnesses be open to bribery, money is not spared. But the most common mode in which prosecutors are bribed is by the return of the property taken* from them by violence, stealth, or forgery; and I may add, only repeating a statement oftentimes made to me by persons concerned in such transactions, that in some

* For an account of this sort of compromise by respectable parties, see the curious 'Memoirs of Hardy Vaux, a Swindler and Thief,' p. 80—83.

cases, where the stolen goods have been wholly or partly out of the prisoner's reach, *other stolen goods, over which he has control, supply their place*, and are received without too careful an examination by persons who would have rejected money with scorn.'—p. 55.

Mr. Shelton says—

'I happened to know that there were two other forgeries said to be committed by that man likewise; but *the friends of the man raised the money, and the parties were satisfied*. Probably the disinclination to prosecute arises more in regard to forgeries to an inconsiderable amount; but if it be an object to the parties forged upon, if the sum be large, it is of importance to them *if they can get repaid*.'—*Evidence*, p. 25.

James Soaper, Esq., says to the Committee—

'I can only say, were I forged upon, I certainly would not come forward to prosecute.' 'Would you come forward to prosecute in case the penalty were anything less than death?' 'I have not made up my mind upon that.'—*Evidence*, p. 96.

William Searle Bentall, Esq., says—

'I have, as a banker, seen various instances of forgeries, which have not been prosecuted; I cannot say whether it was from a motive of saving expense, or from a fear that the party would be hanged, which they consider too severe a punishment.'—p. 113.

Sir Robert Peel, from his knowledge as Home Secretary, stated in the House of Commons, on the 24th May, 1830,

'It constantly happens that country bankers propose to the Bank of England, in cases where forged bills of the latter are paid to the former, to give the Bank all the information in their power, *if it will prosecute or be at half the expense*; but when they find the Bank will do neither, *they decline to prosecute*.'

A most important fact was also stated by Mr. Fowell Buxton in the House, 7th June, 1830, showing that the present law has a clear influence, in one respect, in checking forgeries, by inducing those who will not prosecute to resort to extraordinary precautions, which, under other circumstances, would not be adopted. Mr. Buxton, thinking that a banker who had stated publicly his aversion to prosecute before the Committee, must probably have been the mark for the practices of forgers, made the inquiry of him. 'In no case,' said he, 'have I paid a forged check. In consequence of the resolution to which I had come, I consider myself as placed out of the pale of the law, and I therefore have recourse to the *greatest precaution*, which as yet has kept me free from forgeries.'

Even Mr. Daniel Gurney, a respectable member of the Society of Friends, is by no means decisive as to a readiness to prosecute under a mitigated law.

'Do

'Do you consider it your duty to assist the Bank in a prosecution for forgery? Certainly not.

'Should you have any objection if the punishment were not so severe? No, *probably not*.'—*Evidence*, p. 115.

'Has any instance occurred where any other motive has prevented a prosecution for forgery than the punishment of death? In one instance I think it did; it was the first offence, and the offender had a very large family, so that we *probably might not have prosecuted even had the punishment been mitigated*.'—p. 116.

Mr. William Collins, a shopkeeper, having suffered depredations on his property, thought it necessary to prosecute a man.

'The question asked by my solicitor was, whether I would wish to indict him on the capital charge? I said that, if it affected the man's life, I would not for the world; and I consequently swore to the property below 40s. value.* This man was convicted, and sent on board the hulks. Indeed, what I *felt upon that occasion* determined me to avoid, as far as lay in my power, entering into further prosecutions.'—p. 111.

And yet all this worthy person's tender aversion to prosecute would have existed under a milder law—for he never admitted a question about prosecuting capitally, and from his first instructions to his solicitor, the charge was so framed that the prisoner's life was not in jeopardy.

A most powerful motive with bankers against prosecuting forgers (and a motive which would equally exist under a more lenient law) is their extreme aversion to give notoriety to the fact of forgeries being committed on them. Mr. Hoare (a most experienced banker) says, 'Bankers, when forged upon, are very unwilling to have it known. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to give even the roughest estimate of the number of forgeries committed.'—p. 115.

Mr. Fry, a banker of the Society of Friends, is asked—

'Have you heard it often said, that country bankers are deterred from prosecuting for forgeries, lest those prosecutions might endanger the credit of their establishment and the currency of their notes?—A. I know it by a very recent case, which has occurred within the last three or four months. A country banker told me a man was in their town pencilling their notes; that they had paid two or three; that they had their eyes then closely upon him; but he was artful, and they had not yet had an opportunity, as they thought, sufficiently of convicting the man under it.

'The reason why they did not prosecute in the first instance was not from the fear of affecting their credit? No; but they paid the

* In the very frequent cases where the property stolen consists of various articles, some of them being separately under the capital value, the prosecutor may certainly, without anything like *false swearing*, confine the prosecution to any one or more of the articles, though he thus undoubtedly evades the spirit of the law.

notes for fear of affecting their credit. I know of another country banker, for whom we paid one of those pencilled notes, and who gave orders to *pay such as came in, for fear of their credit being affected.* They took the man up—the conviction was not pressed—but he went abroad to avoid the consequences of the law, by agreement with his friends.—p. 74.

Mr. Josiah Conder, who is in favour of reducing the punishment of forgery, and thinks the public opinion agrees with his, (Sir A. Macdonald, like an accurate and thinking man, when vaguely asked by the Committee as to public feeling, replies, 'I do not know what the public feeling is on the subject,') observes, 'At the same time the Committee must be aware that there are so many considerations, besides that of the capital punishment, to deter persons from prosecuting, that it is rendered more difficult to come at cases of the precise nature which might be given in evidence.'—p. 89.

Now we have no desire to strain the inference from the above important facts beyond legitimate limits. The Tables, we are well aware, afford no information as to the offences which are never prosecuted at all. That prosecutions are occasionally suppressed from the objections of individuals to the capital punishment, we do not deny; but we beg the reader well to consider the extensive operation of those other frequent and potent motives above described, which must suppress prosecutions under *any law* whatever; and we refer to the Tables to substantiate the undoubted fact, that *after* a prosecution is once commenced, judges, juries, and witnesses do, under the existing law, generally perform their duty without reference to the punishment, and to show that by reducing the severity of the law we should not therefore render offenders more certain of conviction.

In considering the prudence of a change in the law, the legislator ought to ponder on the fact that, for a long series of years, crime upon the whole has steadily increased. It appears from the tables above, on a comparison of the average of the last six years with the year preceding them (1824), that the crimes in the tables have, during that period, sustained an increase of about one-fourth. We are well aware that this large increase of commitments does not indicate an equal augmentation of offences. The improved provisions for payment of the expenses of prosecutors, the increased activity of the police, the improvement in gaols—which has diminished the magistrates' reluctance to commit for slight offences,—the disuse of whipping and the stocks, and various other causes, have contributed of late years not only to a more effective detection and prosecution of criminals, but also to frequent committals for trifling offences, which before never appeared

appeared in the returns of crimes.* Still however, after all due allowance is made for these causes, there can be no doubt that the increased number of commitments has in a great degree been the result of an augmentation in the offences. The advocates for relaxation of capital punishment may contend that this fact shows the inadequacy of the existing laws for the repression of crime, and indicates a necessity for some change of system. Had the fact occurred at a period when capital penalties had been augmented by law, and when executions had been growing more frequent, they might fairly have pointed to the severity of the law, as apparently connected with such a state of things. But when we find that these seven years of increasing crime have been distinguished by an extensive repeal of capital felonies, and by a striking reduction of the number of executions, there is surely ground at least to suspect that the suddenly increased lenity of the law may not have been without some share in producing so unsatisfactory a result. At all events, the fact forms a strong additional ground for caution in our future proceedings. Though it may be impossible decisively to ascribe an increase of malady to any given relaxation of the sanatory laws, yet assuredly a period of increasing sickness is not precisely the moment which a prudent legislator would choose for the experiment of a further remission of their rigour.

An attempt, indeed, was made by the Marquess of Lansdown in the House of Lords, in the debates on the Forgery Bill in 1830, to show that the crime of forgery had increased most in London and Middlesex, where the punishment of death was most frequently inflicted for the offence; while, according to his lordship, in the rest of England and Wales, where executions for the crime were less frequent, the crime had sustained less increase. The tables above given relate only to England and Wales, and they do not show the number of executions; but we have before us the Parliamentary Returns for London and Middlesex, and also the number of executions for all crimes in the metropolis, as well as elsewhere. The result we find to be precisely the reverse of the statement of the Noble Marquess. In England and Wales, it appears, (as the reader will see by our Table No. 2,) that one hundred and thirty-five persons were convicted for forgery of general instruments (not including bank-notes) during the seven years, 1824 to 1830. From the returns of executions, it appears that only fourteen of these were executed,

* Mr. Dealtry, a Yorkshire magistrate, says, 'In former days persons were taken and pumped upon, or something of that sort; but now they are handed over to the police, and tried upon it.' It may well be doubted whether the change has been beneficial, considering the mischievous effects of a residence in a gaol.

that is to say, about one-ninth. Now in London and Middlesex the returns before us show that the convictions during those years for the same crime were thirty-seven, and the executions ten,—that is, from one-third to one-fourth part. But what was the increase in the crime of forgery in England and Wales, as compared with that in London and Middlesex during the period? Our Table No. 1 shows that, on a comparison of the average of the last six years with the year 1824, the crime of forgery of general instruments had increased in the provinces rather more than one-third, or, as eleven to thirty; while it appears from the returns before us, that in London and Middlesex there was, during those years, actually *no increase at all*. We appeal therefore to the tables to show precisely the opposite of the conclusion alleged (we know not from what *data*) by Lord Lansdown; and to prove (as they do conclusively) that where the punishment was so frequent that one-third of the convicted forgers suffered death, the crime was prevented from increasing at all, (notwithstanding all the facilities and temptations of the metropolis,) and that where only one-ninth were executed, the crime increased one-third in seven years.

But lest it should be said the Noble Marquess was speaking of the crime of forging bank-notes, and not of that of forging general instruments, we will appeal to the facts on the tables as to this crime also, which exhibit a similar, nay, a stronger, result. Our Table No. 2 shows, that there were seventy-two persons convicted in the seven years for this offence in England and Wales; of whom, according to the Parliamentary Returns before us, six were executed—being exactly one-twelfth. In London and Middlesex there were only five convictions, of whom three were executed, being more than half. Now what was the comparative increase of the crime? In the metropolis, where the severity of punishment was so very much greater, there was actually a *considerable diminution*, (in 1829 there was only one offence, in 1830 none;) while in England and Wales there was, as appears by our Table No. 1, actually more than a threefold increase in the seven years. Nor will a comparison of the increase of *other* capital crimes in London and Middlesex, with that which has taken place in the provinces, bear out the argument of the Noble Marquess, that the greatest increase of crime is seen to accompany the greatest severity of punishment. In London and Middlesex the executions of criminals are, compared to the *whole* convictions, as one in one hundred and twenty-seven; whereas, in the rest of England and Wales, the executions are as one only in one hundred and ninety-eight. Now, where do we find from the tables the most rapid increase of capital crimes? Considerable variations

variations appear as to particular crimes. Some have increased more in London and Middlesex, while others have sustained the greatest increase in the country districts; but looking to the whole class of capital crimes in England and Wales, appearing in our Table No. 1, there appears an increase in the last six years over the first year, of about one-fourth: whereas, on looking to the returns for London and Middlesex, the increase there has actually only been one-seventh during the same period.

It is clear, therefore, that not only as to the offences of forgery, (whether of general instruments or bank-notes,) but as to all capital offences generally, the additional severity of punishment used in the metropolis has been attended with a less rapid increase of crime, than has occurred in other parts of the kingdom where executions have been more rare. We do not conclusively pronounce that this severity has alone produced this favourable result; it may possibly in part arise from other causes; but when we find that, in England and Wales at large, crime has increased nearly twice as fast under the much milder administration of the law, as in the metropolis, where temptations and facilities are so much greater, the fact is surely most important, and we recommend it to the especial consideration of those who assert the existing severity of the law to be ineffectual in repressing crime.

But does the increased severity of punishment in the metropolis defeat the ends of justice, by rendering prosecutions less frequent or effectual there, than in the rest of the country, where the milder system prevails? This, be it observed, is asserted to be the common, if not the invariable, consequence of severity of punishment. Now how is the fact? On looking to the tables above as to England and Wales, we find, that the prosecutions abandoned and bills thrown out are about one-ninth of the commitments for trial; and on inspecting the returns for London and Middlesex the proportion appears precisely the same. The acquittals in England and Wales appear, from the above tables, to be about one-fifth of the commitments; in the metropolis they are certainly about one-fourth—a difference not very considerable, and which cannot be attributed to the increased number of executions in the capital, because it applies as much to the minor offences as to those punished with death.

But again—on comparing the numbers as to the minor offences with those as to capital crimes, we admit we do not find that the minor offences have increased *generally* with more rapidity than those punished with death. On looking, however, over our Table No. 1., and comparing it with the returns of executions in England and Wales, we certainly do observe the very striking fact, that all the capital crimes, with scarcely any exception, which have sustained the

greatest increase, are those for which the executions are the least frequent. In the crime of arson, where between one-third and one-fourth of those convicted were executed, there appears a diminution of the crime to the amount of *one-ninth* in the seven years. In the crime of murder, where nine-tenths were executed, there was a decrease of *one-fourteenth* part. In the crime of stabbing and wounding, where one-seventh were executed, there was no increase at all in the seven years. In the crime of rape, where from one-third to one-half suffered death, there was no increase at all. In the crime of forgery, where one-ninth were executed, there was an increase of one-third. In the crime of highway robbery, where one-fifteenth were executed, there was an increase of one-sixth; while in the crime of sheep-stealing, where only one-fiftieth suffered death, there was an increase of from one-third to one-half; and the offence of housebreaking, for which only one convict in seventy-five was executed, *nearly trebled in the seven years*. We by no means assert that other causes besides the terrors of capital punishment may not have tended to check the growth of some of the above crimes. We are willing to hope that some improvements in education, civilization, and manners, may have helped to diminish the more atrocious and sanguinary offences.* But when we find that forgery—the crime of all others suited to a refined, luxurious, immoral, but not ferocious age—has remained without increase only in London, where it has been so much more frequently punished with death, and that its increase in the provinces has not kept pace with that of other crimes more leniently dealt with, we think the legislature should well consider their steps, before they leave this most dangerous offence to be repressed by mere secondary punishments. Of the enormous facilities and temptations to forgery afforded by the commerce of London, and of the positive protection effected by the existing law, some notion may be formed from the facts stated by Sir Robert Peel, in June, 1830, in the House of Commons. While the stock accounts of the Bank of England amounted to 300,000*l.*; while they were effecting 1000 transfers per day, and cashing 400,000 cheques in a year, and had about

* Mr. Samuel Hoare, in his valuable evidence before the Committee on criminal commitments and convictions in 1828, says, 'I have made a great deal of inquiry of the persons themselves, as to their education, and I consider, as a general remark, that education diminishes the atrocity more than the extent of crime.' The number of convictions for murder in England and Wales, in ten years, from 1821 to 1830, was as follows:—23, 24, 12, 17, 12, 13, 12, 20, 13, 16. In France, the proportion of all crimes to the population is somewhat lower than in England, but the number of violent offences against the person, in France, is greater than in this country. The crimes against the person are to those against property in France, about one in ten—while in England they are not more than one in thirty. The Committee in 1828 observes, that 'crowded towns and flourishing manufactures seem to tend to increase depredations on property, and to diminish acts of violence against the person.'

25,000,000*l.* of paper circulation, their prosecutions for forgery (since the abolition of small notes) were sometimes only two at the assizes throughout the kingdom, and seldom exceeded four or five. While four great banking-houses in London paid cheques in the year to the amount of five millions, the forgeries committed on these bankers in the year 1826 were only eighteen, to the amount of 7500*l.*; in 1827, nineteen, to the extent of 7000*l.*; in 1828, sixteen, to the amount of 1500*l.*; in the year 1829, twelve, to the amount of only 2500*l.* Does any one imagine that such would long continue the state of things, if forgers were simply sent to the hulks or the colonies? It must be remembered that the Bank of England cases, and those of the London bankers, exhibit the *full amount* of forgeries detected;—there is here no uncertainty as to the number of crimes which may have been concealed by the parties injured; for those companies, unlike other prosecutors, *never compromise* with criminals—a most praiseworthy and useful rigour, which exposes them to the candid criticism of Mr. Wakefield.

* The members of this society feel that, as individuals, they would hesitate to protect themselves by pursuing forgers to the gallows.' (They feel no such thing; they feel simply that their exertions are inefficient when not acting in concert.)

* They therefore become a corporate body, and employ a ruthless attorney, so that the bloody work may be done collectively and by deputy. In cases of prosecution by this society, there is no prosecutor to tamper with, by appealing either to a sordid or a noble weakness, &c.—p. 67.

A cruel hardship truly on the plunderers! This is a specimen of that false cant of humanity by which *liberal* writers of the day perpetually endeavour to enlist public sympathy on behalf of the violators of law against its just enforcers. While the arts and audacity of criminals are every day on the increase—while forgers and swindlers are daily facilitating their depredations by more extensive organizations and conspiracies against the law, no sooner do respectable citizens combine their efforts for protection of themselves and the public, than all the sentimentalists, and reformers, and *roués* of the press, join in a clamorous charge of oppression and bloody persecution, which too often has its operation on the minds of well-meaning jurors. But that good men should combine * when bad men conspire, is a course we are convinced not
more

* How necessary are such associations in the present condition of society appears from the observation of the Committee on Criminal Commitments in 1829. 'It must be confessed that, of late years, the art of crime, if it may be so called, has increased faster than the art of detection. The improvement of communication, the employment

more essential in these days for the stability of political order, than for the enforcement of the laws protecting life and property; and when we see that, in an age like this, forgery has not increased in London in proportion with other crimes against property, we think that this most desirable effect may, in part, be attributed to the steady and useful firmness of the Bank and the London bankers, whom such writers as Mr. Wakefield shamefully calumniate and misrepresent.

We are well aware that it is only a chance of death, and not certain death, that the law holds in *terrorem* over forgers and other capital offenders. Were it otherwise, could capital punishment follow guilt as certainly as thunder follows the lightning-flash, we should not be driven to argue for the efficacy of the penalty. But how can we arrive at any opinion as to the terrors belonging to the chances of death which the law holds forth, except by observing the fears which death, as it approaches to certainty, inspires? If death is terrific when the chances of it are very great (as all experience and facts show it is), can it be imagined that it does not retain a considerable portion of terror—diminished in degree of course—when its chances are much reduced? If any persons doubt that death on the gallows when *nearly* contemplated by the capital convict is awfully terrific, we recommend them to read Mr. Wakefield's description of the religious services in the chapel of Newgate, which, with all his opposite bias, he cannot divest of the most appalling awe,—the accounts of the late scene in the murderer's cell, when the unhappy May heard his respite read by the chaplain—similar scenes described by Mr. Montagu* when he humanely conveyed a week's respite to a convict at Huntingdon—and by Hardy Vaux from his observations in Newgate, and to consider the fact that escape and *suicide* are perpetually attempted by the criminals condemned to death, and seldom by any others in Newgate. 'If there be any thing,' says Paley, 'that shakes the soul of a confirmed villain, it is the expectation of approach-

ment of young thieves by the elder and more practised, the crowded state of our gaols, and other causes, have tended, in many parts of the country, to make the plunderers of property a species of organized society, having their division of labour, their regular allies, and premeditated means of escape. At the same time, in the agricultural counties, the business of detection is often left to a village constable, who is perfectly unfit to deal with any but village crimes. In many of our large towns likewise, police has not been improved with the increase of the population, and in some instances the defect appears to arise from worse than negligence.'—p. 5. At a period when all means and appliances are requisite for strengthening the arm of the law against the enemies of good order and social security, we have seen with satisfaction the duties and powers of individuals for repressing riot and outrage lucidly and admirably expounded from the Bench, by one of the first Judges of the land. See Chief Justice Tindal's Charge to the Grand Jury at Bristol, which ought to be in every one's hands.

* *Thoughts on the Punishment of Death.* Introduction, p. vii.

ing death.' We know that those who have the best opportunities of observing the feelings of habitual depredators, pronounce them to be strongly in dread of public execution. An offender, who had before narrowly escaped conviction on a capital charge, was lately recommitted to Newgate for a minor crime. When one of the officers observed to him that his situation was now different from what it had been on the former occasion, he said, 'Yes, I always take care now to keep the rope below my arms.' Public execution then is, beyond all doubt, a penalty which operates, as its infliction becomes certain, with appalling horror on the minds of criminals, and which, therefore, according to all sound reasoning, must be inferred to possess a considerable degree of positive awe even when its infliction is matter of considerable uncertainty. It does attain, to a certain degree, the end of punishment, '*ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat*.' Now, we confidently ask, whether there is any other punishment inflicted by the existing law which, even *when certain*, carries with it any considerable degree of terror to offenders? any dread at all adequate to counteract those powerful temptations and incentives which, in the present feverish and diseased condition of society, impel necessitous men to the commission of the more pernicious and the more lucrative crimes? That transportation, when *absolutely certain*, is regarded with little alarm—that the hulks offer an exchange of vicious companionship and attractive indulgences to the thief and the swindler—that county gaols afford sustenance and comforts at least equal to any which can be precariously obtained by the depredator, we shall presently show from unquestionable evidence. But assuming for a moment that these penalties have terrors, can any one doubt that unless their infliction, by means of conviction, is to a very great degree more certain than that of the penalty of death, their deterring influence must be incomparably smaller? And yet we have shown that, as to uncertainty of infliction, they stand almost exactly on the same footing, and that, after commitment at least, almost precisely as many minor criminals escape from justice as offenders charged with capital crimes. If the terrors of death then are insufficient to arrest the progress of crime, can any reflecting man think that society can at present with safety rest the protection of property solely on those secondary punishments which possess scarcely any terror at all to offenders, and which are hardly less difficult of actual infliction than the last degree of severity?

But Mr. Wakefield, who admits the necessity of capital punishment as to *considerable* forgers (we see not how *amount* can well ground a distinction,) adduces a most extraordinary proof of the absence of terror in the penalty of death.

'Yet

'Yet when the prisoner's chance of escape has been reduced from perhaps five hundred to one, to ten to one, he is still confident, obstinately confident, of escaping the punishment which the law awards for his offence. This statement applies to nearly every case. Let the most careful inquiry be made, and it will be found, that hardly ever does a capital convict under sentence of death, but not ordered for execution, expect to be hanged. Now, compare this remarkable fact with another. It shall be found that of prisoners in Newgate charged with minor offences, for which the punishment is slight, a large proportion fully expect to be punished—persons liable to slight punishments, though they may hope to escape altogether, are seldom *confident* on that point, but generally mix up with their exertions for an acquittal and their hope of liberty a good deal of thought about their conviction and preparation for undergoing the punishment.'—p. 134.

Now, this contrast of the capital and minor convicts, far from being a proof that death has no terrors for the former, seems to us to prove directly the reverse. If death had no terrors beyond those which attend imprisonment or transportation, the capital offender would, we have no doubt, sit down to calculate his chances of escape or execution, with the same *sang-froid* and self-possession, which, according to Mr. Wakefield, the minor criminal displays. It is the overwhelming horror of possible execution, which the mind dares not contemplate, which disturbs all sober calculations, and which he drives from his thoughts by sanguinely clinging in imagination to life, till his fate is irrevocably sealed. He is in the situation of a gamester who has staked his all. The extent of the risk disturbs all those calculations of the chances of the game, which are made with composure by the smaller adventurer. If the mother never soberly estimates the chances of recovery of her only infant, is it not rather owing to the excess than to the absence of alarm?

Mr. Wakefield is betrayed into perpetual contradictions and inconsistencies by his endeavour to distort the strong and irresistible evidence of the awe belonging to the capital sentence into harmony with his favourite theory that death is not terrific. In one page he talks of 'keeping all the horrors of the punishment of death (that it has horrors, no one will deny) constantly before the public eye.' In another he says, 'If there were any terrors in the punishment of death, evidence of them would appear on this occasion,' (when the bodies of those executed are hanging in the street;) and yet, soon after, he admits (at p. 196) that 'the universal substitution of transportation for death, as a punishment, would lead to an increase of crime.' He describes the 'agony of suspense excited among the prisoners, and their friends, by the approach of every Recorder's report;' and informs us (p. 148), that "'How thin he grows!'" is the common remark of the other prisoners when speaking

ing of one who has passed a month in the condemned pew.' 'In several instances I have seen brown hair turned gray, and gray white, by a month of suspense such as most London capital convicts undergo.' (p. 48.) Now let it be remembered that the criminals thus wasting under an agony of suspense are in a predicament where their risk of death is but slight, where the chances are thirty or forty to one in favour of their being transported and not hanged;—and yet such is the effect produced by this uncertain chance of that execution which has no terrors being kept for a few weeks hanging over their heads! That the suspense alone will account for the effects described we entirely disbelieve. Remove the dread of death—let the only doubt be, whether imprisonment or transportation is to be the convict's fate—and we believe his hair will retain its colour and his cheeks their roundness.

That Mr. Wakefield's statements are often exaggerated, and coloured, and misrepresented, we know from the most indubitable authority. Mr. Wakefield, who never was or could be present at any execution during his abode in Newgate, (being confined in the interior of the prison,) says,—

'I am able to assert positively, that in every case but one, (*executions for murder inclusive*,) the assembled crowd sympathized with the criminal, and expressed feelings of compassion towards the dying person, and of hatred towards the law and its principal executioner, the judge of the fourth and fifth trial.

Mr. Wakefield means the object of his, and of every convict's, especial antipathy, the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

'On every other occasion the sympathy and anger of the crowd were expressed by such cries as "God bless you!" "Shame, shame!"'—p. 175.

Now if these expressions were addressed by the crowd to dying murderers (as Mr. Wakefield states), we beg to ask what must have been the character of the crowd, and what the value of any feelings they expressed? But we happen to know, from persons *officially present on all such occasions* during the three years in question, that this account is grossly exaggerated and untrue—that the crowd on these occasions scarcely once uttered any expression either of sympathy for the convict or dislike to the law, still less to the Secretary of State, and that if the expressions mentioned were on any occasion uttered, it was by brother depredators who mingled with the crowd. Mr. Wakefield, indeed, in the next page says—

'From the reports of thieves, and other criminals, whom I questioned on this point, not occasionally but whenever an opportunity occurred, during three years, I feel assured that a considerable proportion of the crowds

crowds which assemble to witness executions in London consists of thieves.—‘There is hardly a regular thief in London who has not gone out of his way to be present at executions.’—p. 176.

But supposing the scene were as it is described—that Mr. Wakefield should adduce it as a proof that public execution is not terrific to the spectators (for this is the purpose for which he cites it) appears to indicate a most extraordinary confusion of ideas.

By way of raising a prejudice against the just severity of the law, Mr. Wakefield has grossly misrepresented a fact which occurred in Newgate in 1827, respecting a young man under sentence of death:—

‘On the morning of execution,’ says Mr. Wakefield, ‘he managed to elude the watchfulness of the turnkeys, and to climb up the pipe of a cistern in the Press-yard, as some supposed to drown himself in the cistern, but more probably with the wild hope of escaping. Be this as it may, he fell into the pavement of the yard, and seriously injured his legs. Though every one knew that he would be hanged presently, he was attended by a surgeon, who dressed his wounds with the same care as if surgical skill could have preserved the use of those limbs for years.’

We should be glad to know whether Mr. Wakefield would have had his sentence remitted, simply because he had injured his ankle, or whether he would humanely have abstained from binding up his wound because the unhappy man was to die in a few hours?

‘He was carried from the Press-yard to the scaffold, and in the struggle of death blood flowed from his wounds, which became *visible to the crowd*. This shocking scene was known and commented upon by a great part of the population of London. Respectable shopkeepers in the neighbourhood of the scene of execution were heard to say that worse than a murder had been committed, and that they should like to see the Home Secretary treated in the same way. . . . Within Newgate, among the mass of prisoners awaiting their trials, a sentiment of ferocious anger and desperate recklessness was created, such as, if frequently aroused and generally prevalent, would be the cause of innumerable and horrid crimes.’—p. 91.

Now, supposing all this sensation had really been produced by this accident, occasioned by the poor convict himself, what has it to do with the justice or injustice of capital punishment, or what inference could be drawn from it as to the effect of such punishments, either on the criminals within Newgate or the public without? But the facts as stated are misrepresented—untrue. A little blood did indeed escape from the unhappy man’s wound—but it was *wholly invisible to the crowd*; since the only wound was about the ankles, whereas, when the fatal fall has taken place, the convict’s legs beneath the thigh are entirely out of sight of the people—though the few
persons

persons about the scaffold, among whom are generally some newspaper-reporters, might possibly observe it. We find, however, on turning to the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* of the next day, that the fact is very slightly mentioned as an incident in the execution, without a word as to any indignation or expression of feeling, and the *Chronicle*, which disposes of the matter in about twenty lines, says, 'the crowd was unusually small.' As to any indignation among the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood, we know from those who saw the execution, who live on the spot, and heard it spoken of, that nothing of the kind was manifested. And we also know, that the 'ferocious anger' and 'desperate recklessness' displayed by the prisoners, are equally the colouring of Mr. Wakefield's own imagination. Another statement of Mr. Wakefield, which would startle most readers, and is obviously calculated to raise a prejudice against the truly judicious and humane administration of the prison where he was confined, is equally unfounded. Speaking of persons convicted of murder, he says, 'If visited at all, it is only by a clergyman, and that by stealth, as it were, since it is understood that the offices of religion are denied to the murderer.'—p. 87. Now, the fact is, there is *no such inhuman understanding*—and the proof is, that though murderers are, from obvious considerations of decency, not brought into the chapel during public service, they are visited, and admonished, read to, and prayed with, by the ordinary of Newgate, and very often by other clergymen whom they may desire to converse with.

But Mr. Wakefield's exaggerations and rash conclusions are no where more conspicuous than in his long and laboured chapters on the Recorder's report, and the appeal to the Privy Council in cases of capital sentence. The reader is probably aware of the difference which exists between the mode of last decision on capital cases in London and Middlesex, and that which is adopted at the assizes in all other counties. Owing to an unwillingness to reduce, in any degree, the blessed prerogative of sparing forfeited life belonging to the Sovereign, all the capital convicts in London and Middlesex are formally and solemnly sentenced to death by the Recorder of London, and are left in the cells of Newgate to await the final decision of the king in council, as to infliction or remission of their sentence. At the provincial assizes, on the contrary, none are sentenced to death whom the judges, on deliberation, do not intend to leave for execution; but the judge, under the authority of an act of parliament, (which does not apply to London,) records the sentence of death against the other capital convicts, and only passes on them in court the sentence which they are actually to undergo. We have not now space to examine the important question which of these two systems is the

the best adapted to the metropolis—for that is in truth the real point to be settled. The plan used at the assizes has the advantage of more rapidly clearing the gaols, of avoiding any state of suspense to convicts, (which, to the few ultimately executed, seems cruel, though we think not at all so to those reprieved,) and of precluding the passing a number of solemn sentences of death by the judge, the great majority of which are known by all to be mere matters of form. Mr. Wakefield, not content to reason on this serious question, ventures peremptorily to pronounce that the London system produces ‘gross injustice in every decision of the Privy Council;’ that the appeal is ‘all a lottery, but with the chances considerably in favour of a wrong decision;’ that ‘the most experienced and artful offender has the best chance of escape, whilst the most ignorant and perhaps innocent of convicts is the most likely to be killed;’ that ‘long practice as a judge of last resort in London (the Home Secretary) tends to harden a man’s heart,’ ‘On every occasion, it appeared to me, that many persons had been spared, not any of whom were less guilty, or guilty of crimes less injurious to society, than persons either then condemned or who had been executed shortly before.’ Now, we quite admit, that a man who has passed three years in the convicts’ ward in Newgate is entitled to talk *ex cathedrâ* on some matters on which less qualified critics may be excused for being ignorant—but really for Mr. Wakefield, on the strength of this qualification—on the score of his peripatetic dialogues with transports and swindlers, (to the prisoners under sentence of death he *had no access*,) to erect himself into a judge of review upon the difficult, the secret, the perplexing cases decided on by the responsible Privy Council and Home Secretary on facts known authentically only to themselves, is the most monstrous instance of temerity to which the vanity of man ever led him. What could Mr. Wakefield know accurately of the merits or characters of any one of the convicts whom he saw at a distance in the condemned pew in the chapel? And yet, on the authority of the floating tittle-tattle and hearsay of the press-yard, Mr. Wakefield presumes to arraign the determinations of functionaries, who, with a conscientious caution and industry, which made their administration ever memorable, sifted and canvassed the facts poured in on them by the parties, heard their friends and examined their statements, and then deliberately on their responsibility advised their sovereign—not who were most guilty in law, for all were found guilty and sentenced to die by a judge and jury, but—which cases presented those favourable circumstances which might warrant the exercise of the prerogative of mercy. We do not possess the evidence (any more than Mr. Wakefield) to try over again these awful

issues;

issues; but this we know, that whatever the convicts may have gossiped, the superiors of Newgate, and those officers best qualified to estimate the characters of the criminals, almost invariably approved these determinations;—nay, that, in repeated instances, they showed to the city magistrates lists of those under sentence, whose lives they considered in danger, and in *almost every case correctly anticipated* the ultimate decision of the Council and the Home Secretary. Unless reprieves are wholly abolished, this discretion must be vested somewhere. Whether it is most advantageously lodged in the judge of assize, or in the cabinet ministers, we will not now examine; but Mr. Wakefield's folly and presumption in impugning the propriety of determinations, as to the merits of which he could not by possibility possess any competent knowledge, do not inspire any great deference for his judgments on the other topics of his book.

But, says the eloquent member for Calne, with a gravity which we find it difficult to preserve, what terrors can uncertain chances of the gallows possess for criminals, when every one has courage to fight a duel, and every lawyer would go as chief justice to Calcutta or Bombay? We quite admit that every one who gives offence has now-a-days courage to fight a duel, or—to explain and apologise—but when we observe the laughable evasions and preposterous refinements, which are every day resorted to in order to escape the former alternative, we think a more unlucky test of the courage of mankind, and of their disregard of death, could hardly have been selected. But granted that offenders against manners are as ready for single combat as they undoubtedly are for amicable epistles and messages, we beg to ask, what but the fear of death is the sole basis of that code of honour, which—(however all must regret that the weakness of religious feeling should leave society to be in any measure dependent on such a system)—no one can deny, produces most powerful effects on the good manners and harmony of worldly intercourse? Small as is the risk of a modern meeting at Putney, and rarely as this small risk is encountered, can any one doubt that the dislike to encounter it produces an habitual influence on the demeanour and conduct of individuals in society, and effectually—often ludicrously—enforces lessons of moderation and self-control? The risk of death in a duel, which is incurred by one who gives another the lie, is incomparably less than the risk of death by the executioner, which is run by the forger of a banker's cheque;* and yet, while no one doubts that, in the present state of opinion and senti-

* The member for Calne boldly asserts the reverse. We leave the reader to judge between us.—See his speech on the 7th of June, 1830, on the Forgery Bill, reported in the *Mirror of Parliament*.

ment, the decencies of general society are preserved by the law of honour, we are told that the forger's chances of the gallows are so slight, as to produce no terrors in his mind. With respect to the sixty or seventy applications by ambitious and hungry lawyers for every vacant judgeship in India, we would ask any one, knowing the state of Westminster Hall, whether these solicitations would not be quintupled, were Calcutta as healthy as London? In the present enormous excess of the legal population beyond legal means of subsistence, the fact of there being *so few* applications for such lucrative appointments is a proof of a very sensitive dislike to liver-complaints and cholera, and of a more than common aversion to take up an abode under a rate of mortality materially higher than what prevails in England. But we beg pardon—it is mere trifling to waste words on such questions, when every reader must have seen long ago, that neither what the world considers honourable death in a duel, nor virtuous and lamented decease in the discharge of useful functions abroad, has the least analogy to that compulsory and opprobrious destruction by the common hangman, closing a career of crime, with an exit of infamy, which holds its terrors over the head of the capital criminal. To show that men may not fear to die, does not prove that they are indifferent to being hanged at Newgate. The death that Bacon shows to be encountered with alacrity, by various passions, and to produce ‘little alteration in good spirits,’ at its approach, is the death of the virtuous, the brave, the honourable, the beloved—that death ‘which openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy,’—that death, which undoubtedly cannot scare the hero from the forlorn hope, nor drive the physician from the bed of pestilence and contagion, which has no terrors for the lover seeking to preserve the object of his passion. But because honourable death—the happy and approved retreat from life—may be calmly encountered by an approving conscience, and stands stripped of terror to men urged on by the noblest and most powerful impulses of the human breast, can it be inferred that the death of the felon with his crimes, and the curses of his fellow-men on his head, is equally divested of horror for the timid, * calculating, and conscience-stricken depredator? Sir James Mackintosh observed in the House of Commons, ‘the sting of death consists not in the loss of life, but in the disgrace and dishonour attending it.’ We think it consists in both: the disgrace, in this world, of death on the gallows may principally affect some refined minds; the terrors of meeting an offended Creator inspire almost all—even the irreligious—with dread. We shall not now

* Mr. Wakefield says, we believe justly, ‘nearly all regular thieves are clever cowards.’

inquire,

inquire, whether the prospect of execution for crimes against God and society may, on the whole, be most appalling to the refined and educated, or to the vulgar and unenlightened mind—to the intelligent forger, or the illiterate housebreaker. Both descriptions of minds are unhappily to be found in the calendar of heinous violators of the law. But if there is any one criminal for whom the chances of escape are peculiarly multiplied by his superior ingenuity; for whom the secondary punishments now existing are most obviously inadequate; and for whom an opprobrious and awful exit from life is likely to be peculiarly terrific, we think it is the forger—and especially that class of persons who avail themselves of their station and opportunities, to commit forgery to a large and lucrative extent. We agree in Mr. Wakefield's remarks on this subject.

* There is a description of forgeries, as to which detection is invariably followed by death, I mean forgeries to a very large amount, such as those of Dr. Dodd and Fauntleroy, in which cases the anger of society gets the better of compassion, and all combine—the prosecutor, the witnesses, the magistrate, the grand jury, the judge, the petty jury, and the tribunal of last appeal—to inflict the legal punishment. Considering the immense temptation to this crime, its rarity shows that the great check to crime is certainty of punishment. If for this crime, transportation were substituted for death, we should exchange a punishment, which, as to this particular crime, society is willing to make certain, for no punishment at all. To men of the station of Dr. Dodd and Fauntleroy, detection is a severe punishment. Once detected, their most earnest desire must be expatriation. If let alone, they would resort to self-banishment as the only means of enjoying life. If at all acquainted with the state of society in our penal colonies, they would fly to one of these, as the only place on earth where misconduct in other places does not subject men to the ill-opinion of society. Consequently, to persons of this class, transportation to the colonies would not be an evil—it would be a boon, though conferred by force. . . . Transportation, I feel convinced, is not an effectual punishment in any case, nor is there any prospect that it can ever be made effectual, since, however improved, it would involve the absurdity of endeavouring to punish at the Antipodes for crimes committed here.[†]
—p. 196.

If other considerations were inconclusive against the policy of at present reducing capital punishments, we confess we think the fact just adverted to is perfectly decisive of the question—we mean the inefficiency and inadequacy which, according to all evidence, characterizes those secondary punishments on which the protection of property would solely depend, if the penalty of death were abolished.

The great mass of those convicted of capital crimes, and who
escape

escape the last sentence of the law, are transported for life or fourteen years, transportation for a shorter period having been generally commuted (except in case of women*) into three or four years' confinement in the hulks; while imprisonment in county and other gaols, with or without whipping and hard labour, is the sentence inflicted on persons guilty of misdemeanours and other minor offences. With respect to transportation to the colonies, the result of the evidence before parliament, and of the opinions of those most competent to judge, is, that it is generally very little efficacious, whether in reforming the offender or in terrifying others from the commission of crime. Whatever, indeed, might be the sufferings of transports, the infliction, as Paley observes, can never answer the end of example, 'because the punishment, whatever it be, is *unobserved and unknown*.' The Rev. Dr. Hunt, a magistrate of Bedfordshire, says, in his examination before the Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions, in 1827—

'I know that letters received from convicts in New South Wales, addressed to their friends, have tended to render them very careless as to the risk of their being transported. I am sorry to say, that a great part of the labouring population, with which I am acquainted, appear to think that their situation can hardly be made worse than it is.'—p. 37.

Mr. Macqueen, a magistrate in Bedfordshire, and proprietor of an establishment in New South Wales, says he considers the condition of the convict-labourer as infinitely superior to that of the agricultural labourer in this country; and he has found, from his experience as a magistrate, that many persons have asked what extent of crime would ensure their transportation.—*Evidence before Committee on Secondary Punishments*, 1831.

Mr. Wakefield thus describes the feelings and demeanour of the convicts in Newgate under sentence of transportation for life:—

'The prison generally contains a considerable number of persons under sentence of transportation for life. They are confined together, and separately from all other prisoners, except such as are also under sentence of transportation, but for shorter periods. Any one visiting the whole prison would find the inmates of one part of it more careless, gay, and noisy than all the rest. The great mass of prisoners for trial are thoughtful, anxious, and sad, speaking comparatively with what would mark the same number of persons, of the same class, if shut up together and not affected by suspense; whilst those who are under sentence of death display like symptoms of uneasiness in the highest degree. The yard and wards of the transports, on the contrary, generally present a scene of *mixed hilarity and quarrelling*, much restrained indeed by the officers of the prison, but still plain to the most careless observer.

* This arises from the dearth of women in the convict colonies.

* Prisoners

prisoners under sentence of transportation may be divided into two classes,—the race of regular thieves, who are habitually reckless of their future, and persons of a more steady and prudent turn, such as those who are guilty of stolen goods, utterers of forgeries, and others not practically criminals, but of a higher rank in society, possessed of education, whose first crime perhaps has carried them through the cells of Newgate. I had heard some of both classes talk of “knowing the worst,” but, on further inquiry, I became satisfied that what they meant by the “worst” was hardly considered an evil by either class.

A base-minded, ignorant, hardened criminal will make great efforts to avoid being transported; not because he expects to suffer punishment, either of mind or body, in the passage to the colonies, or on arrival, but because he desires to continue the mode of life to which he is accustomed, or, in other words, because he is unwilling to give up the luxuries in which a successful thief may always indulge.

But, to a man of this class, the punishment of transportation is only to a decree that he shall no longer rob, and enjoy the fruits of robbery. Being sentenced to transportation, he is a little more being cut off from what was agreeable to him; but this is all that he suffers. “Knowing the worst,” as he calls it, by which he means only knowing that he will no more be a robber in this country, his thoughts become fixed on the country of his destination, and on that country, of his coming situation in it,—what is the impression on his mind?

A regular criminal, he has been in the habit of associating with those who have undergone the punishment of transportation; and these he has received accounts, partly false, but in part true, respecting the state of a convict in New South Wales as by no means disagreeable.*

One, indeed, who peruses the evidence before the Commission on Secondary Punishments, in 1831, can doubt that the

we have now before us a letter from a foreigner, a miniature-painter, transported by, who, on landing at Sydney, was immediately compelled to work at writing in public offices for 1s. per day; but, afterwards, was allowed two days to himself, which he employed in teaching drawing at 2s. 6d. per hour. His earning nearly 1l. a day for two days in a week, and paying 1l. per week for board and lodging. That his lot was not very severe appears from his complaining of ‘*les attouchemens de chapeau*,’ which he was required to bestow on the ‘superintendans des convicts’ and other officers. Another letter, from one transported for sheep-stealing, gives a picture of his condition anything but pleasant. He describes provisions as remarkably cheap, and urges his family to join him. It is right to add, that we have another letter before us from an Englishman, condemned for forgery, describing his condition as truly wretched, labouring in the morning to night, without wages, in the mountains, one hundred and fifty from Port Jackson, with black natives and the lowest convicts for companions, his small ration of wheat in a hand-mill and baking it in refuse ashes, on straw with a covering of bark and a single blanket, and frequently in the superintendent’s lash. This account differs from the general tenor of the others. We believe, however, that there is some reason to hope that the punishment of transportation is likely to grow more severe than it has hitherto generally been, from the great decline in the price of labour in the colony, and from being so full, that all convicts sentenced must now be actually transported.

condition of the generality of convicts in New South Wales is anything rather than that of severe endurance and penal suffering. There are three classes of convicts:—First, what are called *gentlemen convicts*—clerks, and persons of education, principally forgers, who, being unfit for hard labour, are generally employed in writing and other occupations in public offices, and become *tutors* and *academy-keepers*! in Sydney and other towns. In order to avoid corrupting them by mixing them with the lowest class, they are allowed to lodge out of the common barracks; they have thus full command of their leisure hours and nights, which they either employ with great profit in letting out their talents, or often in depredations on society. Their superior abilities enable them often to amass wealth, and live sensually. They become ‘*emancipists*’ by obtaining their ticket of freedom after a few years, cabal, write in the journals* against the government, and disturb the colony; and there is but one opinion as to the impossibility either of reforming or of adequately punishing these persons, under the existing system in the settlement. The second class are mechanics and handicraftsmen, who are in very great demand in Sydney and the towns generally, and who are employed in the service of government, under the directors and overseers of public works, unless they can conceal their usefulness, (which they often attempt to do,) and are assigned as common labourers to a settler, with whom they contrive to share the great profits of their labour, or make some other advantageous bargain. Great numbers, by corrupting the overseers, or by a short course of regular conduct, acquire leave to sleep out of barracks, and are thus able to earn large sums for extra work. The wages of a shipwright at Sydney were, a short time since, fifteen shillings per day: these high prices easily give them the means of making bargains with their overseers, which the government are not able to prevent, and procure them indulgences and enjoyments out of the reach of industrious mechanics in England. The third class—common labourers—are generally assigned to settlers in the country, at a distance from Sydney, where they are well clothed and fed, have from seven to ten pounds of meat per week, tea, milk, sugar, and tobacco. Opinions differ as to the severity of their work: some witnesses say it is severer, others that it is lighter, than that of farming labourers in England. But the great distance from magistrates commonly prevents the masters from having any ready means of complaint against the convicts; and it

* They not unfrequently become editors of newspapers; and we remember to have read part of a controversy carried on between two rival ‘best public instructors’ of this order, one of whom commenced a ‘leading article’ thus:—‘We shall not stoop to observe on the allusions which our contemporary has made to the circumstances under which we may have arrived in this colony.’

is generally admitted that it is the master's decided interest to treat and feed them well, as the only means of obtaining a fair portion of their labour. Add to this the convict's prospect at the end of a few years of becoming master of his own labour, and obtaining its very high value, the frequent escapes, and the great facility of procuring his wife and family from England to join him, and it is clear his condition carries with it little or nothing of the proper severity of punishment. That this mischievously indulgent system *may* possibly be altered by making all convicts work for a time in gangs on the roads, by a stricter police, and other improvements, appears probable; but while the system remains as it is, it is obvious to common reason (without the positive testimony of the gaolers and magistrates, who almost all agree on the point) that transportation can possess few effective terrors for those classes of persons against whom it is the business of the laws to secure property and society. What, then, are the terrors of the hulks?

The Committee of 1829, say—

‘The system adopted on board the hulks appears, from the evidence of Mr. Hoare, Chairman of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, to be very defective. The labour performed is said to be too light, and the want of separation exposes the men to the continual influence of vicious society.’—p. 15.

Improvements appear, from the (somewhat partial) evidence of Mr. Capper, the superintendent (1831), to have been lately made in the hulks—and greater discipline and harder labour to have been introduced. But though Mr. Capper says the convicts have greater dread of the hulks than of transportation, Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Wontner, the active governor of Newgate, agree in thinking that the hulks possess no terror for criminals, and have the reputation of being a place of lax discipline, considerable indulgence (they have meat six days in the week), and great chances of escape;—and Mr. Estcourt, M.P., a magistrate of Wiltshire, confirms their opinion.

But if an abode in the convict colonies or the hulks is little calculated to inspire terror into criminals, no one can think that a few years passed in a county or borough gaol are likely to appear more formidable. The Committee, of 1829, judiciously observe—

‘Formerly a prison was dreaded on account of the filth and disease which were held to be its constant accompaniments. A certain terror was inspired by these associations. Perhaps the general notion cannot be better described than by the old phrase of sending a man to “rot in a gaol.” It was discovered that this system was unwise as well as inhuman: that the prisoners became worse by contamination, while

they excited sympathy by their wretchedness. Prisons were cleaned, ventilated, and put in order; but in making this change, a prison altered its character; *men no longer dreaded being confined in a place where, under a good roof and with good, wholesome food, they are kept employed at labour less severe than their usual work. Hence it has become necessary to find some other means of inspiring dread; and it is this problem which has engaged the more sensible advocates of the new discipline of prisons for many years. We wish to deter others from crime, and for that reason to make punishment irksome and disagreeable.*—p. 15.

Has the excellent Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, have any other persons who have considered the subject, been yet able to solve this important problem? In no degree. And would it not be the height of impolicy and rashness to remove capital punishment, while the law as yet confessedly provides not one other penalty holding forth terror to criminals, adequate to the repression of the heavier and more dangerous offences? Paley well observes—‘The frequency of capital executions in this country owes its necessity to three causes:—much liberty, great cities, and the want of a punishment short of death possessing a sufficient degree of terror.’ Has liberty declined, have cities diminished, has any terrific secondary punishment been discovered since this sound thinker wrote? Many of the punishments inflicted in other countries would not be tolerated in England, and would be found to excite even more repugnance to the law, than can be said to be now produced by the penalty of death. It would be shocking to all the notions of Englishmen, to see a forger or a horse-stealer working on the public roads for life, in irons or with a cannon-ball tied to his legs, or even in the parti-coloured clothing of the gaol. The punishment of branding, which was tried above a century since, was laid aside on account of its mischievous effects. The punishment of solitary confinement is a tremendous and critical weapon, which may, at some future day, probably be the basis of an effective system of punishment. In Gloucester gaol, however, where it has succeeded well for one month, the magistrates and gaoler have been afraid of applying it for longer periods. Mr. Hoare, long a magistrate for Middlesex, and the active chairman of the Prison Discipline Society says,

‘I should be afraid of inflicting solitary confinement for a few weeks—the habits and temperament of the mind vary so much.’

At the Penitentiary, strict solitary incarceration (in a light cell) is only ventured on for five days at the commencement of the imprisonment; and the prisoners say it is the most painful part of the whole five years. The experiment has been made
in

in America, in the state of Maine, at Auburn in New York, and in New Jersey, where the results are highly unfavourable. In the gaol of Maine, eleven persons were in one year confined in solitude for short periods, none exceeding six months. Of these, two committed suicide in their cells; another, sentenced to sixty-two days, could scarcely endure fifty-six days, and this only by the help of four removals, for several days at a time, into the hospital, for the recovery of his health. When last removed from the cell, he shivered like an aspen leaf—his pulse was very feeble—his articulation could scarcely be heard at the distance of eight feet, and he could with difficulty stand alone. Another, who was sentenced for six months, endured little more than two months, when he was necessarily removed to the hospital, where he remained near three months, and was then pardoned on account of ill health. The experienced superintendent of this prison thought, that nearly as much time was necessary *in the hospital*, to fulfil long terms of solitary confinement, as in the cells; and the legislature of Maine abolished solitary confinement as a punishment, and enacted that all punishments by imprisonment should be by confinement to hard labour. At Auburn in New York, the experiment was equally unsuccessful, and the punishment was abandoned. In New Jersey, where the cells were so arranged, that the men could converse freely, though not see each other, and where the evil of corrupt society was therefore not avoided, the prisoners' health did not materially suffer.*

But although confinement in absolute solitude, for any considerable period, can never, we are convinced, be used as an efficient punishment, yet we believe that the combination of a certain degree of solitude with hard labour, rigid discipline, moderate diet, and religious instruction, which is now adopted in the Penitentiary in London, and at various large prisons in America, (especially that of Sing Sing, described by Captain Hall in the first volume of his *Travels*,) forms a scheme of punishment from which much good may be expected, and which ought gradually to be extended. That the strict discipline of the Penitentiary is regarded with some terror by criminals, is clear, from the evidence of Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Wontner, and other witnesses in 1831;—but, unhappily, the building, enormous as it looks, contains but 650 convicts (costing 56*l.* per annum each, instead of 38*l.*, which is the average expense in gaols) out of the many thousands whose punishment is to be pro-

* See Appendix to Report of Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions in 1829.

vided for. These, it must be remembered, are *picked* individuals; and there is the greatest doubt whether the system could be advantageously applied to the more heinous and depraved criminals. At all events, it must be the work of years, at an expense of millions, to establish any such system as a general substitute for the convict colonies and the county gaols.

Who must not cordially wish success to all efforts directed to the end of rendering secondary punishments terrific and effectual? But as long as they possess their present character, we can hardly believe that any legislature, composed of practical and reflecting men, will consent to put in hazard the security of commerce and of private property by further reducing capital punishments, however strongly humanity may prompt to such a proceeding, and however warmly every man must desire to pave the way for it by the improvement of secondary penalties.

We mean, in a future Number, to take up the subject of *Penitentiaries* in detail; meantime we beg leave to offer our readers an extract from a Letter to an Irish Judge, which was published, and, though anonymous, excited a good deal of attention, eighteen years ago; and which, on turning it up the other day among a world of long-forgotten things, struck us as having a most close and remarkable applicability to too many of the circumstances of the present time. Thus wrote, in 1815, a great living poet and philosopher; and we humbly recommend what he then wrote to the consideration of the ministers of the crown.

‘Etiam in falso verax, the true lover of his country, even by his mistakes, presents a contrast with the insidious ingenuity of the demagogue, whose character it has been in all ages, and in all countries, to convey falsehood even when he utters truth. No wise and good man will wilfully draw the attention of the multitude to errors and calamities which he himself knows to be either not at all, or only gradually and slowly, remediable. A Christian and a lawyer, in reverential gratitude to the framers and enactors—to the guardians and enforcers of public law, your Lordship must abhor all attempts to exasperate or embitter the popular mind on any occasion; how much more when the attempt is made by a mischievous display of evils which both the executive and legislative powers have long and anxiously struggled to remove; with how much intenser feeling when their wisest plans and best intended efforts are known to have been mainly baffled by the very prejudices and antipathies which the too exclusive and too passionate attention to these evils first kindled, and still continues to feed and furnish.

‘Let us not delude ourselves. The bulwarks and temples of ancient institutions, which had been undermined and thrown prostrate, are now indeed rebuilding. By the heroic persistence of Great Britain, and

and the inherent elasticity of her commercial system; by the natural reaction of all human events, and the subsequent final explosion of imprisoned and compressed Europe, we have shattered or blasted the terrific engineer in the mine of his own digging. The visible organization of Jacobinism has been crushed or torn asunder;—but the *life*, the evil *principle*, cannot die, as long as the soil of a half-knowledge and a proud ignorance supplies its own specific juices to the envy, ambition, and revenge, which, alas! are the indigenous growth of poor human nature. Many and strangely various are the shapes which the spirit of Jacobinism can assume. Now it is *philosophy* contending for indifference to all positive institutions, under the pretexts of liberality and toleration, and yet with all the bigotry of self-conceit, and all the diligence of bigotry, through every channel of communication—and by all the implements of annoyance—by contempt, by ridicule, by opprobrious charge or implication, persecuting all, as persecutors, who will not believe their forefathers fools and tyrants! Now it appears as refined *sensibility* and *philanthropy*, declaiming piteously concerning the wrongs and wretchedness of the oppressed many, and, in play or novel,—(alas! we have got further than plays and novels *now*!)—‘amending the faulty and partial schemes of Providence, by assigning every vice and folly to the rich and noble, and all the virtues, with every amiable quality, to the poor and ignorant—but, mark you, not to flatter them into greater contentment with their lot: no, but to teach them to *pity* themselves alone, and at once to despise, hate, and envy their superiors. *Their* very crimes, forsooth, are not their own, but the crimes of their hard and neglectful guardians; *their* very crimes are not crimes, but brave acts of natural vengeance on their plunderers and task-masters.

* These are its shapes and dresses when the spirit of Jacobinism travels *incognito*, and in which it prepares and announces its approaching public entry. Behold it in that, its next and boldest metamorphosis, like the *Kehama* of our laureat, one and the same, yet many, and multiform, and dividual, assaulting with combined attack all the gates and portals of law and usage, in all the blazonry of open war!—as journalist ladling out his “hell-broth” of

Adder’s fork and blind-worm’s sting,
Gall of gnat and owlet’s wing,

from his midnight caldron of slander and blasphemy; as club president, committee man, commissary-denouncer, accuser, and mob-orator; as septembrizing and petitioning Poissarde with lips of obscenity and hands of murder, and as incurable orator in the mad-house of a tamultuary legislature, in which all the blindness, presumption, ignorance, dupery, fraud, cupidity, and malice of a wicked nation are fairly represented by universal suffrage! a modern *Solon*, crushing and creating, till vaporous theorems concrete into meteor constitutions, the *executive* of which is entrusted to Massacre, with Peculation as First Lord of the Treasury, and Rapacity as Collector of the Revenue.

* Yet, amid all these fierce and feverish vexations, through all these whirling

whirling storm-clouds of confusion and darkness, the "tricksey spirit," still provident for its own perpetuation, by these very horrors and amazements bribes or compels even the good and wise to yield it welcome—and at least a passive support—in its next and final transformation, that of MILITARY DESPOTISM. In this, the fermented state, like a volcanic mountain, forms at length its crater and outlet; and through this pours forth its countless armies of demoralized fanatics, as so many rivers of lava, to spread through the surrounding realms a community of wickedness, wretchedness, and desolation.

'Let it not be objected, my Lord, that from mere caprice I have applied the opprobrious name of Jacobinism to various and discordant forms of folly and might. They are all one, or at least of one family, all united or at least confraternized by the same marked and distinct characters. In all alike the cry is evermore of RIGHTS—never of DUTIES; in all alike the scheme consists in principles of abstract reason, which, belonging only to beings equable and unchanging, are ABOVE man, while the materials, implements, and agency of its realization, are found in terror, secrecy, falsehood, cupidity, and all the passions and practices which are, or ought to be, below man. In all alike the appeal is made to the malignant or selfish feelings, and whether it be the liberty that is promised, as in the earlier, or dominion, as in the later, stage of Jacobinism, it is alike effected, by destroying all those objects and reciprocities of human virtue, which alone had precluded or diminished slavery.'—*Letter to Mr. Justice Fletcher, on his Charge to the Grand Jury of Wexford at the Summer Assizes of 1814.*

ART. VII.—*Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the Choice of Horses, and their Management; in a Series of Familiar Letters.*
By Nimrod. London. 8vo. 1831.

SOME of the remarks we have already offered with respect to the naval and military authorship of these days, may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the case of contemporary sportsmen. Treatises on the subjects of fishing, shooting, and, above all, fox-hunting, now appear frequently, and obtain a measure of circulation which, in newspaper phrase, 'speaks volumes' for the increase of literary habits among classes of persons whose predecessors took, in general, no interest in ink-shed. There are even periodical works devoted entirely to the affairs of the sporting world, which handle topics, in former times *taboo* to all the muses, with such spirit and liveliness, that they find many readers among the 'profanum vulgus.' These productions, especially the 'New Sporting Magazine,' which is far the best of its class in every respect, are, we believe, reprinted in the United States; and we often observe translations of choice articles from them (descriptions of fox-chases, steeple-chases, and so forth) in the literary

literary journals of the Continent, more especially of Germany, in the northern parts of which last country, particularly Hanover and Mecklenburg, many noblemen have of late been smitten with the ambition of rivalling their English friends in the management of the stud, and are already imitating them, with extraordinary success, in the style and fashion of the diversions of the turf and the chase.

Under such circumstances, we hope the readers of our journal will not accuse us of any unpardonable trespass, if we now and then permit ourselves to be seduced into a little discussion on a class of subjects with which, hitherto, we have very rarely interfered. We must claim the right to concern ourselves, on occasion, with whatever interests any considerable portion of our countrymen; and can see no reason why, in pages, the greater part of which has of late years been given to topics connected with the social condition of the poorer orders, room should not be found from time to time for some notice of those healthful recreations which, by binding the British gentry to the habits of country life, are, in truth, of more service to our agricultural labourers than a whole statute-book of enactments, professedly drawn up with a view to their benefit, could supply the place of: And so, without further preface, let us for once sympathize with what even Milton calls an 'unreproved pleasure':—

‘Listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill.’

In various old writers—the *Mayster of the Game*, for instance—we find lively pictures of the ancient English chase, which in many respects, no doubt, was of a more noble and manly nature than that of the present day. The wolf,* the bear, the boar, were among the favourite beasts of ‘venery;’ and none can doubt that the habit of pursuing such animals, independently of giving vigour to the frame, and strength to the constitution, must have nourished that martial ardour and fearless intrepidity, which, when exerted in the field of battle, generally won the day for our gallant ancestors. The hart, the stag, the hind, the roebuck, and the hare, are likewise constantly mentioned, as is also the wild or mertin-cat,

* There are sufficient documents to show that the wolf was hunted in England so lately as the fourteenth century; and, in the fifteenth, it was so common in Scotland, that the legislature, for the purpose of destroying the breed, enjoined every baron to hunt this animal four times within the year.—See the Black Acts, James I., 6, 115; James II., 6, 98. In the year 1281, a commission was granted by Edward I. to Peter Corbet, to hunt and destroy all the wolves he could discover in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford.—Rymer’s *Fœdera*, vol. ii. p. 168.

now nearly extinct; but the fox does not appear to have been included in the list of the Anglo-Norman sportsman. The first public notice of this now much-esteemed animal occurs in the reign of Richard II., which unfortunate monarch gives permission, by charter, to the abbot of Peterborough to hunt the fox. In Twice's 'Treatise on the Craft of Hunting,' Reynard is thus classed:—

'And for to sette young Hunterys in the way
To venery, I cast me fyrst to go:
Of which 4 bestes be, that is to say,
The Hare, the Herte, the Wulf, and the Wild Boor;
But there ben other bestes 5 of the chase;
The Buck the first, the seconde is the Do;
The Fox the third, which hath hard grace,
The ferthe the Martyn, and the last the Roe.'

It is, indeed, quite apparent, that until at most a hundred and fifty years ago, the fox was considered an inferior animal of the chase, the stag, buck, and even hare, ranking before him. Previously to this period, he was generally taken in nets or hays, set on the outside of his earth: when he *was* hunted, it was among rocks and crags, or woods inaccessible to horsemen; such a scene, in short, or very nearly so, as we have drawn to the life in Dandie Dimont's primitive *chasse* in Guy Mannering. If the reader will turn to the author of Hudibras's essay, entitled 'Of the Bumpkin, or Country Squire,' he will find a great deal about the hare, but not one word of the fox. What a revolution had occurred before Squire Western sat for his picture! About half-way between these pieces appeared Somerville's poem of 'The Chase,' in which fox-hunting is treated of with less of detail, and much less of enthusiasm, than either stag-hunting or hare-hunting.

It is difficult to determine when the first regularly appointed pack of fox-hounds appeared among us. Dan Chaucer gives us the thing in *embryo*:—

'Aha, the fox! and after him they ran;
And eke with staves many another man.
Ran Coll our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerlond,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hond.
Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges,
So fered were for berking of the dogges,
And shouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen so, hem thought here hertes brake.'

At the next stage, no doubt, neighbouring farmers kept one or two hounds each, and, on stated days, met for the purpose of destroying a fox that had been doing damage in their poultry yards. By-and-bye, a few couples of strong hounds seem to have been

been kept by small country esquires, or yeomen, who could afford the expense, and they joined packs. Such were called trencher hounds—implying that they ran loose about the house, and were not confined in kennel. Of their breed it would be difficult to speak at this distance of time; but it is conjectured that they resembled the large broken-haired harriers, now to be met with in the mountainous parts of Wales, which, on good scenting days, are nearly a match for anything.—Slow and gradual must have been the transition to the present elaborate system; but we must waive the *minutiae* of sporting antiquarianism.

In no one instance has the modern varied from the ancient system of hunting more than in the hour of meeting in the morning. Our forefathers threw off the pack so soon as they could distinguish a stile from a gate, or, in other words, so soon as they could see to ride to the hounds. Then it was that the hare was hunted to her form by the trail, and the fox to his kennel by the drag. Slow as this system would now be deemed, it was a grand treat to the real sportsman. What, in the language of the chase, is called 'the tender-nosed hound,' had an opportunity of displaying himself to the inexpressible delight of his master; and to the field—that is, to the sportsmen who joined in the diversion—the pleasures of the day were enhanced by the moments of anticipation produced by the drag. As the scent grew warmer, the certainty of finding was confirmed; the music of the pack increased; and, the game being up, away went the hounds 'in a crash.' Both trail and drag are at present but little thought of; hounds merely draw over ground most likely to hold the game they are in quest of, and thus, in a great measure, rely upon chance for coming across it; for if a challenge be heard, it can only be inferred that a fox has been on foot in the night—the scent being seldom sufficient to enable the hound to carry it up to his kennel. Advantages, however, as far as sport is concerned, attend the present hour of meeting in the field. Independently of the misery of riding many miles in the dark, which sportsmen of the early part of the last century were obliged to do, the game, when it is now aroused, is in a better state to encounter the great speed of modern hounds, having had time to digest the food which it has partaken of in the night, previously to its being stirred. But it is only since the great increase of hares and foxes that the aid of the trail and drag could be dispensed with, without the frequent recurrence of blank days, which now seldom happen.

Compared with the luxurious ease with which the modern sportsman is conveyed to the field—either lolling in his chaise and four, or galloping along, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, on a hundred guinea back—the situation of his predecessor was all but distressing.

ing. In proportion to the distance he had to ride by starlight, were his hours of rest broken in upon; and, exclusive of the time which that operation might consume, another serious one was to be provided for. This was, the filling his hair with powder and pomatum until it could hold no more, and forming it into a well-turned knot, or club, as it was called, by his valet, which cost commonly a good hour's work. The protecting mud-boot, the cantering hack, the second horse in the field, were luxuries unknown to him; and his well-soiled buckskins, and brown-topped boots, would have cut an indifferent figure in the presence of a modern connoisseur by a Leicestershire cover-side. Notwithstanding all this, however, we are inclined strongly to suspect that out of a given number of gentlemen taking the field with hounds, the proportion of really scientific sportsmen may have been in favour of the olden times.

In the horse called the hunter, a still greater change has taken place. The half-bred horse of the early part of the last century was, when highly broken to his work, a delightful animal to ride, in many respects more accomplished, as a hunter, than the generality of those of the present day. When in his best form, he was a truly-shaped and powerful animal, possessing prodigious strength, with a fine commanding frame, considerable length of neck, a slight curve in his crest, which was always high and firm, and the head beautifully put on. Possessing these advantages, in addition to very great pains taken with his mouth in the biting, and an excellent education in the school or at the bar, he was what is termed a complete snaffle-bridle horse, and a standing as well as a flying leaper. Held well in hand—his rider standing up in the stirrups, holding him fast by the head, making the best of, and being able to pick or choose, his ground—such a horse would continue a chase of some hours' duration, at the pace he was called upon to go, taking his fences well and safely to the last;—and he would frequently command the then large sum of one hundred guineas. But all these accomplishments would never have enabled a horse of this description to carry the modern sportsman, who rides well up to hounds, on a good scenting day, over one of our best hunting countries. His strength would be exhausted before he had gone ten minutes by the increased pace at which he must be called upon to travel, but to which his breeding would be quite unequal; and his true symmetry, his perfect fencing, his fine mouth, and all his other *points*, would prove of very little avail. If ridden close to the hounds, he would be powerless and dangerous before he had gone across half a dozen Leicestershire enclosures.

The increased pace of hounds, and that of the horses that follow them,

them, have an intimate connexion with each other, if not with the march of intellect. Were not the hounds of our day to go so fast as they do, they would not be able to keep clear of the crowd of riders who are now mounted on horses nearly equal to the racing pace. On the other hand, as the speed of hounds has so much increased, unless their followers ride speedy, and, for the most part, thorough-bred horses, they cannot see out a run of any continuance if the scent lies well. True it is, that at the present time, every Leicestershire hunter is not thorough-bred; but what is termed the cock-tail, or half-bred horse of this day, is a very different animal from that of a hundred years back. In those days, a cross between the thorough-bred, or perhaps *not quite thorough-bred*, horse, and the common draught mare, was considered good enough to produce hunters equal to the speed of the hounds then used. There was not such an abundance of what may be termed the intermediate variety of the horse in the country — ‘pretty well-bred on each side the head’ — which has of late years been in demand for the fast coaches of England, in which low-bred horses have no chance to live. Mares of *this* variety, put to thorough-bred stallions, *and their produce crossed with pure blood*, create the sort of animal that comes *now* under the denomination of the half-bred English hunter, or cock-tail. These are also the horses which contend for our several valuable stakes, made for horses not thorough-bred, though, when brought to the post, they are sometimes so much like race-horses in their appearance and their pace, that it would be difficult to detect the blot in their pedigree. A prejudice long existed against thorough-bred horses for the field, particularly such as had once been trained to the course; and in some quarters it still lingers. It is argued by their opponents, that the thinness of their skins makes them afraid of rough, black-thorn fences, and that they lose their speed in soft, or, what in sporting language is termed, deep ground: also, that having been accustomed from their infancy to the jockey’s hand, they lean upon their bits, as when in a race, and are therefore unpleasant to ride. Such of them as have been long in training may undoubtedly be subject to these objections, and never become good and pleasant hunters; but when purchased young, and possessing strength and bone, they must have many counterbalancing advantages over the inferior-bred horse. So far from not making good leapers, the firmness of bone and muscle peculiar to this variety of the breed is prodigiously in favour of that desirable qualification. Indeed, it has been truly said of them, that they can often leap large fences when lower bred horses cannot leap smaller ones,—the result of their superior wind, when put to a quick pace.

Whoever

Whoever wishes to see two distinct species of the horse in the most perfect state, should go to Newmarket and Melton Mowbray—to the former for the race-horse, to the latter for the hunter. In no place upon the earth is *condition* attended to with so much care, or managed with such skill, as in this renowned metropolis of the fox-hunting world. Indeed, we conceive it would be useless to expect horses to live with hounds in such a country as Leicestershire, unless they were in condition to enable them to contend for a plate.

Melton Mowbray generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce—the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy, and rejoice in long purses, have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has, for many years, exceeded the last-mentioned number. It may seem strange, that one man should, under any circumstances, need so large a number of horses solely for his personal use in the field; and it must be admitted that few countries do require it. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day,—a practice found to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long-continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is also borne in mind, that hounds are to be reached from Melton, Leicester, &c., every day in the week,—that one horse out of six, in every man's stud, is, upon an average, lame, or otherwise unfit for work—and that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with hounds,—it will seem not surprising that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman.

The stables and other conveniences for hunters in the town and neighbourhood are upon a very superior scale; and the greater part of the studs remain there all the year round—though from the comparatively small quantity of arable land in the county of Leicester, and the very great demand for forage, oats and hay are always considerably dearer here than at any other place in England. The sum total of expenses attending a stud of twelve hunters at Melton, including every outgoing, is, as nearly as can be estimated, one thousand pounds per annum. In all stables, the outlay for the purchase of horses is great—at least two hundred guineas each hunter; and, in some, the annual amount of wear and tear of horse flesh is considerable.

At no distant date—within almost twenty-five years—Melton Mowbray was an insignificant looking little town. It is prettily situated

situated in a rich vale, through which the river Stoure passes; but had nothing an artist would have called a *feature* about it, except its beautiful church. But of late it has put on a very different appearance, owing to the numbers of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who now spend not less, on an average, than 50,000*l.* per annum on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester—which latter place is also become a favourite resort of sportsmen, as it is well situated for the best part of the Quorn, and Lord Lonsdale's countries, and many of the favourite covers of the Atherstone (lately better known as Lord Anson's) country can be reached from it.

The following description of the Old Club at Melton Mowbray, so called in contradistinction to the New Club, some time since broken up, is given in the 'Sporting Magazine.'

* The grand feature at Melton Mowbray is the Old Club, which has been established about thirty-eight years, and owes its birth to the following circumstances:—Those distinguished sportsmen, the late Lord Forrester and Lord Delamere, (then Messrs. Forrester and Cholmondeley,) had been living for some years at Loughborough, for the purpose of hunting with Mr. Meynell, and removed thence into Melton, where they took a house, and were joined by the late Mr. Smythe Owen, of Condover Hall, Shropshire. As this house, now known as the Old Club-house, only contains four best bed-rooms, its members are restricted to that number; but the following sportsmen have, at different periods, belonged to the club:—The Hon. George Germaine, now Lord Sackville; Lords Alvanley and Brudenell; the Hon. Joshua Vanneck, now Lord Huntingfield; the Hon. Berkeley Craven; the late Sir Robert Leighton; the late Mr. Meyler; Messrs. Brommell, Vansittart, Thomas Aysheton Smith, Lindow, Langston, Maxse, Maher, Moore, Sir James Musgrave, and the present Lord Forrester—the four last mentioned gentlemen forming the present club. There is something highly respectable in every thing connected with the Melton Old Club. Not only is some of the best society in England to be met with in their circle, but the members have been remarkable for living together on terms of the strictest harmony and friendship; and a sort of veneration has been paid by them to the recollection of the former members, as the following anecdotes will prove:—The same plate is now in use which was purchased when the club was established, (for there are none of the "*certamina divitiarum*,"—no ostentatious displays at the table of the Old Club, though every thing is as good, of its kind, as a first-rate cook can produce, and the wines are of the best quality,) and even trifles are regarded with a scrupulous observance. A small print of the late Samuel Chiffney, "on Baronet," was placed against the wall by the present Lord Sackville, then Mr. Germaine, so distinguished as a most excellent sportsman, as well as a rider over a country

country or a race-course,—in the latter accomplishment perhaps scarcely excelled by any gentleman jockey; and although, since it was first affixed, the room has undergone more than one papering and repairing, yet the same print, in the same frame, and on the same nail, still hangs in the same place.

“The rivets were not found that joined us first,
That do not reach us yet;—we were so mixed,
We were one mass, we could not give or take
But from the same, for he was I—I he.”

The uninitiated reader would be surprised by an enumeration of the persons of rank, wealth, and fashion, who, during months of every year, resign the comforts and elegancies of their family mansions for a small house in some town or village of Leicestershire—to the eye of any one but a sportsman, nearly the ugliest county in England;—nor can any foreigner visiting this country, and a sportsman in his own, fail to be greatly surprised at the magnificence of our hunting establishments, whose sole object is the fox. The kennels and stables at Quorndon Hall, celebrated as the residence of ‘the great Mr. Meynell,’ and subsequently, until within the two last years, of every proprietor of the Quorndon or Quorn hounds, are specially worthy his attention. The former are perhaps the most extensive at the present day in England; among the latter is one holding twenty-eight horses, so arranged, that when a spectator stands in the centre of it, his eye commands each individual animal;—which, being furnished with seats, and lighted by powerful lamps, formed a high treat to the eye of a sportsman on a winter’s evening; in addition to this, there are several loose boxes and an exercise ride, as it is called, under cover, for bad weather. The usual amount of the Quorn establishment has been forty efficient hunters; and from sixty to one hundred couples of hounds. Mr. Osbaldeston, however, during his occupation of the country, had a still larger kennel,—and no wonder, for it was his custom to turn out every day in the week, weather permitting; and, after Christmas, as the

* The Earl of Wilton has lately built an excellent house in the *capital* itself, for the accommodation of himself and his Countess,—an event hailed with pleasure by the Meltonians, as their permanent residence there will probably induce many other married amateurs to visit the place, and thereby refine its society. At Melton Lodge, within a mile of the town, the Earl and Countess of Plymouth have been domiciled for several years past. The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Edward Thynne, and the Marquis of Worcester, are occasional residents in the town. Lords Alvanley and Rokeby keep house there together; as do Sir Harry Goodricke, Mr. Little Gilmour, and Lord Gardner; Lord Robert Grosvenor, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. White, of Parkhall, Derbyshire, with many others, too numerous to mention, are among the *habituals* of Melton; and, at Leicester, are to be found Lord and Lady Sarah Ingestrie, Lord and Lady Stormount, Colonel Drummond, &c. &c.

days increased in length, he had often two packs out on the same day—a circumstance before unheard of. This gentleman, however, is insatiable in his passion for the chase; and when we think what fatigue he must have been inured to whilst hunting his own hounds six days a week, in such a county as Leicestershire, for a succession of seasons, we read with less surprise his late Herculean feat of riding fifty four-mile-heats over Newmarket heath, in the short space of eight hours, and in the face of most tempestuous weather!

Four packs of fox-hounds divide this far-famed county of Leicester: namely, the Duke of Rutland's;—the Earl of Lonsdale's;—the Atherstone,—late the Earl of Lichfield's, afterwards Sir John Gerard's, but now Mr. Applewaite's;—and what were so long called the Quorn, now Sir Harry Goodricke's, who has built a kennel for them at Thrussinton, half way between Melton and Leicester, which situation is more in the centre of the country than Quorn. The county of Leicester, however, does not of itself find room for all these packs: parts of Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Warwickshire are also included in their beat.

Our readers are doubtless aware, that such portion of a county as is hunted by any one pack of hounds is technically called their *country*; and of all the *countries* in the world, the Quorn certainly bears the bell. This superiority arises from the peculiar nature of the soil—which, being for the most part good, is highly favourable to scent; the immense proportion of grazing land in comparison with that which is ploughed; and the great size of the enclosures, many of which run to from sixty to one hundred acres each. The rarity of large woods in this part of Leicestershire is also a great recommendation to it as a hunting country; while it abounds in furze-brakes, or gorse-covers as they are termed, for the rent of which a considerable annual sum (nearly 1000*l.*) is paid to the owners. Independently of these, what are termed artificial covers are made with stakes, set at a certain height from the ground for the grass to grow over them; but they are very inferior to the others, being difficult for hounds to draw. The subscription to the Quorn hounds has varied from two to four thousands pounds per annum, but Sir Harry Goodricke, the present proprietor, bears the whole expense of them himself.

One of the most striking features in the aspect of the chosen regions of English fox-hunting is the formidable *ox-fence*—rendered necessary by the difficulty of keeping fatting cattle within their pastures, during the season of the æstrus or gad-fly. It consists of—first, a wide ditch, then a sturdy black-thorn hedge, and at least two yards beyond that a strong rail, about four feet high: to clear all these obstacles, from whichever side they may be ap-

proached, is evidently a great exertion for a horse. What is termed the bull-finch fence, (still more common in these districts,) is a quickset hedge of perhaps fifty years' growth, with a ditch on one side or the other, and so high and strong that horses cannot clear it. The sportsman, however, charging this at nearly full speed, succeeds in getting to the other side, when the bushes close after him and his horse, and there is no more appearance of their transit than if a bird had hopped through. Horses, unaccustomed to these fences, seldom face them well at first; perhaps nothing short of the emulation which animates their riders, and the courage created in the noble animals themselves by the presence of hounds, would induce them to face such things at all. Timber fences, such as rails, stiles, and gates, but particularly rails, are oftener leaped in Leicestershire than in any other country, by reason of the great height which the quickset fences attain—a height which, in some places, nothing but a bird can surmount; brooks also abound, amongst the widest of which are the Whis-sendine—the Smite or Belvoir—one under Stanton Wood—another under Norton by Galby—and a fifth near Woodwell Head.

At the conclusion of the last century, Mr. Meynell was master of these Quorn hounds, since which time they have been in the hands of the following conspicuous sportsmen; Earl Sefton, Lord Foley, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Osbaldeston, Lord Southampton, and Sir Harry Goodricke. This baronet being in the prime of life and a good sportsman, is considered a very proper person to fulfil the duties of his situation; and not the less so, that his ample fortune enables him to dispense with a subscription.

The town of Melton furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions to meet different packs of hounds. Each sportsman sends forward two. On one is mounted a very light but extremely well-dressed lad, who returns home on his master's cover-hack, or in the dickey of his carriage, if he has happened to be carried to cover in the more luxurious fashion. On the other hunter is a personage of a very different description. This is what is called the 'second horseman,'—he rides the second horse, which is to carry his master with the hounds, after his having had one, or part of one, chase on the first. This description of servant is by no means easy to procure; and he generally exhibits in his countenance and demeanour something like a modest assurance that he possesses qualities of importance. In short, he must have some brains in his head; be a good horseman with a light hand; be able to ride very well to hounds; and, above all, he must have a good

good eye to, and a thorough knowledge of, a country, to enable him to give his master a chance of changing his horse in a run, and not merely when it is over. Lord Sefton brought this second-horse system into fashion at the time he hunted Leicestershire, when Jack Raven, a light-weight, and son of his huntsman, used to ride one of his thousand-guinea hunters in his wake—if we may so express ourselves—in the field, to which he changed his seat at the first convenient opportunity. The system, however, has been improved upon since then. The second-horseman now rides to points instead of following the hounds, and thus often meets his master at a most favourable moment, when his good steed is sinking, with one that has not been out of a trot. There is much humanity as well as comfort in this arrangement; for at the pace hounds now go over grass countries, horses become distressed under heavy weights in a short time after the chase begins, when the scent lies well, and they are manfully ridden up to the pack.

About an hour and a half after the servants are gone forward with the hunters, a change of scene is to be observed at Melton. Carriages and four appear at some doors; at others, very clever and, most commonly, thorough-bred hacks, led gently in hand, ready for their owners to mount. The bye-roads of this county being bad for wheels, the hack is often the better conveyance of the two—always, indeed, unless the fixture be on a turnpike-road—and twelve or fourteen miles are generally performed by him within the hour.

The *style* of your Meltonian fox-hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the *provincial* chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau-ideal* of his *caste*. The exact Stultze-like fit of his coat—his superlatively well-cleaned leather breeches and boots—and the generally apparent high breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious sceptic on such points would satisfy himself of this fact at one single inspection.

Before Leicestershire acquired its present ascendant rank in the scale of sport, it was hunted by what were called the Noel hounds, which afterwards became the property of the Lonsdale family; but in those early days, this county wore, to the eye of a sportsman, a very different appearance from that which it now presents. A great portion of the land was unenclosed; neither was there a tenth part of the furze-covers with which it now abounds. The foxes, on the other hand, were wilder than they are at present, and runs of longer duration than those of later times were, on an average, the result. Game was not so plentiful as it now is; consequently foxes had farther to travel for

their usual provender, which trained them for runs of extraordinary length; and they were wilder, from the wilder nature of the country in which they were bred. It was, however, reserved to Mr. Meynell to render famous the county of Leicester as a hunting country. He was doubtless the most successful sportsman of his own time, nor has he been surpassed by any who have trodden in his steps; although it may be admitted he has had his equals in some departments of 'the craft.' It is a great mistake to fancy that a fool will ever make a first-rate figure even in fox-hunting; and, in truth, this father of the modern chase was anything but a fool. He was a man of strong and vigorous mind, joined with much perseverance, as well as ardour, in his favourite pursuit; and bringing faculties to bear upon sport, as a *science*, which would have distinguished themselves in any walk of life to which he might have applied them. As a breeder of hounds he displayed a perfect judgment; the first qualities he looked for were fine noses and stout running; a combination of strength with beauty, and steadiness with high mettle. His idea of perfection of shape was summed up in 'short backs, open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet.' Although he did not hunt his hounds himself, yet he was one of the boldest as well as most judicious horsemen of his time—but this was only a minor qualification. His knowledge of hunting was supreme, and several of his maxims are in force to the present hour. He was a great advocate for not hurrying hounds in their work; and having, perhaps, unparalleled influence over his field, he was enabled to prevent his brother sportsmen from pressing on the hounds when in difficulties—himself being the first to keep aloof: in chase no man rode harder.

It was in his day that the hard riding, or we should rather say, quick riding to hounds, which has ever since been practised, was first brought into vogue. The late Mr. Childe, of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire—a sportsman of the highest order, and a great personal friend of Mr. Meynell—is said to have first set the example, and it was quickly followed by the leading characters of the Quorn hunt.* This system has not only continued but has gained ground, and the art of riding a chase may be said to have arrived at a state

* Among the foremost of these were, the present Earl of Jersey, then Lord Villiers; the late Lord Forester, then Mr. Cecil Forester; Lord Delamere, then Mr. Chalmers; Lord Sackville, then the Honourable George Germaine; Earl Selous; Lord Huntingfield, then the Honourable Joshua Vanneck; the late Lords Charles Somerset, Maynard, and Craven; Lords Lynedoch, then Colonel Graham, Foley, and Wenlock, then Sir Robert Lawley; Honourables Robert Grosvenor, Berkeley Craven, and Martin Hawke; Sir John Shelley, Sir Henry Peyton, and the late Sir Stephen Glynn, General Tarleton, Messrs. Loraine Smith, Childe, Charles Meynell, Harvey Aston, Lowth, Musters, Lambton, Bennet, Hawkes, Lockley, Thomas Ashton Smith, Lindow, Jacob Wardell, *cum multis aliis*.

of perfection quite unknown at any other period of time. That a draw-back from sport and occasional loss of foxes are often the result of this dashing method of riding to hounds, every sportsman must acknowledge; as an old writer on hunting has observed, 'The emulation of leading in dogs and their masters has been the ruin of many a good cry.' One circumstance, however, has greatly tended to perfect the system of riding well up, and this is, the improved condition of hunters.* Of Mr. Meynell's time two celebrated chases are recorded in print: one of an hour and twenty minutes without a check; and the other, two hours and fifty minutes without a cast. Only two horses carried their riders throughout the first run, and only one went to the end of the second; both foxes were killed, and *every hound* was present at the death of each. We may venture to say, had the two runs we have alluded to taken place within the last few years, this superiority in the condition of the hounds over the horses would by no means have been maintained.

We wish we could gratify such of our readers as are sportsmen with the date and origin of our best packs of foxhounds, as well as the names and character of their owners; but our limits will not allow us to go into much detail. Perhaps the oldest foxhound blood in England at this time is to be found in the kennel of the Earl of Lonsdale, at Cottesmore. The Noels, whom this family succeeded, were of ancient standing in the chase; and the venerable peer himself has now superintended the pack for nearly fifty years, with a short interregnum of three or four years, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote had them. Lord Yarborough's kennel can likewise boast of very old blood, that pack having descended, without interruption, from father to son for upwards of one hundred and fifty years. The hounds, late Mr. Warde's, sold to Mr. Horlock a few years since for one thousand guineas, claim a high descent, having much of the blood of Lord Thanet's and Mr. Elwey's packs, which were in the possession of the Abingdon family, at Rycot, for at least three generations, and hunted Oxfordshire and Berkshire. Mr. Warde was a master of foxhounds during, as we believe, the yet unequalled period of fifty-seven years in succession. During this time he sold his pack to Lord Spencer; but reserved three couples of bitches, from which he raised another pack, and thus never lost sight of his old blood. Earl Fitzwilliam comes very near Mr.

* The advantages of the new system of preparing the hunter for the field have been so clearly demonstrated in Nimrod's Letters, that the old one, of turning him to grass in the summer and destroying that condition which it had taken months to procure, is nearly, if not totally, exploded, in the studs of all the hard riders of the present day.

Warde as an old master of foxhounds. Soon after Mr. Warde purchased his first pack of the Honourable Captain Bertie, this peer bought the one called the Crewe and Foley, which had been very long established in Oxfordshire and Warwickshire; and he has kept them ever since,—nearly fifty years. The Belvoir hounds are also a very old established pack, but had an interval during the minority of the present Duke of Rutland, when in the hands, first of Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, and afterwards of Mr. Percival, brother of the late Lord Egmont. The Duke of Beaufort's are another justly celebrated pack, but only in possession of the second generation; they date from the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's taking the Crewe and Foley hounds, which made an opening in that part of Oxfordshire which the Duke now hunts. Foxhounds have been kept at Raby Castle, Durham, by the present lord and his uncle, the late Duke of Cleveland, for more than a century, and the Marquis himself has now officiated as huntsman to his pack for nearly forty seasons. The Earl of Scarborough's late pack, now Mr. Foljambe's, hunting the Collingworth country, claim also an early date; and among the other old masters of foxhounds now alive, the names of Sir Richard Puleston, Lord Middleton, the Earl of Harewood, Mr. Villebois, Mr. Ralph Lambton, Mr. Musters, and the Duke of Grafton, stand next on the list. The late Sir Thomas Mostyn was in the uninterrupted possession of foxhounds for upwards of forty years; the late Mr. Chute, of Hampshire, kept them at least thirty years; and that super-excellent sportsman, Mr. Musters, has already seen out a similar period. With the exception of these, and a few others, the packs of English foxhounds have changed masters so often within the last fifty years, that it is almost impossible to trace them, either in blood or possession. However, the most valuable kennels of the present day are, those of the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Cleveland, Messrs. Ralph Lambton and Osbaldeston. Mr. Warde has likewise been remarkable for the great bone, size, and power of the hounds he has bred. With the exception of Lord Cleveland's and Mr. Villebois's *large* packs, (so called in contradistinction to packs consisting of their smaller hounds, which these eminent sportsmen bring into the field on the alternate days,) no hounds of the present day equal his in this respect. His logic on this subject is incontrovertible. 'You may at pleasure,' says this distinguished sportsman, 'diminish the size and power of the animal you wish to breed; but it is difficult to increase or even preserve them, adhering to the same breed.' Many thought that Mr. Warde's hounds looked to some disadvantage, owing to their generally carrying a good deal of flesh, which, however, he considered,—as did
also

also the celebrated Tom Rose, the Duke of Grafton's late huntsman, and father of the present,—absolutely essential to those which, like his, hunted strong, woodland countries. To the eye of a sportsman, it is certain, they always afforded a high treat, as the power and fine symmetry of the fox-hound were apparent at first sight; and almost every kennel in the south of England, and several in the north, are now proud to acknowledge their obligations to the blood of John Warde—the *Father of the Field*.—Sir Richard Puleston is celebrated as a judicious breeder of hounds, and his blood has likewise been highly valued in several of our best kennels, amongst which is Lord Cleveland's, to whom Sir Richard sold a very large draft some years since. The late Mr. Corbet, a very considerable breeder of hounds, always bowed to his superior judgment in this department of the science. The most celebrated breeders, however, of this day, are the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, and Mr. Osbaldeston—we rather think that Mr. Osbaldeston's blood is *de facto* in the highest repute in the hunting world. A short time since, he had nearly forty couples of hounds at work, at one time, by one sire—his Furrier.

Persons, who are not sportsmen, may be at a loss to estimate the annual expenses of a pack of fox-hounds, hunting our first-rate countries; and, perhaps, equally so to account for such large sums being expended in such pursuits.* Hay and oats, and, consequently, oatmeal, being very much cheaper now than they were during the war prices, of course these expenses are diminished; but even at present, we understand that in the best establishments,

* The following are the items of expenses, laid down by Colonel Cooke, in his 'Observations on Fox-hunting,' published a few years since. The calculation supposes a four-times-a-week country; but it is generally below the mark; we should say, at least one-half:—

Fourteen horses	£700
Hounds' food, for fifty couples	275
Firing	50
Taxes	120
Two whippers-in, and feeder	210
Earth stopping	80
Saddlery	100
Farriery, shoeing, and medicine	100
Young hounds purchased, and expenses at walks	100
Casualties	200
Huntsman's wages and his horses	300

£2235

Of course, countries vary much in expense from local circumstances; such as the necessity for change of kennels, hounds sleeping out, &c. &c. In those which are called hollow countries, consequently abounding in earths, the expense of earth-stopping often amounts to 200*l.* per annum, and Northamptonshire is of this class. In others, a great part of the foxes are what is termed stub-bred (bred above ground), which circumstance reduces the amount of this item,

very little is left out of four thousand pounds at the end of the year, when all contingent charges are liquidated; and we have reason to know that several greatly outstrip even this sum, perhaps to the extent of one-half in addition. Sir Harry Goodricke has, at this time, eighty couples of hounds in his kennel, and forty-four hunters in his stables; and we believe that his predecessors, Lord Southampton, Mr. Osbaldeston, and Sir Bellingham Graham, even exceeded this measure of establishment.

The price of hounds is, perhaps, not generally known. Thirty years ago, Sir Richard Puleston sold his to the Duke of Bedford for seven hundred, and fifteen years since, Mr. Corbet's were sold to Lord Middleton for twelve hundred guineas. A well known good pack will, in these times—bad as they are—command a thousand guineas; those of Mr. Warde, Lord Tavistock (the Oakley), Mr. Nicolls, and Sir Richard Sutton's have been sold for that sum within the last few years. But a very short time since, indeed, Mr. Osbaldeston sold *ten couples* of hounds for the same sum to Lord Middleton; and we have reason to believe he has hounds in his kennel for which he would not take two hundred guineas a-piece. Knowing all this, one can make every allowance for the angry feeling and fears of their owners when they see the chance of their being ridden over and destroyed in chase. Good hounds are not easily replaced; and it is on this account, that in the hard-riding countries, and where the covers are small, seldom more than sixteen or seventeen couples form a pack. In short, the fewer the better.

The recent retirement of the Duke of Rutland from the field has been felt to leave a vacuum in the hunting world. Those hounds are now in the possession of a very popular young nobleman, Lord Forester; and his grace subscribes 1200*l.* per annum towards their support; but the duke himself no longer hunts, neither is there the annual assemblage of sportsmen that was wont to be within the walls of Belvoir Castle. These are circumstances which have caused much regret; for his grace retires with the good name of all the fox-hunting population. He 'did the thing' with princely magnificence, both in doors and out; and if materials had been sought for to furnish a faithful representation of the style and grandeur of the genuine English nobleman, giving a fair part of his attention to the arrangements of the chase, we have reason to believe they would have been all met with at Belvoir.

Although most foreigners express vast surprise that we should go to such expenses in hunting the fox, unattended by the parade of the continental *chasse*, yet several of them have of late been induced to make their appearance in Leicestershire, and some few
have

have shewn that, had they been born Englishmen, and rightly initiated in the art, they must have been conspicuous characters in the field. The performances of Count Sandore, an Hungarian nobleman, who resided one year at Melton Mowbray, on a visit to Lord Alvanley, have already met the public eye, and his daring horsemanship, and consequent mishaps, formed the subject of an amusing tale. From a ludicrous description given of them by himself, a series of pictures were painted by Mr. Ferneley, of Melton Mowbray, representing him in as extraordinary and perilous situations as the imagination of man could have conceived. Fiction, however, was not resorted to, every scene being a real one; and the count—the delight of the Meltonians—carried them to his own country, on his return, together with some English mares to produce hunters, having had a good taste of the breed. He was mounted by Mr. Tilbury, a celebrated horse-dealer in London, who found him a stud of eight horses for the season, for the moderate sum of one thousand pounds, including every contingent expense. Count Bathiana was likewise at Melton last year, as also Count Hahn, from Germany; and Count Matuchevitch, the Russian minister, is residing there now. His excellency has ten hunters of his own, rides hard, and is much esteemed by the Meltonians, and all sportsmen in the neighbourhood. During the visit of Don Miguel to the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsay, a few years back, he went out with the Vine hounds, (late Mr. Chute's,) to which his grace is a subscriber. He rode a celebrated hunter of the late king's, and gallantly did he put him along. It too often happens, however, on such occasions, when sport is most anxiously desired for the amusement of some distinguished individual, that the game runs short, or the scent lies faintly. Such was a good deal the case in this instance, although there was running enough to show that Miguel would have stopped at nothing that might have come in his way, to oppose his being with the hounds. Of his qualities as a sportsman there was little opportunity of judging, but he certainly showed himself to be a horseman of a superior caste; inasmuch that those who observed him were little astonished with the accounts of his personal activity in the first weeks after his return to Portugal: he, at that crisis, is said to have ridden six hundred miles in six successive days, a feat which those that have travelled on Portuguese roads will appreciate. So much for, we fear, one of the last persons to whom anybody would think of applying Wordsworth's eulogium on 'the Shepherd Lord':

'In him the savage virtue of the chase,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead.'

It is a hackneyed enough remark, that both ancient and
modern

modern writers make sad work of it when they attempt a description of heaven. To describe a run with foxhounds is a not much easier task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze-brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. 'Hark in, hark!' with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. 'Oh you beauties!' exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, *thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with 'Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? Get to cover, Rasselas;' and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. 'No fox here,' says one; 'Don't be in a hurry,' cries Mr. Cradock,* 'they are drawing it beautifully, and there is rare lying in it.' These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen 'flourishing'† above the gorse. 'Have at him there,' hollows the Squire‡—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs. 'Have at him there again, my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!' reiterates the Squire—putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at

* This gentleman resides within the limits of the Quorn hunt, and kindly superintends the management of the covers.

† Technical, for the motion of a hound's stern or tail, when he first feels a scent, but is not able to own or acknowledge it.

‡ When Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn hounds, three of the four packs which hunted in the same county with his own were the property of noblemen; so, for the sake of distinction, his friends conferred on him the familiar title of 'the Squire.'

his watch. At this moment 'John White,' 'Val. Maher,' 'Frank Holyoake,' (who will pardon us for giving them their *noms-de-chasse**) and two or three more of the fast ones, are seen creeping gently on towards a point at which they think it probable he may break. 'Hold hard there,' says a sportsman; but he might as well speak to the winds. 'Stand still, gentlemen; *pray* stand still,' exclaims the huntsman; he might as well say so to the sun. During the time we have been speaking of, all the field have been awake—gloves put on—cigars thrown away—the bridle-reins gathered well up into the hand, and hats pushed down upon the brow.

At this interesting period, a Snob,† just arrived from a very rural country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation: 'Come away, Sir!' hollas the master, (little suspecting that the Snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers,) 'What mischief are you doing there? Do you think *you* can catch the fox?' A breathless silence ensues. At length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flourisher,‡ and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough. 'Tallyho!' cries a countryman in a tree. 'He's gone,' exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, 'Ware, hounds!' cries Sir Harry Goodricke. 'Give them time,' exclaims Mr. John Moore. 'That's right,' says Mr. Osbaldeston, 'spoil your own sport as usual.' 'Go along,' roars out Mr. Holyoake, 'there are three couple of hounds on the scent.' 'That's your sort,' says 'Billy Coke,'§ coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back, '*she kicks*;' 'the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure.' Buonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men these, so long as life remained in them.

Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading ones of the pack,

* John White, Esq., of Park Hall, Derbyshire; Valentine Maher, Esq., a member of the Old Club; and Francis Lyttleton Holyoake, Esq., of Studley Castle, Warwickshire.

† We know nothing of the derivation of the word 'Snob;' it is certainly not a classical one, but either that or Tiger is too often applied to a total stranger who ventures to show himself in the 'swell countries,' as they are called.

‡ A noted finder, now in Mr. Osbaldeston's pack.

§ Nephew to Mr. Coke, of Holkham; his famous mare *Advance* is dangerous in a crowd, and thus the necessity of a label.

which

which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true, they possess the speed of a race-horse; but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But, as Beckford observes, 'Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him.' A turn, however, in their favour, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot a-head—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—joins head and tail together, and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo*; a terrible burst is the result!

At the end of nineteen minutes the hounds come to a fault, and for a moment the fox has a chance,—in fact, they have been pressed upon by the horses, and have rather overrun the scent. 'What a pity!' says one: 'What a shame!' cries another—alluding, perhaps, to a young one, who would and could have gone still faster. 'You may thank yourselves for this,' exclaims Osbaldeston, well up at the time, Clasher looking fresh; but only fourteen men of the two hundred are to be counted,—all the rest *coming*. At one blast of the horn, the hounds are back to the point at which the scent has failed, Jack Stevens being in his place to turn them. 'Yo doit! Pastime,' says the Squire, as she feathers her stern down the hedge-row, looking more beautiful than ever. She speaks! 'Worth a thousand, by Jupiter!' cries John White, looking over his left shoulder as he sends both spurs into Euxton, delighted to see only four more of the field are up. Our Snob, however, is amongst them. He has 'gone a good one,' and his countenance is expressive of delight, as he urges his horse to his speed to get again into a front place.

The pencil of the painter is now wanting; and unless the painter should be a sportsman, even his pencil would be worth little. What a country is before him!—what a panorama does it represent!—Not a field of less than forty—some a hundred acres—and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia. See the hounds in a body that might be covered by a damask table-cloth—every stern down, and every head up, for there is no need of stooping, the scent lying breast high. But the crash!—the music!—how to describe these? Reader, there is no crash now, and not much music. It is the tinker that makes great noise over a little work, but at the pace these hounds are going there is no time for babbling. Perchance one hound in ten may throw his tongue as he goes to inform his comrades, as it were, that the villain is on before them, and most musically do the light notes of Vocal and far-famed Venus fall on the ear of those who may

may be within reach to catch them. But who is so fortunate in this second burst, nearly as terrible as the first? Our fancy supplies us again, and we think we could name them all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast of the pack, we see six men going gallantly, and quite as straight as the hounds themselves are going; and on the right are four more, riding equally well, though the former have rather the best of it, owing to having had the inside of the hounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of accidents. A short way in the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest of the élite of the field, who had come up at the first check; and a few who, thanks to the goodness of their steeds, and their determination to be with the hounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some, however, begin to show symptoms of distress. Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken, others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help.

Up to this time, 'Snob' has gone quite in the first flight; the 'Dons' begin to eye him, and, when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—'Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?' 'Don't know him,' says Mr. *Little* Gilmour, (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by-the-bye,) ganging gallantly to his hounds.—'He can ride,' exclaims Lord Raneliffe. 'A tip-top provincial, depend upon it,' adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough-bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry 'enough,' how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground, (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent; abounding in ant-hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough, some hundred years since, into rather high ridges, with deep, holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonicè, 'a stopper;' nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. 'Now for the timber-jumper,' cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. 'For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane.' Snob is here in the
best

best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out-Herod-Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay-horse is signed. It is true he gets first to the gate, and has no idea of opening it; sees it contains five new and strong bars, that will neither bend nor break; has a great idea of a fall, but no idea of refusing; presses his hat firmly on his head, and gets his whip-hand at liberty to give the good little nag a refresher; but all at once he perceives it will not do. When attempting to collect him for the effort he finds his mouth dead and his neck stiff; fancies he hears something like a wheezing in his throat; and discovering, quite unexpectedly, that the gate would open, wisely avoids a fall, which was *booked* had he attempted to leap it. He pulls up then at the gate; and as he places the hook of his whip under the latch, John White goes over it close to the hinge-post, and Captain Ross, upon Clunker, follows him. The Reviewer then walks through.

The scene now shifts. On the other side of the lane is a fence of this description: it is a newly-plashed hedge, abounding in strong growers, as they are called, and a yawning ditch on the further side; but, as is peculiar to Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, a considerable portion of the blackthorn, left uncut, leans outwards from the hedge, somewhat about breast-high. This large fence is taken by all now with the hounds—some to the right and some to the left of the direct line—but the little bay horse would have no more of it. Snob puts him twice at it, and manfully too, but the wind is out of him, and he has no power to rise. Several scrambles, but only one fall, occur at this ‘rasper,’ all having nearly enough of the killing pace; and a mile and a half farther, the second horses are fallen in with, just in the nick of time. A short check from the stain of sheep makes everything comfortable; and, the Squire having hit off his fox like a workman, thirteen men, out of two hundred, are fresh mounted, and with the hounds, which settle to the scent again at a truly killing pace.

‘*Hold hard, Holyoake!*’ exclaims Mr. Osbaldeston (now mounted on Blucher), knowing what double-quick time he would be marching to, with fresh pipes to play upon, and the crowd well shaken off; ‘*pray don’t press ’em too hard, and we shall be sure to kill our fox. Have at him there, Abigail and Fickle, good bitches—see what a head they are carrying!* I’ll bet a thousand they kill him.’ The country appears better and better. ‘He’s taking a capital line,’ exclaims Sir Harry Goodricke, as he points out to Sir James Musgrave two young Furrier hounds, who are particularly distinguishing themselves at the moment. ‘Worth a dozen Reform Bills,’

Bills,' shouts Sir Francis Burdett, sitting erect upon Sampson,* and putting his head straight at a yawner. 'We shall have the Whissendine brook,' cries Mr. Maher, who knows every field in the country, 'for he is making straight for Teigh.' 'And a bumper too, after last night's rain,' holloas Captain Berkeley, determined to get first to four stiff rails in a corner. 'So much the better,' says Lord Alvanley, 'I like a bumper at all times.' 'A fig for the Whissendine,' cries Lord Gardner; 'I am on the best water jumper in my stable.'

The prophecy turns up. Having skirted Ranksborough gorse, the villain has nowhere to stop short of Woodwell-head cover, which he is pointing for; and in ten minutes, or less, the brook appears in view. It is even with its banks, and

'Smooth glides the water where the brook is deep.'

'Yooi, OVER he goes!' holloas the Squire, as he perceives Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream, and Red-rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men, out of thirteen, take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant 'Frank Forester' is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat, to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood.† 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,‡ answers Lord Forester, 'and it is nothing new to him.' 'But he'll be drowned,' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr. William Coke. But the pace is *too good* to inquire.

The fox does his best to escape: he threads hedge-rows, tries the out-buildings of a farm-house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. 'Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country,' says one of the best

* A favourite hunter of the baronet's, which he once honoured by coming all the way from London to Melton to ride *one day* with hounds.

† A true story.

‡ A celebrated rough-rider at Melton Mowbray, who greatly distinguished himself in the late grand steeple-chase from Rolleston. He is paid 15s. per day for riding gentlemen's young horses to hounds.

of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred-guinea chesnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. ‘Not hurt, I hope,’ exclaims Mr. Maxse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humbos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green-sward within two inches of his rider’s thigh. It is young Peyton,* who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff timber-fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse’s wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The *Æneid* of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Jack Stevens with him in his hands would be a subject worthy of Edwin Landseer himself: a black-thorn, which has laid hold of his cheek, has besmeared his upper garments with blood, and one side of his head and cap are cased in mud, by a fall he has had in a lane, his horse having alighted in the ruts from a high flight of rails; but he has ridden the same horse throughout the run, and has handled him so well, he could have gone two miles further, if the chase had been continued so long. Osbaldeston’s who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. ‘Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose,’ says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. ‘The cream of everything in the shape of fox-hunting,’ observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. ‘Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*’ added the baronet, as he turned his horse’s head to the wind. ‘You are right,’ says Colonel Lowther, ‘they are perfect. I wish my father

* The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., one of the best and hardest riders of the present day.

had seen them do their work to-day.' Some of the field now come up, who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home.

A large party dine this evening at the old club, where, of course, this fine run is discussed, and the following accurate description of it is given by one of the oldest members, a true friend to fox-hunting, and to all mankind as well:—'We found him,' said he, 'at Ashby Pasture, and got away with him, up wind, at a slapping pace over Burrow Hill, leaving Thorpe Trussells to the right, when a trifling check occurred. He then pointed for Ranksborough gorse, which some feared, and others hoped, he might hang in a little, but he was too good to go near it. Leaving that on his right also, he crossed the brook to Whissendine, going within half a mile of the village, and then he had nothing for it but to fly. That magnificent country, in the direction of Teigh, was open to him, and he showed that he had the courage to face it. Leaving Teigh on the right, Woolwell-head was his point, and in two more fields he would have reached it. Thus we found him in the Quorn country; ran him over the finest part of Lord Lonsdale's, and killed him on the borders of the Belvoir. Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds once gave us just such another tickler, from the same place, and in the same time, when the field were nearly as much beaten as they were to-day.'

But we have left Snob in the lane, who, after casting a longing eye towards his more fortunate companions, who were still keeping well in with the hounds,—throws the reign over the neck of the good little bay horse, and, walking by his side, that he may recover his wind, enquires his way to Melton. Having no one to converse with, he thus soliloquizes as he goes:—'What a dolt have I been, to spend five hundred a year on my stable, in any country but this! But stop a little: how is it that *I*, weighing but eleven stone four pounds with my saddle, and upon my best horse, an acknowledged good one in my own country, could neither go so fast nor so long as that heavy fellow Maxse; that still heavier Lord Albanley; and that monster 'Tom Edge, who, they tell me, weighs eighteen stone, at least, in the scales.' At this moment, a bridle-gate opens into the lane, and a gentleman in scarlet appears, with his countenance pale and wan, and expressive of severe pain. It is he who had been dug out of the ditch in which Jack Stevens had left him, his horse having fallen upon him, after being suspended on the rail, and broken three of his ribs. Feeling extremely unwell, he is glad to meet with Snob, who is going his road,—to Melton,—and who offers him all the assistance in his power. Snob also repeats to him his soliloquy, at least the sum and substance

stance of it, on which the gentleman,—recovering a little from his faintness by the help of a glass of brandy and water at the village,—thus makes his comment:—‘I think, Sir, you are a stranger in this part of the world,’—‘Certainly,’ replied Snob, ‘it is my first appearance in Leicestershire.’ ‘I observed you in the run,’ continued the wounded sportsman, ‘and very well you went up to the time I fell, but particularly so to the first check. You then rode to a leader, and made an excellent choice; but after that period, I saw you taking a line of your own, and anticipated the fate you have met with. If you remain with us long, you will be sure to find out that riding to hounds in Leicestershire is different from what it is in most other countries in England, and requires a little apprenticeship. There is much choice of ground; and if this choice be not judiciously made, and coupled with a cautious observance of pace, a horse is beaten in a very short time. If you doubt my creed look to the events of this memorable day.’ Snob thanks him for his hints, and notes them in his book of memory.

The fame of Snob and his little bay horse reaches Melton before he walks in himself. ‘That provincial fellow did not go amiss to day,’ says one. ‘Who was that rural-looking man on a neatish bay horse—all but his tail—who was so well with us at the first check?’ asks another, who himself could not get to the end, although he went ‘a good one’ three-parts of the way. There is no one present to answer these questions; but the next day, and the next, Snob is in the field again, and again in a good place. Further inquiries are made, and satisfactory information obtained. On the fourth day, a nod from one—a ‘how do you?’ from another—a ‘fine morning,’ from a third—are tokens good-humouredly bestowed upon him by some of the leading men; and on the fifth day, after a capital half-hour, in which he had again distinguished himself, a noble *bon-vivant* thus addresses him,—‘Perhaps, sir, you would like to dine with me to-day; I shall be happy to see you at seven.’

‘Covers,’ he writes next day to some friend in his remote western province, ‘were laid for eight, the favourite number of our late king; and perhaps his majesty never sat down to a better-dressed dinner in his life. To my surprise, the subject of fox-hunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a bad fall that morning over some timber; and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch, in which he had been left with a clever young thoroughbred on the top of him.’ The writer proceeds to describe an evening, in which wit and music were more thought of than wine
—and

—and presenting, in all respects, a perfect contrast to the old notions of a fox-hunting society. But we have already trespassed on delicate ground, and perhaps filled as much space as an *excursus* of this nature should ever claim.

It is this union of the elegant repose of life with the energetic sports of the field that constitutes the charm of Melton Mowbray; and who can wonder that young gentlemen, untied by profession, should be induced to devote a season or two to such a course of existence? We must not, however, leave the subject without expressing our regret that resorting, *year after year*, to this metropolis of the chase should seem at all likely to become a *fashion* with persons whose hereditary possessions lie far from its allurements. It is all very well to go through the training of the acknowledged *school* of 'the craft;' but the country gentleman, who understands his duties, and in what the real permanent pleasure of life exists, will never settle down into a regular Meltonian. He will feel that his first concern is with his own proper district, and seek the recreations of the chase, if his taste for them outlives the first heyday of youth, among the scenes, however comparatively rude, in which his natural place has been appointed.

ART. VIII.—*Francis the First, an Historical Drama.* By Frances Anne Kemble. London. 8vo. 1832.

IN an article in our last Number, we pointed out the curious fact, that, in the great creative days of the English national drama, so many of the most successful writers were connected with the stage. The poet and the actor met in the same person—the scenes and characters which he had conceived were represented under his own direction, and with his own personal assistance; he might suggest to his colleagues, or himself give the true tone and emphasis to his poetry; he might take care that justice should, if possible, be done to his most effective situations. Tradition, it is true, has not been so flattering to the histrionic fame, as the judgment of posterity to the unrivalled poetry of these old masters. None of them appear to have attained to first-rate eminence as actors. Shakspeare, while he stalked as the Ghost, had the modesty or the prudence to make over to a performer of greater skill or popularity, the graceful, the melancholy, the gentle, the passionate, the irresolute, the half-phrenzied, half-philosophical Prince of Denmark, a character requiring more depth of conception, more versatile and vigorous powers of execution, with greater discretion and judgment in the general tone and keeping, than any other in the whole circle of

our theatre. Nearer our own days, the actors, some of them of the highest celebrity, have not been unambitious of dramatic fame. Garrick was a successful writer, yet, unassisted, never aspired beyond clever and lively farce, or, at the highest, the lighter comedy of modern life. The late Mr. Kemble was likewise haunted with visions of dramatic glory; but his impersonations of the noblest conceptions of others so completely obscured his ineffective attempts to obtain celebrity for his own, that of the thousands who have the image of his Coriolanus or his Wolsey, in all its living freshness, upon their memory, probably very few are aware that the great actor was not content with that circle within which 'none could walk but he.'

From the announcement of *Francis the First*, it appeared, that the distinguished young actress, who has suddenly burst forth, to support the fortunes of her house, with powers of a very high order, and with indications of a depth and originality of conception rarely witnessed in a performer so unstudied and new to the stage, had likewise the high ambition of renewing the older days of our drama, and of reuniting the poet and the actor in their former close alliance. The most remarkable characteristic, however, of the tragedy before us, is its total and disdainful want of conformity to the present state of the stage. Far from accommodating itself with servile docility to the taste of the day, and displaying the nice tact, which might be acquired by familiarity with the incidents and situations—with the tone and manner of composition which produce the strongest effect on a modern audience—the tragedy of *Francis the First* is conceived in the spirit and conducted on the plan of a far different period. We mean not that an effective tragedy may not be cut out of this poem, as out of those of our older dramatists: but, according to its original conception, instead of condensing the whole interest, and concentrating it on two or three of the leading characters,—and keeping down the subordinate parts, which must necessarily be entrusted to the dangerous hands of inferior performers, as nearly as possible to mutes;—the piece before us is crowded with characters of the greatest variety, all of considerable importance in the conduct of the piece, engaged in the most striking situations, and contributing essentially to the main design. Instead of that simple unity of interest, from which modern tragic writers have rarely ventured to depart, it takes the wider range of that historic unity, which is the characteristic of our elder drama; moulds together, and connects by some common agent employed in both, incidents which have no necessary connexion; and—what in the present tragedy strikes us as on many accounts especially noticeable—unites by a fine though less perceptible moral link, remote but highly tragic events with the immediate,

mediate, if we may so speak, the domestic interest of the play. There is something, in our opinion, singularly bold and striking in the manner in which not only the dark intrigues of the Queen Mother and the ingratitude of the court towards the Constable de Bourbon are revenged in the battle of Pavia, but at the same time the Nemesis of the injured Françoise de Foix pursues the King to the fatal field. The double current of interest is made to flow again in one stream, if, as hereafter will appear, more languidly than might be likely to keep up the excitement of a spectator, or even of a reader, yet with so much Shakspearianism in the conception as to afford a remarkable indication of the noble school in which the young authoress has studied, and the high models, which, with courage, in the present day, fairly to be called originality, she has dared to set before her. In fact, *Francis the First* is cast entirely in the mould of one of Shakspeare's historical tragedies. Miss Kemble has aspired to manage all the infinite variety of character, the complication of plot, the succession of interest, which make our great dramatic poems of that class not merely full of scenic effect, but living pictures of the whole period to which their personages belong.

The secret, however, of the total dissimilarity of Miss Kemble's tragedy to the modern race of successful dramas is extremely simple. It was written, we have been informed by persons who long ago perused the work in manuscript, several years before she appeared upon the stage, and at a time when she little anticipated the probability that she herself might be called upon to impersonate the conceptions of her own imagination. We believe that we are quite safe when we state that the drama, in its present form, was written when the authoress was not more than seventeen. We do not make this statement either to deprecate the severer criticism of others, or to account for any unusual tenderness in our own, but merely as explaining the singular anomaly of a tragedy, written by a successful actress, requiring as much alteration, we fear that we may add mutilation, in order to adapt it to the stage, as one of the most lawless and irregular compositions of the days of Elizabeth or James I.

Without doubt, every work of imagination must eventually stand or fall by its own intrinsic merit. Though the adventitious circumstances under which a poem has been composed may excite a strong interest at the moment of its appearance, yet this artificial life, where there is no inherent principle of vitality, will quickly wither and expire. While, therefore, we are unwilling that the authoress should plead either youth or sex in bar of the sternest justice of criticism, it is unquestionably a remarkable phenomenon, that a youthful poetess, however nurtured in Shakspeare, should begin her dramatic

matic career by placing her main strength in the vigorous delineation of historic character. In this respect there is certainly no dramatic author of the present day who might not be proud to own the *Francis the First* of Miss Kemble; while, in the skill and intricacy with which the more dramatic part of the plot is managed, and the double interest, as it were, linked together by means of the Monk Gonzales, she may fairly compete with the most ingenious playwrights of modern times; nor are the masculine strength, and sustained vigour of the language, breaking out occasionally into gleams of very sweet poetry, unworthy of the bold conception and powerful execution of the general design. Throughout there is that spirit and animation, without which neither forcible delineation of character nor cleverness of plot will excite or keep possession of the reader's mind. The tragedy is alive from the beginning to the end; although it must be acknowledged, that the main impulse is exhausted at the close of the fourth act, and the fifth, therefore, must depend on its administering, as it were, the poetic justice of the whole, and on the lofty, historical, and almost romantic associations, which give an interest and importance to the 'Battle of Pavia,'—the close, as it were, of the splendid and chivalrous warfare of the feudal period; the last in which a great monarch fought with his knightly lance, hand to hand, in the thickest of the fray.

We shall reserve our observations on the various personages, as they open upon us during the progress of the play; but it is certainly worth remarking, that from the disguised Monk Gonzales to Clement Marot the poet and Triboulet the jester, they have all some character. We have, perhaps, too much of the passion of revenge; Gonzales himself may be drawn rather too nearly in the spirit of the Radcliffe school of modern romance, with a touch of not the better part of Byronism,—but still the delineation is one of great force and distinctness; and though among the female characters there is some slight similitude between Margaret and Françoise de Foix, they, too, are yet clearly discriminated; while both are drawn with much feminine gentleness and with words 'attuned to love,' the very different situations in which they are cast keep up a sufficient contrast and dissimilitude.

The tragedy opens with the sudden and insulting recall of the Constable de Bourbon from the Milanese government, through the intrigues, it is supposed, but in reality the secret love, of the mother of Francis, Louisa of Savoy, Duchess of Angoulême, whom Miss Kemble takes the liberty of calling the Queen Mother. It is an historical fact, that this *spretæ injuria formæ* was the origin of her implacable hatred to De Bourbon—of all the wrongs heaped on his disdainful spirit, of his revolt, and remotely, there-
fore,

fore, of the victory of Pavia and the sack of Rome. According to the quaint old translation of Mezeray by 'John Bulteel, Gent.' 'the grave, tacite, and haughty humour of Charles of Bourbon did not suit well with the king's, which was pleasant, free, and open; and withal Madame, mortally offended that he disdained the love she had for him, pushed on her resentments all the ways imaginable, till in the end she had her revenge upon him at the expence of her son and the whole kingdom of France.' In the second scene, (the first is occupied in unfolding the general state of affairs,) the Queen Mother communicates to her confessor Gonzales her secret passion for De Bourbon, and her real design in his recall.

'Now,

Mark me attentively. This woman's hand,
That but this moment trembled with alarm,—
This fair, frail hand, hath firmly held the reins
Of this vast empire for full many a year :
This hand hath given peace and war to Europe,—
This hand hath placed my son upon his throne,—
This hand hath held him there,—this hand it was
That sign'd the warrant for Bourbon's recall.

Gonzales.—Amazement !

Queen.—Ay ! this woman's hand, led by a woman's heart.
Now hear me, thou ; for to thy secrecy
I will confide what none, save only thou,
Have known—*must* know. Note well the latter word !
It is because I love the Duke de Bourbon
With the strong love of such a soul as mine,
That I have called him from his government,
To lift him to the dizziest height of power
This hand can grant, or kingdom can confer.'

Francis is introduced in a manner becoming the gallant monarch, who shone or tilted on the Field of the Cloth of Gold with our own young and then most princely Henry VIII. The following description of his appearance in the streets is full of spirit.

'He will be here anon.

For as I rode, I passed him with his train,
The gathering crowd thronging and clamouring
Around him, stunning him with benedictions,
And stifling him with love and fumes of garlick !
He, with the air he knows so well to don,
With cap in hand, and his thick chestnut hair
Fann'd from his forehead, bowing to his saddle,
Smiling and nodding, cursing at them too
For hindering his progress—while his eye,
His eagle eye, well versed in such discernment,
Roved through the crowd ; and ever lighted, where
Some pretty ancle, clad in woollen hose,

Peeped

Peeped from beneath a short round petticoat,
 Or where some wealthy burgher's buxom dame,
 Decked out in all her high-day splendour, stood
 Showing her gossips the gold chain, which lay
 Cradled upon a bosom, whiter far
 Than the pure lawn that kerchieft it.'

In the progress of the tournament the King is struck with the grace and beauty of *Françoise de Foix*.

'*Francis*.—Had a limner's hand

Traced such a heavenly brow, and such a lip,
 I would have sworn the knave had dreamt it all
 In some fair vision of some fairer world.
 See how she stands, all shrined in loveliness;
 Her white hands clasped; her clustering locks thrown back
 From her high forehead; and in those bright eyes
 Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light!
 That fall from those surpassing orbs as though
 The starry eyes of heaven wept silver dew.
 (*To Laval*) Is yonder lady married, sir?

Laval.—My liege,

Not yet; but still her hand is bound in promise—
 She is affianced.

Francis.—And to whom?

Laval.—To me, sire.

Francis.—Indeed! (*Aside to Bonnivet*.)

Methinks I was too passionate in my praise.'

The gallant bearing of the king in the lists is not without its effect on the heart of the fair *Françoise*. The young monarch of course is triumphant in the jousts—and the shrewd jester *Triboulet* is nowise surprised at his success:—

'*Bonnivet*.—The king is conqueror!

Triboulet.—Ay, so I thought:

Fortune's a true courtier.

Clement.—Now out on thee, unmannerly—

Triboulet.—I meant to say courtiers are—

Laval.—How now, jackanapes?

Triboulet.—Well, well, what I meant to say is, that I never yet saw the king worsted in a fight.

Bonnivet.—Surely not because—

Triboulet.—Umph! because broken pates are better than broken fortunes, and ye know it full well!'

The mutual love of *Bourbon* with *Renée*, (whom Miss Kemble chooses to call *Margaret*,) the daughter of *Louisa of Savoy*, and sister of *Francis I.*, is likewise true to history. The second act opens with their interview, during which the gentle *Margaret* endeavours to tame the haughty spirit of her lover: but his fiery soul, something akin to that of *Hotspur* or *Otway's Chamont*, is perpetually
 breaking

breaking out into violence; and, in the second scene, in which the queen-mother's declaration of her passion is managed with great skill and effect, Bourbon, who at first supposes that he is to be tempted by the offer of Margaret's hand, when he finds that the queen is herself to be the prize of his ambition, rejects her with the utmost indignation and contempt. The vindictive woman determines to find consolation for her disappointed passion in revenge. These more violent scenes are relieved by gentler and lighter passages. Lautrec proposes to his sister, Françoise de Foix, the hand of the young and gallant Laval. While she is struggling with her secret and incipient passion for the king, Francis, on his part, is all on fire to carry on this new intrigue, and endeavours to make the poet Clement Marot the bearer of his amorous mis-sives. Of Claude, the queen-consort of Francis, we hear nothing; and the prudential silence of the poetess about a personage who played a part so little conspicuous in the real events of those times, is another feature in strict keeping with history.

The queen-mother's plan of vengeance, in the mean time, is ripening. The king is seated in his council, in order to appoint a successor to the Constable in the government of Milan. The queen, throughout the whole deliberation, goads the haughty Bourbon almost to madness, with petty touches of maliciousness, and bitter, though covert, insinuations; at length she breaks into open and public insult. Lautrec, the brother of Françoise de Foix, for whom Bourbon had formerly expressed his most undisguised contempt, is named the governor; and Francis proceeds to invest him with the sword of authority.

With our own royal hand we'll buckle on
The sword, that in thy grasp must be the bulwark
And lode-star of our host. Approach!

Queen.—Not so.

Your pardon, sir; but it hath ever been
The pride and privilege of woman's hand
To arm the valour that she loves so well:
We would not, for your crown's best jewel, bate
One jot of our accustom'd state to-day:
Count Lautrec, we will arm thee—at our feet,
Take thou the brand which wins thy country's wars,—
Thy monarch's trust, and thy fair lady's favour.
Why, how now!—how is this!—my lord of Bourbon!
If we mistake not, 'tis the sword of office
Which graces still your baldrick;—with your leave,
We'll borrow it of you.

Bourbon—(starting up).—Ay, madam! 'tis the sword
You buckled on with your own hand, the day
You sent me forth to conquer in your cause;

And

And there it is!—(*breaks the sword*)—take it! and with it, all
 The allegiance that I owe to France; aye, take it;
 And with it, take the hope I breathe o'er it:
 That so, before Colonna's host, your arms
 Lie crush'd and sullied with dishonour's stain;
 So reft in sunder by contending factions
 Be your Italian provinces; so torn
 By discord and dissension this vast empire;
 So broken and disjoin'd your subjects' loves;
 So fallen your son's ambition, and your pride!

Queen—(*rising*).—What ho! a guard within there! Charles of
 Bourbon,

I do arrest thee, traitor to the crown!—(*Enter guard.*)
 Away with yonder wide-mouth'd thunderer!
 We'll try if gyves and strait confinement cannot
 Check this high eloquence, and cool the brain
 Which harbours such unmanner'd hopes.—(*Bourbon is forced
 out.*)

Dream ye, my lords! that thus with open ears,
 And gaping mouths and eyes, ye sit and drink
 This curbless torrent of rebellious madness!
 And you, sir! are you slumbering on your throne!
 Or has all majesty fled from the earth,
 That women must start up, and in your council
 Speak, think, and act for ye; and, lest your vassals,
 The very dirt beneath your feet, rise up
 And cast ye off, must women, too, defend ye?
 For shame, my lords! all, all of ye, for shame!—
 Off, off with sword and sceptre, for there is
 No loyalty in subjects; and in kings,
 No king-like terror to enforce their rights.'

Lautrec is introduced with his friend Laval, taking leave of his
 sister before his departure for his government. We quote the
 speech of the betrothed lover:—

'*Laval*.—Ay; but ere I go, perchance for ever, lady,
 Unto the land, whose dismal tales of battles,
 Where thousands strew'd the earth, have christen'd it
 The Frenchman's grave; I'd speak of such a theme
 As chimes with this sad hour, more fitly than
 Its name gives promise. There's a love, which, born
 In early days, lives on through silent years,
 Nor ever shines, but in the hour of sorrow,
 When it shows brightest: like the trembling light
 Of a pale sunbeam, breaking o'er the face
 Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.
 Thus much forgive! and trust, in such an hour,
 I had not said e'en this, but for the hope
 That when the voice of victory is heard

From the far Tuscan vallies, in its swell
Should mournful dirges mingle for the dead,
And I be one of those who are at rest,
You may chance recollect this word, and say,
That day, upon the bloody field, there fell
One who had loved thee long, and loved thee well.'

The plot still thickens; Gonzales, the monk, is despatched by the queen to the prison of De Bourbon. He meets Margaret at the door, who had bribed her way to her lover, and was returning, after ineffectual attempts to soothe him into submission, and horror-struck and full of shame at the exposure of her mother's guilt. The interview between the monk and the prisoner is thus conducted. In the manner in which the character of De Bourbon is drawn we cannot but call to mind the day, when, heading his fierce Lutheran soldiers to the sack of Rome, he was struck down, as Benvenuto Cellini would have us believe, by his skilful hand, in the moment of victory. It is altogether a noble scene.

Bourbon.—How, now?

A priest! what means this most unwelcome visit?

Gonzales.—Who questions thus a son of the holy church
In tones so rude?

Bourbon.—One who has known

Much of the church,—more of her worthy sons;
Therefore, sir monk, be brief—thy business here?

Gonzales.—Look on these walls, whose stern time-stained brows
Frown like relentless justice on their inmates.

Listen!—that voice is Echo's dull reply
Unto the rattling of your chains, my lord:—
What *should* a priest do here?

Bourbon.—Ay, what, indeed!—

Unless you come to soften down these stones
With your discourse, and teach the tedious echo
A newer lesson: trust me, that is all
Your presence, father, will accomplish here.

Gonzales.—Oh! sinful man! and is thy heart so hard,
That I might easier move thy prison stones?
Know, then, my mission—death is near at hand!
The warrant hath gone forth—the seal is set;
Thou art already numbered with those
Who leave their names to lasting infamy,
And their remains to be trod under foot
Of the base rabble.

Bourbon.—Hark thee in thine ear:—

Shall I hear when I'm dead what men say of me?
Or will my body blench and quiver 'neath
The stamp of one foot rather than another?
Go to—go to! I have fought battles, father,

Where

Where death and I have met in full close contact,
 And parted, knowing we should meet again;
 Therefore, come when he may, we've look'd upon
 Each other far too narrowly, for me
 To fear the hour when we shall so be join'd,
 That all eternity shall never sunder us.
 Go prate to others about skulls and graves;
 Thou never didst in heat of combat stand,
 Or know what good acquaintance soldiers have
 With the pale scarecrow—Death!

Gonzales (aside). Ah, think'st thou so?

And thou didst never lie wrapp'd round so long
 With death's cold arms, upon the gory field,
 As I have lain. (*Aloud*)—Hear me, thou hard of heart!
 They who go forth to battle, are led on
 With sprightly trumpets and shrill clam'rous clarions;
 The drum doth roll its double notes along,
 Echoing the horses' tramp; and the sweet fife
 Runs through the yielding air in dulcet measure,
 That makes the heart leap in its case of steel!
 Thou—shalt be knell'd unto thy death by bells,
 Pond'rous and brazen-tongued, whose sullen toll
 Shall cleave thine aching brain, and on thy soul
 Fall with a leaden weight: the muffled drum
 Shall mutter round thy path like distant thunder:
 'Stead of the war-cry, and wild battle roar,—
 That swells upon the tide of victory,
 And seems unto the conqueror's eager ear
 Triumphant harmony of glorious discords!
 There shall be voices cry, Foul shame on thee!
 And the infuriate populace shall clamour
 To heaven for lightnings on thy rebel head!

Bourbon.—Monks love not bells, which call them up to prayers
 I'th' dead noon o' night, when they would snore
 Rather than watch: but, father, I care not
 Even if the ugliest sound I e'er did hear—
 Thy raven voice—croak curses o'er my grave.

Gonzales.—What! death and shame! alike you heed them not!
 Then, Mercy! use thy soft, persuasive arts,
 And melt this stubborn spirit! Be it known
 To you, my lord, the Queen hath sent me hither.

Bourbon.—Then get thee hence again, foul, pand'ring priest!
 By heaven! I knew that cowl did cover o'er
 Some filthy secret, that the day dared not
 To pry into. I know your holy church,
 Together with its brood of sandall'd fiends!
 Ambition is your God; and all the off'ring
 Ye bring him, are your vile compliances

With

With the bad wills of vicious men in power,
Whose monstrous passions ye do nurse and cherish,
That from the evil harvest which they yield,
A plenteous gleanings may reward your toils.
Out, thou unholy thing!

Gonzales.—Hold, madman! hear me!

If for thy fame, if for thy warm heart's blood
Thou wilt not hear me, listen in the name
Of France thy country.—

Bourbon.—Tempter, get thee gone!

I have no land, I have no home,—no country,—
I am a traitor, cast from out the arms
Of my ungrateful country! I disown it!
Wither'd be all its glories, and its pride!
May it become the slave of foreign power!
May foreign princes grind its thankless children,
And make all those, who are such fools as yet
To spill their blood for it, or for its cause,
Dig it like dogs! and when they die, like dogs,
Rot on its surface, and make fat the soil
Whose produce shall be seized by foreign hands!

Gonzales (aside).—Now, then, to burst the last frail thread that checks

His headlong course,—another step, and then
He topples o'er the brink!—he's won—he's ours!—
(*Aloud*)—You beat the air with idle words; no man
Doth know how deep his country's love lies grain'd
In his heart's core, until the hour of trial!
Fierce though you hurl your curse upon the land,
Whose monarchs cast ye from its bosom; yet,
Let but one blast of war come echoing
From where the Ebro and the Douro roll;
Let but the Pyrenees reflect the gleam
Of twenty of Spain's lances, and your sword
Shall leap from out its scabbard to your hand!

Bourbon.—Ay, priest it shall! eternal heaven it shall!

And its far flash shall lighten o'er the land,
The leading star of Spain's victorious host,—
But flaming, like some dire portentous comet,
I'th' eyes of France, and her proud governors!
Oh, vengeance! 'tis for thee I value life:
Be merciful, my fate, nor cut me off,
Ere I have wreak'd my fell desire, and made
Infamy glorious, and dishonour fame!
But, if my wayward destiny hath will'd
That I should here be butcher'd shamefully,
By the immortal soul, that is man's portion,
His hope, and his inheritance, I swear,
That on the day Spain overflows its bounds,

And

And rolls the tide of war upon these plains,
 My spirit on the battle's edge shall ride ;
 And louder than death's music, and the roar
 Of combat, shall my voice be heard to shout,
 On—on—to victory and carnage !

Gonzales.—Now,

That day is come, ay, and that very hour ;
 Now shout your war-cry ; now unsheath your sword !
 I'll join the din, and make these tottering walls
 Tremble and nod to hear our fierce defiance !
 Nay, never start, and look upon my cowl—
 You love not priests, De Bourbon, more than I.
 Off ! vile denial of my manhood's pride !
 Off, off to hell ! where thou wast first invented,—
 Now once again I stand and breathe a knight.
 Nay, stay not gazing thus : it is Garcia,
 Whose name hath reach'd thee long ere now, I trow ;
 Whom thou hast met in deadly fight full oft,
 When France and Spain join'd in the battle-field !
 Beyond the Pyrenean boundary
 That guards thy land, are forty thousand men :
 Their unfurl'd pennons flout fair France's sun
 And wanton in the breezes of her sky :
 Impatient halt they there ; their foaming steeds
 Pawing the huge and rock-built barrier
 That bars their further course : they wait for thee ;
 For thee, whom France hath injured and cast off ;
 For thee, whose blood it pays with shameful chains,
 More shameful death ; for thee, whom Charles of Spain
 Summons to head his host, and lead them on (*Gives him a parchment.*)
 To conquest and to glory !

Bourbon.—To revenge !

What tells he here of lands and honours ! Pshaw !
 I've had my fill of such. Revenge ! Revenge !
 That is the boon my unslaked anger craves,
 That is the bribe that wins me to thy cause,
 And that shall be my battle-cry !

This splendid scene brings us to what we should be apt to consider the dangerous part of the play, at least as regards public representation ;—we entirely lose sight of De Bourbon at this moment of thrilling excitement, and the whole interest reverts to the fate of *Françoise de Foix*. News arrives of the total defeat, of the shameful flight of *Lautrec* from his government ; of his arrest, his imprisonment, his danger of capital condemnation. The unhappy brother enjoins his sister to intercede in his behalf. This part of the plan betrays, it is obvious, too close a resemblance to 'Measure for Measure : '—*Françoise* can only redeem

redeem her brother's life by the price demanded of Isabella for that of her brother Claudio; and in a moment of agony she is wrought up to the sacrifice. We are bound, moreover, to observe that, in this feature of her plot, Miss Kemble has been guilty of considerable injustice to one of the noblest and most distinguished captains who commanded the French forces in Italy. The sister of Lautrec, Madame de Chateaubriand, had become, at an earlier period than this play touches upon, the mistress *en titre* of Francis, and it was, in fact, through her interest that Lautrec originally obtained his splendid command. The only failure of Lautrec was caused by the jealousy of the Duchess d'Angoulême (Miss Kemble's Queen Mother), who prevented his receiving the supplies of money necessary to keep in pay the Swiss mercenaries. Thus deserted by the main body of his troops, Lautrec returned to court to expostulate with the government. The Duchess averted the wrath of the king by causing De Samblançay, the unhappy intendant of the finances, to be accused of diverting the money to his own purposes, for which the poor financier was condemned to death and hanged;—and the subsequent successes and the gallant death of Lautrec fully vindicated his character both for valour and conduct. Miss Kemble has made some amends for her poetical liberty with the reputation of this great man by raising the character of his sister. The Madame de Chateaubriand of history bore the loss of her virtue and fair fame much more easily than the pure and gentle Françoise de Foix of the play. But though, in fact, the weakness of Lautrec's sister for the king could be extenuated by no such principle of self-devotion as that which is suggested in the tragedy, the character of the king himself is nowise wronged by the atrocious villainy in which it represents him as being concerned. It is on record, that this Mirror of Chivalry did barter, on another occasion, the royal justice for the base prize which he exacts in Miss Kemble's scene from the ill-fated Françoise. At the revolt of De Bourbon, among others, St. Vallier de Vauguyon was taken into custody. 'St. Vallier,' adds Mezeray, 'was tried and condemned to lose his head: but being in the Grève, (the place of execution,) on the scaffold, instead of the mortal stroke, he received his pardon. It was said, that the king sent it not to him, till he had robbed his daughter Diana, as then but fourteen years of age, of the most precious jewel she had; a very easy exchange for those that value honour less than life, or make it consist in the sunshine of a favour rather envied than innocent.'

But the Françoise of the tragedy is of a holier and purer nature. In the fourth act she is represented, in her ancestral home, broken-hearted and bowed to the earth with shame at the crime into
also,

which she has been betrayed. In the castle of St. Foix we meet, also, the rest of the characters,—Francis in pursuit of his mistress,—the monk, Gonzales, on a secret mission from the queen to poison the new favourite, who, she fears, may supplant her in her influence over her son,—the gallant Count Laval, returned from Italy to claim his bride;—finally, the queen herself; who, having traced the retreat of the monarch, had followed him with the utmost precipitation. We have had already, in the earlier part of the play, a hint of some deadly animosity entertained by Gonzales against the young Laval.

' Once (*says Laval*) I remember me the Queen had sent
By me some mission to this confessor,—
By chance, the Princess Margaret, by whose side
He stood, let fall a jewel from her finger;
Both stoop'd, and as we did, our hands encountered,
He started back as though a serpent stung him;—
By'r Lady, but I would not be the man
To wrong that surly monk. It is not strange
That, when I gaze on him, it seems as though
I knew him, and had seen him oft before.'

The dark history of his hatred is now discovered,—Gonzales, under the seal of confession, obtains the fatal secret of the shame of Françoise. In her presence, as the betrothed lover is rushing to embrace his bride, he arrests Laval, and taunts him with her guilt. The miserable Françoise, in vain adjured to assert her innocence, stabs herself;—the king and the queen make their appearance;—Gonzales proclaims, like Zanga in the '*Revenge*,' the origin of his implacable vindictiveness.

' *Gonzales*.—Look on thy bride! look on that faded thing,
That e'en the tears thy manhood showers so fast,
And bravely, cannot wake to life again!
I call all nature to bear witness here;—
As fair a flower once grew within my home,
As young, as lovely, and as dearly loved.
I had a sister once, a gentle maid—
The only daughter of my father's house,
Round whom our ruder loves did all entwine,
As round the dearest treasure that we own'd.
She was the centre of our soul's affections;—
She was the bud, that underneath our strong
And sheltering arms, spread over her, did blow.
So grew this fair, fair girl, till envious fate
Brought on the hour when she was withered.
Thy father, sir—now mark!—for 'tis the point
And moral of my tale—thy father, then,
Was, by my sire, in war ta'en prisoner;—
Wounded almost to death; he brought him home,—

Shelter'd

Shelter'd him,—cherish'd him,—and, with a care
Most like a brother's, watch'd his bed of sickness,
Till ruddy health once more through all his veins
Sent life's warm stream in strong returning tide.
How think ye he repaid my father's love?
From her dear home he lured my sister forth,
And, having robbed her of her treasured honour,
Cast her away, defiled,—despoiled,—forsaken!—
The daughter of a high and ancient line!—
The child of so much love!—she died!—she died!—
Upon the threshold of that home, from which
My father spurn'd her!—over whose pale corse
I swore to hunt, through life, her ravisher;
Nor ever from my bloodhound track desist,
Till due and deep atonement had been made—
Honour for honour given—blood for blood.

Laval.—These were my father's injuries, not mine,
Remorseless fiend!

Gonzales.—Thy father died in battle;
And as his lands, and titles, at his death,
Devolved on thee, on thee devolved the treasure
Of my dear hate;—I have had such revenge!
Such horrible revenge!—thy life, thy honour,
Were all too little;—I have had thy tears!
I've wrung a woman's sorrow from thine eyes,
And drunk each bitter drop of agony,
As heavenly nectar, worthy of the gods!
Kings, the earth's mightiest potentates, have been
My tools and instruments: you, haughty madam,
And your ambition,—yonder headstrong boy,
And his mad love,—all, all beneath my feet,
All slaves unto my will and deadly purpose.'

The queen orders Gonzales to death, on which he accuses her of the intended murder of Françoise, and altogether confounds her by producing her written order to that effect. The king can no longer be blind to his mother's crimes: she is disgraced, degraded, and condemned to pass the rest of her days in the retirement of a convent.

Here, probably, will close the acting play. After this high-brought excitement, even the battle of Pavia might, we fear, flag in the minds of the audience, who are apt to think that no drama as a right to prolong itself after the death of the heroine. We have already, nevertheless, pointed out the fine moral link by which this part of the poem is connected with the preceding:—it is, after all, but the resumption of the main interest which the authoress evidently intended from the first to centre on De Bourbon. With regard to the execution of this part of the piece, we should say,

however, that it is scarcely equal to the conception. The calm and settled melancholy which has taken possession of the fiery and turbulent spirit of De Bourbon is happily imagined, as well as the deep tenderness with which he dwells upon the recollection of Margaret, now lost to him for ever. His reply to Lautrec, who, in revenge for the ruin and death of his sister, proposes to join De Bourbon, to surprise and assassinate the king, is in this solemn tone:—

‘ Fair sir, Care, and her sister Thought, have been
Companions of my dreary days and nights
Of late, and they have left their cautious traces.
I should be loth to tell, since last we parted,
How sorrow hath, in envy of my youth,
Sown age’s silver tokens on my head,
And furrow’d o’er my brow. But I have thought,
Even in this moment’s space, enough to tell thee
I cannot grant thy suit. Men’s hearts have cool’d,
Lautrec, since I was driven forth from France;
And now their busy tongues begin to scan,
With a misprising censure, my revenge.
My fame—my last, best guarded treasure—is
Melting beneath the fiery touch of slander:
And, when men speak of Bourbon, it is now,
Bourbon the traitor—the revolted Bourbon!—
But let that pass!—’tis undeserv’d; and, therefore,
Again I say, let it pass! But yet
There is, among the scornful eyes, that look
Upon my venturous career, one eye,
That, like the guarding gaze of Providence,
Keeps me from all offence. Therefore, if I
Do make my army a retreat and welcome
For rebels,—for so injured men are deemed,—
To one, moreover, who hath sworn to plunge
His sword, up to the hilt, into the king’s heart,—
I shall do sorrow to the one I love,
And therein merit all the rest do say.’—pp. 120, 121.

The fatalist drama of modern Germany would have delighted in the opening for preternatural effect, at this part of the tragedy. It would have obscurely shown the spirit, the avenging Atë, of Françoise de Foix, hovering over the battle-field, or at least present to the fancy, and ‘hanging heavy on the soul’ of the guilty and conscience-stricken king. Some such imagination seems to have entered into the thought of the authoress, but it has been rather ineffectively wrought out.

Even in this latter part of the piece there are, no doubt, many redeeming traits of fire and spirit. The introduction of poor Tri-
houlet

boulet the jester, his devotion of his life for that of his master, would, what is technically called, *tell* upon the stage; nor could the closing scene in the church, the monks singing *de profundis*, while Francis is led in wounded, and is recognized by De Bourbon, be wanting in stately and picturesque effect. Taking this fifth act as a whole, however, we suspect that, in spite of many isolated beauties, it would drag heavily before the spectator, since, even to the reader, it is hardly sufficiently stirring, after the more impassioned termination of that part of the complex plot which is too important for an episode, and, towards the close of the fourth act, has certainly assumed the interest and dignity of the main design.

We must acknowledge, that, while reading the tragedy, of which we have spoken thus freely, we have frequently paused to ask whether this could be the conception or the writing of a young girl, hardly ripening into womanhood. How far the talent of Miss Kemble as a dramatic writer, as well as an actress, will be able to arrest the fate of the sinking drama, we presume not to prognosticate; but in both she is full of golden promise. Should she continue to write for the stage, she will derive some advantage from her intimate and experimental acquaintance with scenic effect, with the power of situation on the minds of the audience, with the style of language best suited to find its way to the heart. In this respect she will perhaps become less uniformly sustained, more simple and condensed, than she appears in her first effort. She will discover how far she may follow, in the conception and conduct of her plot, the bold irregularity, the free historic outline of the 'chartered libertines of our drama,' and beyond what limits she may endanger her command over the attention of her audience. She will judge of scenic effect, though with the fine tact which can only be acquired by familiarity with the stage, by no means on those narrow and technical rules which have made the judgment of the actors as to the success of a play proverbially fallible. If we remember right, it is in *Gil Blas* that an author expresses his innocent surprise, that when the actors foretell the failure of a piece, it is sure of success,—if its success, it is as certain to fail. She will preserve the independence of a poetic mind, and with that intuitive perception of the essentially dramatic, which cannot be acquired but by practice on the stage—she will retain that higher sense of tragic excellence which belongs exclusively to the poet—she will never condescend to sink the tragic poetess in the actress. Above all, she must set herself above her audience; she must not consider what *has* pleased, but what, according to her own genuine feeling of the noble, the pathetic, ought to have pleased. She must aspire to give the tone,

not condescend to take it from the noisy and capricious arbiters of theatric taste.

Miss Kemble, in short, must not disguise from herself the plain truth, that her situation as a popular actress, if it may contribute to her success as a tragic dramatist, has more than countervailing dangers and disadvantages. Of all marvellous anomalies in the history of the human mind, nothing is more singular than the contrast between the careless, probably dissolute, town life of the actor-poets of our older drama, and the deep, and, we should have supposed, the studied moral as well as poetic dignity of their nobler pieces. The exquisite sense of the beauty of external nature—the pure and freely breathing imagination, as though it had never been ‘in populous city pent’—the piercing insight into the deeper mysteries of the human heart—the development of the higher passions—the intuitive knowledge of the philosophy of man; these we should have supposed the fruits of patient thought, of retirement, if not from the world, within the depths of their souls,—of minds free at least from the petty cares of stage-sweeping and scene-shifting, from squabbles with poor or frugal managers, from wants and distresses, debts and dunnings. From men who led such lives we should have expected clever painters of manners, but scarcely sublime moral teachers; and, undoubtedly, with these examples it is impossible to judge beforehand from under what difficulties genius, like the palm-tree, may arise, or in what situation the richest fruits of the human intellect may ripen. Yet whoever would now unite the poet and the actor, must be on his guard against dangers which, without sharpening the powers of the mind, like the alternate narrow commons and feastings ‘at the Mitre,’ of our older dramatists, may distract them still more and divert them from their high end and purpose. Poverty may chill, but it likewise braces the mind; popularity will warm those who bask in its pleasant radiance, but it may likewise enfeeble. In this case there is a double temptation to seek after and be content with rapid and immediate and superficial effect, rather than to appeal to the more profound emotions, which can only be commanded by poetry into which the whole soul of the writer is transfused. A fatal propensity is engendered to lay the main strength in passages suited to develop the powers of acting and call down thunders of applause, rather than to rest on the less tumultuous but more heartfelt and permanent impressions, which are made by the general harmony and grandeur of the composition, by the high-wrought passion, which, however struck out in the heat, and flowing from the pregnant mind with the utmost rapidity, can only flow from that mind which is concentrated
upon

upon itself, and is abundantly stored with treasured thought, with knowledge of nature and of the human heart.

How high Miss Kemble's young aspirings have been—what conceptions she has formed to herself of the dignity of tragic poetry—may be discovered from this most remarkable work; at this height she must maintain herself, or soar a still bolder flight. The turmoil, the hurry, the business, the toil, even the celebrity of a theatric life must yield her up at times to that repose, that undistracted retirement within her own mind, which, however brief, is essential to the perfection of the noblest work of the imagination—genuine tragedy. Amidst her highest successes on the stage, she must remember that the world regards her as one to whom a still higher part is fallen. She must not be content with the fame of the most extraordinary work which has ever been produced by a female at her age, (for as such we scruple not to describe her *Francis the First*),—with having sprung at once to the foremost rank, not only of living actors but of modern dramatists;—she must consider that she has given us a pledge and earnest for a long and brightening course of distinction, in the devotion of all but unrivalled talents in two distinct, though congenial, capacities, to the revival of the waning glories of the English theatre.

- ART. IX.—1. *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux Premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont (de Genève), Ouvrage posthume publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif du Canton de Genève. Paris. 8vo. 1832.
2. *The Progress of the Revolutions of 1640 and 1830.* London. 1832.
3. *On the Present Balance of Parties in the State.* By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. London. 1832.
4. *Some Reflections of a Church of England Man, on the Conduct of the Chief Secretary for Ireland.* London. 1832.
5. *True Causes of Riot and Rebellion; or, a Petition to the King on behalf of the Prisoners convicted under the late Special Commissions at Bristol and Nottingham.* London. 8vo. 1832.

WE have never seen a more remarkable instance of the blindness with which a rhetorician will pursue a flowery topic at the expense of his argument, than in the references made by Mr. Macaulay, in two successive declamations on Parliamentary Reform, to the revolutions which brought Louis XVI. and Charles I. to the scaffold. On both occasions he was answered by a statement of facts, which he had either forgotten, or, in his somewhat juvenile eagerness for the gaudier ornaments of diction, neglected,

neglected. On both occasions his discomfiture was complete; nor could it lessen the pain of the overthrow that, as all perceived, the ministerial champion's allusions were the result of previous consideration and selection, while the reply was the production of the moment, from the recollections which happened to present themselves to the memory of his antagonist.

In adverting to the advice given to the House of Lords, to reject the Bill, the Hon. Member for Calne is represented as having said,—

‘I cannot but wonder that such advice should proceed from the lips of men who are constantly lecturing us on the duty of consulting history and experience. Have they ever heard what effects counsels like their own, when too faithfully followed, have produced? Have they ever visited that neighbouring country, which still presents to the eye, even of a passing stranger, the signs of a great dissolution and renovation of society? Have they ever walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay, and portioned out into lodging-rooms, which line the silent streets of the Fauxbourg St. Germain? Have they ever seen the ruins of those castles whose terraces and gardens overhang the Loire? Have they ever heard that, from those magnificent hotels,—from those ancient castles,—an aristocracy as splendid, as brave, as proud, as accomplished as ever Europe saw, was driven forth to exile and beggary,—to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile creeds,—to cut wood in the back settlements of America,—or to teach French in the school-rooms of London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers?—Because they had no sympathy with the people—no discernment of the signs of their times;—because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them, theorists and speculators;—because they refused all concession till the time had arrived when no concession would avail.

‘I have no apprehension that such a fate awaits the nobles of England. I draw no parallel between our aristocracy and that of France. Those who represent the Lords as a class whose power is incompatible with the just influence of the middle orders in the State, draw the parallel, and not I. They do all in their power to place the Lords and Commons of England in that position, with respect to each other, in which the French gentry stood with respect to the *Tiers Etat*; but I am convinced that these advisers will not succeed.’—*Mirror of Parliament*, Sept. 20.

The author of these elegant paragraphs was forthwith answered by one whom, unlike most of the orators on either side of the House, we may characterise in the words of Horace as

‘*Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares*

Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.’

‘Not

‘Not satisfied (said Mr. Croker) with those vague generalities and that brilliant declamation which tickle the ear and amuse the imagination, without satisfying the reason, the learned gentleman unluckily, I think, for the force of his appeal, thought proper to descend to argumentative illustration and historical precedents. But whence has he drawn his experience? Sir, he sought his weapon in the very armoury to which, if I had been aware of his attack, I should myself have resorted for the means of repelling it. He reverted to the early lessons of the French revolution, and the echoes of the deserted palaces of the Fauxbourg St. Germain were reverberated in the learned gentleman’s eloquence, as ominous admonitions to the peerage of England. He thinks that frightful period—the dawn of that long and disastrous day of crime and calamity, bears some resemblance to our present circumstances, and he thinks justly: but different, widely different, is the inference which my mind draws from this awful comparison.....

‘The first project by which the revolutionists in France thought that a virtual abolition of the aristocratic branch of their old constitution could be the most practicably and effectively carried, was, the abolition of separate chambers, and the union of all the Estates in one house, where the numerical majority of the Commons would reduce into the position of a weak and impotent minority the whole body of the Nobility. To this monstrous proposition—which, though veiled in all the sophistry of popular plausibility, was, in fact, the whole revolution,—will it be said that the nobility were not justified in offering a firm, constitutional, and unanimous opposition?—they must have seen, that by the union of the Chambers into one, not only was their proper influence destroyed, but that there was practically an end of their own order, of the ancient constitution of the States-General, and, finally, of the monarchy of France! In fact, the proposition of the *Tiers Etat* was a *Reform Bill*, calculated to increase the democratic, and lower the aristocratical influence;—and seeing that the Nobles were reluctant to commit so suicidal an act, they determined to force them to the fatal step by every species of fraud and violence, deceit and intimidation; and much the same kind of arguments were then addressed, by pretended friends and open enemies, to the French Chamber of the Nobility, which is now directed against our House of Lords. But did the Nobles, on that vital occasion, show that blind and inflexible obstinacy which the learned gentleman has attributed to them? Did they even display the decent dignity of a deliberative council? Did they indeed exhibit a cold and contemptuous apathy to the feelings of the people, or did they not rather evince a morbid and dishonourable sensibility to every turn of the popular passion? Was it, sir, in fact, their high and haughty resistance, or was it, alas! their deplorable pusillanimity, that overthrew their unhappy country? No inconsiderable portion of the Nobility joined the *Tiers Etat* at once, and with headlong and heedless alacrity; the rest delayed for a short interval,—a few days only of doubt and dismay;

dismay; but, after that short pause, those whom the learned gentleman called proud and obstinate bigots to privilege and power, abandoned their most undoubted privilege and most effective power, and were seen to march in melancholy procession to the funeral of the monarchy, with a fallacious appearance of freedom, but bound in reality by the invisible shackles of intimidation—goaded by the invectives of a treasonable and rancorous press—and insulted, menaced, and all but driven by the bloody hands of an infuriated populace.

‘But was this all? did the sacrifice end here? When the *Tiers Etat* had achieved their first triumph, and when, at last, the three estates were collected in the National Assembly, was the Nobility deaf to the calls of the people, or did they cling with indecent tenacity to even their most innocent privileges? The learned gentleman has appealed to the decayed ceilings and tarnished walls of hotels and *chateaux*, where ancient ancestry had depicted its insignia, but which now exhibit the faded and tattered remnants of fallen greatness. Does the learned gentleman not know that it was the rash hands of the Nobility itself which struck the first blow against these aristocratical decorations?

‘And in that celebrated night, which has been called the “*night of sacrifices*,” but which is better known by the more appropriate title of the “*Night of Insanity*,” when the whole frame and order of civilized society was overthrown in the delirium of popular compliance, who led the way in the giddy orgies of destruction?—Alas! the Nobility! Who was it that, in that portentous night, offered, as he said, on the altar of his country, the sacrifice of the privileges of his order?—A Montmorency! Who proposed the abolition of all feudal and seignorial rights?—A Noailles! And what followed?—We turn over a page or two of this eventful history, and we find the Montmorencies in exile and the Noailles on the scaffold!’—*Ibid.*

Even in point of oratory, we think it will be admitted that the palm in this case was on the side of truth;—that the extempore effusion of the statesman surpassed immeasurably as to mere style and force of language the elaborate concoction of the sophist’s *φροντιστήριον*—but, be that as it may, how complete and conclusive was the statement of the facts, and how powerful is the lesson which may be drawn from them!

Within a few days after listening to this debate, we received from Paris the volume named first at the head of this article; and considering it as perhaps the most interesting one that has recently issued from the French press, we shall present our readers with a few extracts illustrative of the Tory speaker’s argument. The author, M. Dumont of Geneva, the translator or rather re-writer of Jeremy Bentham’s works, was a liberal, of course, of the most liberal, but, as every one admits, a man of high personal character, unsullied probity, and, oddly as
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he chose to apply them, of distinguished talents.* Before the French Revolution broke out, he had spent some years in England as tutor to the sons of Lord Lansdowne, in whose family he was treated on the footing of a familiar friend, and had opportunities of forming close connexions with Messrs. Sheridan and Fox, Lord Holland, and Sir Samuel Romilly. (*Avertissement*, p. vii.) Happening to be in Paris in 1789, an accident introduced him to the Comte de Mirabeau, and he remained in the French capital until after the death of his new patron. This gentleman (whose subsequent history we need not dwell on, and who always continued to be well-known in the literary society of London) has very lately died; his executor has just published his 'Souvenirs' respecting the two first years of the National Assembly, and these 'Souvenirs' are peculiarly welcome, because they contain the deliberate opinions of one who cannot be suspected of anti-revolutionary partialities. As M. Dumont was, though not a Frenchman by birth, one of the most active partizans of Mirabeau, his chief assistant in the management of his revolutionary journals and also in the preparation of his *set* speeches from the tribune, and enjoyed, consequently, the means of conversing confidentially with all the leading persons who acknowledged Mirabeau's ascendancy—his description of the gradual evolution of the anti-aristocratical, anti-ecclesiastical, and anti-monarchical conspiracy of 1789, drawn as it is by a practised and graceful hand, after a long lapse of years, in a spirit of grave and philosophical candour worthy of an old and honest man, must undoubtedly take its place among the most valuable records of that period, which Mr. Macaulay has been more fond of talking about than careful in studying.

Early in the sittings of the fatal Assembly, one of its members ventured to lecture the Bishops in terms which will remind our readers of certain recent speeches in our House of Lords.

'Go,' said the orator to the Deputation of the Clergy, 'go and tell your colleagues, that, if the interests of the people be indeed at their hearts, their course is plain before them. Let them join themselves in this hall to the friends of the people! Let them retard our operations by no more affected delays! Let them make use of no more little methods to disturb the resolution which *we* have taken! Ministers of religion, worthy imitators of their Master, let them read the necessities of the time! Let them renounce the luxury that surrounds them—the *éclat* which insults the eye of indigence! Let them dismiss their haughty lackeys, sell their superb equipages, and prepare to convert this odious superfluity to the nourishment of the poor!'—p. 61.

* We ourselves had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and always considered him as about the most eloquent man, even in *English*, that we had met with.

This sermon on that famous text, '*Set your house in order,*' &c., entered well, says M. Dumont, into the passions of the moment. It was followed by 'a confused murmur, more flattering than any burst of applause,'—every body asked who was the speaker?

'He was not known, and it was not till after a few minutes of whispered enquiries that his name began to circulate in the hall and the gallery; a name at which, three years after, the world trembled—it was, ROBESPIERRE!'—p. 61.

It is well known that, even from the beginning, several of the most influential prelates were friendly to that union of the Orders which Robespierre thus forcibly recommended to the acceptance of the reluctant majority of the mitred bench; and among these, one of the most distinguished was the Bishop of Chartres, a benevolent old man, at whose house M. Dumont frequently visited, and whose character he thus instructively gives:—

'He was no politician, no deep thinker, but he had himself so much good faith and candour that he distrusted no one: he could scarcely imagine that the popular leaders had any other object but to reform abuses, and do good to everybody. A stranger to intrigues, sincere in his intentions, he really followed his conscience, and acted from a pure sentiment of duty. His religion was like his politics: he was pious, but tolerant, and delighted to see the protestants relieved from all constraint. He did not doubt that the clergy would have to make sacrifices; but he never dreamed that they might be the victims of the revolution which he favoured.'

We turn a leaf or two, and read as follows:

'I called on him after the possessions of the church had been declared national property. I found him, with tears in his eyes, dismissing his old domestics, reducing his hospitable establishment, selling some valuable moveables, that he might have wherewithal to pay his debts. He sought to console himself in his distresses by admitting me to full confidence. His regrets were not selfish; but he complained bitterly of the folly that had led him to embrace the cause of the *Tiers Etat*, which, the moment it had gained strength, thus trampled all the engagements it had formed in the day of its weakness! How painful to so good a man, the reflection, that he had contributed to the success of a party so faithless and unjust.'

Thus it ever was, and we fear, if we reject the lessons of experience, thus will it ever be; weak and well-meaning men are the first tools of revolutionists, and their earliest victims. We implore our Peers and our Bishops to consider this warning example.

That famous '*Night of Insanity*' which had led, among other things,

things, to the pecuniary ruin of the good Bishop,* fills the greater part of one of M. Dumont's most lively chapters; and we shall translate a few specimens. M. Dumont prepares us for the consummating scene of self-immolating phrenzy by the following general observations concerning the tone and spirit of the Legislative Assembly with respect to a most important subject; nor, if for 'National Assembly of 1789' we read 'British Cabinet of 1831,' could any one describe the most alarming symptom of our own times in more appropriate language:—

'The Assembly had such a dread of offending the people, that it regarded almost as a snare any motion which tended to the repression of disorders, or even to the censure of popular excesses. They had triumphed only by means of the people—how dare to exhibit severity towards the people? On the contrary, although they issued from time to time *solemn declarations that they heard with profound affliction and even indignation of the violences of those that burned the chateaux and insulted the nobles*, they enjoyed, in secret, the terror to which these enormities gave birth. They had placed themselves in a dilemma. Decency required some expression of disapprobation, but self-interest tied up their hands from any effective measure of repression: they paid fine verbal compliments to law and authority—their real encouragements were reserved for licence and disorder.'—pp. 133, 134.

That base and elaborate piece of mob-flattery—the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man,' is next discussed; and who will not smile to learn, that this document, at first the pride, and at last the scourge of France, was, after all, in the main, drawn up by two Swiss adventurers, who had both been private tutors in English families, and who had no natural connexion with French affairs whatever—namely, M. Durouverai, and M. Dumont himself; who concludes his account of the manufacture of this precious 'Declaration' with this very candid avowal:—

'As this melancholy compilation proceeded, I began to open my eyes to considerations which had not before presented themselves to my mind. I felt, in short, the falsehood and the folly of the whole affair,—it was, at best, a puerile fiction. The Declaration of Rights, I said to myself, ought to have followed, not preceded, the final settlement of the new constitution of France; for *rights* have no existence except as the result of *laws*. Besides, these *maxims* are dangerous things: it is unwise to tie up legislators by general propositions, which they must, in the sequel, find it necessary to modify or restrain; above all,

* The Bishop of Chartres died in exile. We believe it was to this unfortunate prelate, when communicating the misery to which he found himself reduced in a German village, during the Reign of Terror, that the first Lord Lansdowne made that celebrated reply, "My dear Bishop, you are to consider yourself as a wounded soldier of a victorious army." His Lordship, however, granted the old man a pension.
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they should not be tied up by *false* maxims. "*All men are born free and equal:*" is that true? By no means; we are not born free; on the contrary, we are all born in a state of the most abject weakness and total dependence. Then, in what respect are we *equal*?—in what can we ever be *so*?—is it in fortune, in talent, in virtue, in industry, in condition? The falsehood of the assertion is manifest. It requires volumes to give anything like a reasonable explanation of this *equality* which you thus assert as a fundamental and unexceptionable truth without exception."—p. 140.

It is upon similar maxims, equally unfounded in practical experience, and leading equally to interminable changes, that our Ministers have pretended to base their Reform Bill; we say *pretended*, for, after having in their opening speeches stated their '*maxims*,' every page of their bill, and every night of the discussion, have proved the impossibility of adhering to the principles they had thus advanced.

The Declaration, thus justly criticised by its principal author, was the work of some tedious weeks; but after it had once been adopted by the Assembly, there was no pretence for accusing the reforming legislature of slowness.

'If,' says M. Dumont, 'they had lost much time in these discussions about the Rights of Man, ample reparation was made by the nocturnal sitting of the 4th of August (the *Night of Insanity*): never was so much business gone through in so few hours. That which ought to have occupied the care and meditation of years was proposed, discussed, put to the vote, and carried by general acclamation. I know not how many laws were enacted: the abolition of feudal rights, the abolition of tithes, the abolition of the privileges of the provinces,—three articles which alone comprehended an entire system of jurisprudence and civil polity, were decided on, along with ten or a dozen more, in less time than the first reading of a single bill of ordinary importance would have claimed from the Parliament of England. One would have said that the Assembly conducted itself like a dying man, who makes his will in a hurry; or, to speak more accurately, every body gave liberally what did not belong to him, and distinguished himself by being generous at the expense of others.

'This famous sitting (*an after-dinner sitting!*) opened with a report on the disorders in the provinces, the burnings of country seats, the troops of ruffians that attacked the gentry, and ravaged the harvests. As soon as this had been read, the Duke d'Aiguillon, Noailles, and others of the *minority of the Noblesse*, rose and exclaimed, that, after hearing such disastrous details, it was obvious that nothing could calm the people but a great act of generosity; that the time was come in which all odious privileges must be abandoned, and the nation at large admitted to enjoy all the benefits of the revolution. The language of these noblemen excited a general effervescence in the house. Adieu to all reflection and calculation!

lation! Each rushed forward to propose some new sacrifice, to heap some fresh offering on the altar of his country, to strip himself—or to despoil others—no pause, no objection, no time for thought—a sentimental contagion had seized on every heart. This renunciation of all privileges, the abandonment of so many valuable and long-descended rights, these multiplied sacrifices, had a certain air of magnanimity which made one forget the indecency of this heat and precipitation, so little suited to the character of legislators. I saw that night good worthy deputies who wept for joy in finding business advance at such a rate, and their utmost hopes exceeded, at every new spring of the endemic enthusiasm.* It is, however, true, that all were not hurried away in the prevailing sentiment. The member who felt himself ruined by one proposition which had been unanimously adopted, took his revenge, by making another which insured him companions in calamity. The mass of the Assembly never penetrated the designs of the leading movers; and these keeping their object steadily in view, profited by every fresh explosion of this general drunkenness.—p. 142.

Reflection returned with the morning; and who, may the reader suppose, were the members that then exclaimed the most bitterly against those proceedings?—*Mirabeau and Sieyes!*

* The Abbé was particularly shocked with the abolition of the tithes. "They wish to be free," said he, "and they cannot be just." He was, in short, full of bitter resentment and profound contempt of the wickedness and stupidity of the assembly. Mirabeau listened to his discourse, and answered, "My dear Abbé, you have let loose the bull, and now you wonder that he should make use of his horns."

These two gentlemen had been the principal instruments of the grand primary blunder and injustice,—the compelling the nobility and clergy to sit in the same hall with the *Tiers Etat*; a violence to which *our* reformers will not be driven, since they have, in a sudden creation of new peers to outvote the old ones, an expedient rather smoother, and equally efficacious, for arriving at the same end.

But what did Sieyes and Mirabeau think *now* of their own work?

* They both conceived a rooted scorn for the Assembly. Both now perceived clearly some of the consequences of the union of the orders;—that a legislative chamber, *unbalanced by another of co-ordinate power*, can have no regulator; and must at all times be liable to com-

* Not very different was the scene exhibited in our House of Commons on that memorable night the 1st of March, 1830, when Lord John Russell proposed his sweeping Reform Bill. One borough proprietor,—Mr. John Smith,—declared, 'it took away his breath for joy, &c. and he gladly sacrificed *Midhurst* on the altar of his country.' Such patriotism has not gone unrewarded,—in the new bill, *Midhurst* is preserved, and Mr. John Smith has recovered his breath! Nor were there wanting instances in these debates in which gentlemen obtained great praise by, to use M. Dumont's expression, '*liberally giving what did not belong to them, and distinguishing themselves by being generous at the expense of others.*'

mit the most fatal follies under the contagion of enthusiasm and the eloquence of fear.'—p. 148.

Now mark the concluding sentence of this richly-instructive chapter:—

'These decrees of the 4th of August, far from putting a stop to brigandage and violence, afforded the populace the finishing evidence of their strength, and convinced them that all their outrages on the nobles would at least remain unpunished,—if even they were not rewarded. I repeat, *that which men do out of fear never attains its object. Those whom you think to disarm by concessions, only redouble their confidence and audacity.*'—p. 149.

We think we have now quoted enough to illustrate the accuracy of those statements which Mr. Croker opposed to the rash, though brilliant rhetoric of the Honourable Member for Calne. Our limits will not permit us to go at greater length into the merits of M. Dumont's posthumous work; but we can safely recommend it as the most amusing as well as instructive one that has lately been published. We entreat our legislators to consider, deeply and reverently, the important lessons thus forcibly and opportunely given by one, who had himself dealt largely in revolutions, and whose evidence *against them* is above all possibility of mistake, and all suspicion of partiality.

To return to our *domestica facta*.

Warned by the failure of his appeal to France, (no failure as to talent or eloquence, but a miserable one in point of reasoning and permanent effect,) Mr. Macaulay, in his next speech, deprecated all allusions to the history of the French Revolution; but, with extraordinary bad judgment, or perhaps we should rather say bad luck, directed the attention of his audience to the history of the English rebellion of 1642. There again he found the old *flagellifer* in his front, and not unprepared to meet him on the new ground which he had chosen. Mr. Croker, without attempting to follow out a complete parallel between the two periods, adduced some quotations from the history of those times, so wonderfully apposite to present circumstances, as not only to overthrow the inferences of his antagonist, but to prove that the signs, which, in 1640 and 1641, preceded and announced the Great Rebellion, had now, in 1830 and 1831, re-appeared in a frightful identity.

It is perhaps to these discussions that we are indebted for the very ingenious and well-written pamphlet which gives its title to this article. The design of the author seems to have been to take the *advice* of Mr. Macaulay and the *example* of Mr. Croker; and by collecting into one view some important passages of the history of the Rebellion, to show, as he says, 'That from the commencement nearly

' war

war in 1642, may be traced the growth and exercise of principles and passions most lamentably correspondent with our own; —the same objects to be obtained, the same language, method, and even succession of detail. Were the names but changed, and the dates expunged, any one might believe that he was reading the events of the current week, and passing, in his ordinary course of perusal, from the reported debates to the leading article of *The Times*.—p. 5.

We shall endeavour to compress into our narrower limits the most remarkable details of this able pamphlet, with a few additional passages, which have struck our eye while turning over Clarendon to verify its quotations, and which seem to us to add to the already wonderful and most instructive resemblance.

The first remarkable similarity is, that in 1640, as in 1830, there was elected a new parliament. The first objects proposed to both were the necessary supplies for the maintenance of the power and dignity of the Crown. The parliament of 1640 postponed the supplies to consider of grievances, and that of 1830 postponed the arrangement of the civil list under the influence, as we were told, of the growing desire for Reform. The opening act of November, 1640, overthrew the administration, and drove the Earl of Strafford from power, as the first measure of that of 1830 displaced the government of the Duke of Wellington.

But at neither period were these successes effected in Parliament without the aid of intimidation from without. At both, open riot and secret murmurings, the work of emissaries, prevailed throughout the country. At both, the metropolis was disturbed; and at both, the tumults just preceded the downfall of the Ministry (in 1640, by a few months, the Parliament not then sitting; in 1830, by a few days, the session having begun). At both periods too there pervaded the kingdom a nervous sympathy with the movements and feelings of neighbouring countries; in 1640, the Scotch had effectually resisted the Monarch in his endeavours to impose on them the obnoxious Liturgy; in 1830, the French had overthrown the Sovereign, who had attempted to force obedience to his famous ordinances; and the Belgic provinces had revolted from the House of Orange;—then sanguine hope in the seditious, restlessness in others, and a feverishness of sentiment in all (late humiliations having abated the respect for monarchical power), set most men's minds upon novelties and changes. Nor was the then state of Ireland very unlike the present: agitation, discontent, and bigotry prevailed, and ferocious rapine under the guise of religion; one year after the meeting of that excited Parliament, the dreadful Irish rebellion began. May the parallel be never completed! But neither
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of the Parliaments which began the mischief were allowed to last for more than a few months. They were dissolved even before they had voted the ordinary supplies; and the dissolution seems to have been produced, in both cases, by a gross misrepresentation made to the Kings by their respective Ministers, as to the indisposition of the House of Commons to grant the supplies.—‘Sir Henry Vane, the Secretary of State, had made to the King a worse representation of the honour and affection of the House than it deserved. By this means he wrought so far with the King that, without so much deliberation as the affair was worthy of, his Majesty, in the beginning of May, dissolved the Parliament’ (*Clarendon*, vol. i., p. 245*); and in doing so, some paltry arts were used to take the House by surprise, ‘from some apprehension that that House would have entered upon some ungrateful discourse.’—p. 246.

In 1831, Lord Brougham, in a misrepresentation still more gross than Sir Henry Vane’s, stated in Parliament, and it is said even in the King’s closet, that the House of Commons *had refused the supplies*, and in consequence, as is generally believed, of this strange misstatement, his Majesty towards the end of April dissolved his Parliament, in circumstances of such haste and hurry as showed that it was ‘*apprehended that the House of Commons would have entered upon some ungrateful discourse.*’ People inquired, with wonder, how King Charles’s servants could have made such false statements and given such fatal advice; but ‘what followed in the next Parliament, within less than a year, made it believed that Sir Henry Vane had acted that part *maliciously, and to bring all into confusion.*’—p. 245.

But whatever were the motives of Lord Brougham or Sir Henry Vane, the Parliaments were dissolved, to the grief, in both cases, of all the real friends of the monarchy, who foresaw, from those hasty and imprudent dissolutions, ‘much of the misery which shortly after fell out;’ while the other party ‘could not conceal the joy of their hearts, for they were sure that so many unbiassed men would never be elected again.’ ‘Within an hour after the dissolution, Mr. Hyde’ (afterwards Lord Clarendon) ‘met Mr. St. John’ (a notorious Whig), ‘who had naturally a great cloud in his face, and very seldom was known to smile, but then had a most cheerful aspect; and seeing the other melancholick, as in truth he was from his heart, asked him, “What troubled him?” who answered, “That the same that troubled him, he believed, troubled most good men; that in such a time of confusion, so wise a Parliament, which alone could have found remedy for it, was so unseasonably dismissed.” The other answered, with a little warmth, “That all was well; and that it must be worse before

* We quote from the Oxford edition of 1826.

"it could be better; and that this Parliament could never have done what was necessary to be done;" as, indeed, it would not what St. John and his friends thought necessary.—*Clar.* vol. i. p. 247.

The dissolutions of Parliament were in both cases followed by all the virulence of a libellous press, and all the violence of an excited populace. 'Emissaries and agents of confusion were furnished with opportunity and art to entangle all those (and God knows they were a great many!) who were to be affected by vile and vulgar considerations: cheap senseless libels were scattered about the city, and fixed upon gates and public remarkable places, traducing and vilifying those who were in highest trust and employment. Tumults were raised, and all licence both in action and words taken.'—p. 255.* On the meeting of both the new Parliaments, elected as they were under such circumstances of excitement, it is not surprising that, 'there was observed a marvellous elated countenance in many of the Members; the same men, who, six months before, were observed to be of very moderate tempers, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied without opening the wound too wide, began now to talk in another dialect both of things and persons; and said, "that they must now be of another temper than they were the last Parliament; that they must not only sweep the house clean below, but must pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the tops and corners, that they might not breed dust, and so make a foul house hereafter; that they had now an opportunity to make their country happy, by removing all grievances, and pulling up the causes of them by the roots, (i. e. radically,) if all men would do their duties;" and used much other sharp discourse to the same purpose.'—p. 299.

Our readers will recognise in this paragraph the theme, and, indeed, some of the expressions, which were used on the re-assembling of the present parliament, and particularly, as we recollect, by persons who had before 'been of a very moderate temper'

* Among the most striking passages of Sir John Walsh's calm and dignified essay named at the head of this article, is that in which he brings home the charge of having encouraged popular violence to the present government of this country. His language is measured from self respect, but the argument is complete and unanswerable, and we abstain from quotation only because this masterly writer's pamphlets are understood to command, what, perhaps, none others of the time do, very extensive circulation. We may take this opportunity of recommending to special attention another tract entitled 'True causes of Riot and Rebellion,' and drawn up in the form of 'A Petition to the King in behalf of the Prisoners Convicted at Bristol and Nottingham,' which we are not sorry to observe is stitched up with this Number of our Review, by way of handbill. A more admirable specimen of logical inference we have never met with; and the author (of whose name or quality we have not the smallest knowledge) is to be numbered among those who, at this fearful crisis, *optime meruerunt Reipublica*.—Since his performance has been thus casually associated with our labours, we hope those who do us the honour to bind the *Quarterly Review* will take care that the 'Petition to the King' is not thrown aside at the end of the year.

on this question, and had proposed very '*gentle remedies*'—Sir James Mackintosh, Lord John Russell, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

The second parliament of 1640 was, be it remembered, the Long Parliament, which overthrew monarchy—prepared the murder of the king, and established a republic; yet we may observe that it was opened by a speech from a great patriot, Mr. Pym, who 'enlarged in specious commendation of the nature and goodness of the king—a virtuous and pious prince, *who loved his people*, and was a great lover of justice.'—p. 299.

With such flatteries are kings deluded when their inveterate enemies assume the mask of friendship! It may, however, be doubted whether, at this early period of the Long Parliament, any considerable number of men had formed the project of overthrowing the monarchy, and it is still less likely that they contemplated the future murder of the monarch. Some there may have been who harboured such extreme designs, but 'they covered them with every *profession of extreme loyalty*' till they were enabled to execute their purposes by a long succession of events, in the earliest of which many *moderate and well-meaning* men were induced, by a variety of motives, to join. We have, on this point, an instructive lesson in the '*Memoirs of Mr. Denzil Hollis*,' at first a leading reformer; he says—

'The Members of Parliament who then engaged declared themselves to desire nothing but the *settlement of the kingdom in the honour and greatness of the king, and in the happiness and safety of the people*. This, I am sure, was the ultimate end of many—I may say, of the chiefest of those who at that time appeared . . . Whilst these men acted in the simplicity of their hearts, there was another generation of men, which, like frozen snakes that lay in their bosoms, seemed to desire only the same things with them; and that the same should have contented them. But it was nothing so: for they had further designs—to destroy, and cut off not a few; to make the land an *aceldama*; to ruin the king, and as many of the nobility and gentry as they could; alter the government; and have no order in the church, nor power in the state over themselves. This was the venom they harboured, which at first they were not warm enough to put forth!'

The first important measures proposed in 1640 and in 1830 were the king's revenue or civil list, but the reformers had in neither case quite made up their minds how much they would give him, 'and so they proposed, with all the expression of duty and affection to the king which can be imagined, and presented a grant of those duties for a few months.'—*Clar.* vol. i. p. 366. The forms which this business took were not exactly the same at both periods, from the differences of our modern practice, but the principle

principle was the same; the provision for the king was, in both cases, delayed, and a provisional grant for a few months only voted.

In other instances also a principle, essentially derogatory to the royal authority, was established by both Parliaments. In the first money-bill passed, in 1640, which was done to enable certain commissioners to pay off certain public debts, the money was granted *not to the King*, as had ever been the case, but to the commissioners, direct. This bill the King passed without hesitation, 'himself not considering the consequence of it, and 'none about him having the courage' (and let us add the honesty) 'to represent it to him.'—p. 364. And from that time this new form, which virtually set the King aside, was adopted as a precedent. So, up to the year 1831, the Great Officers of State, the Judges, the Ambassadors, and, in general, all the functionaries immediately connected with the government, were called the *King's ministers*, the *King's judges*, the *King's ambassadors*; and their salaries were granted, on the civil list, *to the King for his life*, to be *by him, or by his authority*, issued to them. This, perhaps, was only a *form*, but it was a form connected with the monarchy, and what is monarchy itself (as even a chancellor of France once told his sovereign) but a *form*? This monarchical form has however been abrogated;—the present ministry have separated this class of payments from the King's civil list, and in future the salaries of ministers, judges, ambassadors, &c. are to be voted by the House of Commons, like those of the inferior and ordinary functionaries. Whether they are to be voted *annually* or how otherwise we have not yet learned: if, although removed from the civil list, they are to be voted for the King's life, nothing but a monarchical *form*, will, we admit, have been changed; but if the vote is to be subject to the more frequent revision of Parliament, then the very essence of the monarchy itself will be invaded; for how can a king hope to be faithfully served by those over whose means of existence another and generally antagonist body has a despotic control. However that may be, it is curious to see that a principle of this delicate nature should have marked in common the first money votes of both the ancient and the modern Reformers.

The Ministers of Charles and of William, though they had ineffectually attempted a budget, had obtained *some* supplies and this modified civil list, and it was, therefore thought necessary by those crafty popularity-hunters to conciliate and reward the people with a bill of Parliamentary Reform. This was called, in 1640, the Triennial Act. It was infinitely short of being, in its details, so radical an innovation as that which is now in discussion, but it was,—as the present bill is,—the *first step* towards the final triumph of the democratic over the two other branches of the Consti-

tution. 'The King,' says Hume, 'finding that nothing less would satisfy his Parliament and people, gave his assent to a bill which produced so great an inroad into the Constitution. Solemn thanks were presented him by both Houses; great rejoicings were expressed in the city, and throughout the nation; and mighty professions were everywhere made of gratitude and mutual returns of supply and confidence.'—vol. vi. p. 395. Clarendon, a nearer observer, adds, that this measure was proposed and accepted as a *final* arrangement of the monarchical and democratic balance. The Reformers 'pretended,' he says, 'to have sufficiently provided' (by this act) 'for the security of the commonwealth, and that there remained nothing to be done, but such a return of duty and gratitude towards the King as might testify their devotion, and that their only end was to make him glorious; but,' adds the prophetic historian, 'those fits of zeal and loyalty never lasted long.'—vol. i. p. 368. And here is observable another coincidence, not, indeed, in the *forms* of the events, but in the *principles* which then guided and now guide them. This House of Commons of 1640, which at first affected to be so finally and completely satisfied with having obtained the bill for a *triennial meeting* of Parliament, soon after established, in defiance of all ancient and modern principle, its own *permanent* duration. The House of 1831 founds, on the allegation of its own illegality—of its own usurpation, a right to alter the ancient constitution of the state, and by that alteration the *party* who accomplish it hope to perpetuate their own power. The same spirit pervades the two assemblies, though the modes by which it operates are, from the circumstances, somewhat different. The former made a Long Whig Parliament;—the latter are endeavouring, by a skilful manipulation of the schedules, to secure a Long Whig Administration.

But so far was the success of *their* Reform Bill from satisfying the Reformers of 1640, that it was scarcely passed when those violent and tyrannical proceedings against the House of Lords in the case of Lord Strafford, and against the Church in the person of Archbishop Laud, inflicted wounds so deep and so fatal on the peerage and hierarchy, that, although they lingered for a short time in a kind of mutilated existence, their eventual annihilation had become certain and inevitable. The Reformers,—these '*terrible Reformers*,' as Clarendon forcibly calls them,—having failed in one attempt to convict the Earl of Strafford in the ordinary course of law, had recourse to the despotic expedient of a bill of attainder,—just as the Reformers of the present day, unable to produce any legal proofs of corruption or usurpation against individual boroughs, have made short work by a sweeping bill of attainder against an hundred towns,

towns, which they are pleased to designate in the lump, and *falsely* in many instances, as nomination boroughs. But it is not to any similarity between the *bills* themselves that we mean to allude, but to the arts and violence, the frauds and force, which the two sets of Reformers employed to effect their objects, which were at bottom the same.

The attainder-bill—the most monstrous injustice ever attempted—had been passed in the House of Commons by a determined and unflinching majority of 200 to 59. But it was then, as it is now, the most approved policy to render all constitutional opposition odious, and to endeavour to frighten timid men from a discharge of their duty. The bill of attainder against Lord Strafford was sent up to the Peers:—‘And the same day, as *a better argument to the Lords* speedily to pass the Bill, the nine and fifty members of the House of Commons, who had dissented from that act had their names *written in pieces of parchment or paper*, under this superscription—“STRAFFORDIANS OR ENEMIES TO THEIR COUNTRY;” and these papers were *fixed upon posts* and other *most visible places about the city*; which was as great and destructive a violation of the privileges and freedom of Parliament as can be imagined: yet being complained of in the House, not the least countenance was given to the complaints.’—*Ib.* p. 407. ‘Those who voted against the bill of attainder were,’ says Hume, ‘exposed to all the insults of the ungovernable multitude; when any Lords, suspected of friendship towards the obnoxious minister, passed the crowds that surrounded the Houses of Parliament they were seen to meet with menaces, not unaccompanied with symptoms of the most desperate resolutions in the furious populace.’—vol. vi. p. 411. Our readers will recollect the attacks made in Palace-Yard and Whitehall last autumn on several of the Peers as they were going down to Parliament,—the place, the object, the facts were the same,—the only difference was, that one happened in 1640, and the other in 1831. Hume proceeds:—‘Complaints being made in the House of Commons against these violences, as the most flagrant breach of privilege, the ruling members, by their affected coolness and indifference, showed plainly that the popular tumults were not disagreeable to them.’—*Ib.* Could a future historian better describe what passed in the House of Commons of 1831, when Sir H. Hardinge and Mr. Trevor complained of the violences against Lord Londonderry?

The prosecution against Strafford, though full of illegalities and of most dangerous precedent, was in appearance only a personal question; and the Reformers therefore resolved to follow up their blow with a wider and more efficacious attack on the Constitution.

‘Every

‘Every measure pursued by the Commons, and still more every attempt made by their partisans, was full of the most inveterate enmity against the Church, and showed a determined resolution of subverting the whole ecclesiastical establishment’ *Hume, ib.* (p. 460); and they openly avowed the intention, and finally passed a bill in the lower house to deprive the bishops of their seats in Parliament. In order to force and frighten the Lords into passing this second bill, the same measures were taken as in that of the bill of attainder. ‘The tumults still continued, and even increased about Westminster and Whitehall: the cry continually resounding against *bishops and rotten-hearted lords*—the former particularly were exposed to the most dangerous insults.’—*Ib.* p. 464.

To this was added, in terms precisely the same as those which were used in so many public meetings after the rejection of the Reform Bill,—that ‘the Commons would save the kingdom alone, and allow the House of Peers no part in that honour’—that the Commons were the representative body of the whole kingdom—the Peers nothing but *individuals* who held their seats in a particular capacity; and, therefore, if their lordships would not consent to passing acts necessary for the preservation of the people, the Commons, together with *such of the Lords as are more sensible of the danger*, must join together. So violent was the democratic spirit diffused throughout the nation, that a total suspension of all rank and order was justly to be apprehended.—*Ib.* p. 462; and Hume wonders, not that the majority of the Lords should have stood firm, but that any of them should have, for a moment, sided with innovators, so obviously bent on their annihilation. ‘But the tide of popularity seized many, and carried them wide of the best-established maxims of civil policy. These men, finding that their credit ran high with the nation, ventured to encourage those popular disorders, which they vainly imagined they possessed authority sufficient to regulate and control. In order to obtain a majority in the upper house, the Commons had recourse to the populace, who on former occasions had done them such important service.’—*Ib.* p. 463.

In the midst of all these confusions, another ingredient, of great potency, was thrown in. A committee of *members* arrived from Ireland (‘most of them papists,’ says Clarendon), who appear to have instigated the violent proceedings of the English reformers; they were received by the latter with great attention, and added to the committee for prosecuting the bill of attainder; and all the violences in England were immediately and sympathetically repeated in Ireland, ‘there being such a correspondence settled between Westminster and Dublin. What seeds were then sown for the rebellion, which, within a year afterwards, broke out in Ireland, by

‘ by the great liberty and favour that committee found, who, for ‘ their good service’ (in helping the attainder bill) ‘ were hearkened ‘ to in all things that concerned that kingdom, shall be observed and spoken of at large hereafter.’—*Clarendon*, i., p. 377.

We shall not attempt to dive into futurity; no doubt the result of the extraordinary favour which one party of the Irish members have obtained from their help in forwarding ‘ the bill’ will be ‘ *spoken of at large hereafter*,’—heaven forbid that it may not be—as in the earlier case—as ‘ *the seeds of that rebellion which, ‘ within a year, broke out.*’ *

In the midst of these great and essential resemblances there are several incidental ones which deserve notice.

A part, and no mean part, of the policy of the present Ministers seems to be to weary out their opponents, and so carry by lassitude what they cannot support by reason. Their predecessors of 1640 did the same: *they compelled the house to sit upon SATURDAYS*,—‘ drove away a great number of old and infirm opposers,’—carried bills ‘ at unparliamentary hours,’ and in ‘ thin houses,’ and by the *perpetual sitting of the Commons* acquired for that house the whole executive power of the state.—*Cl.* vol. iii. p. 86. ‘ The house sat so late every day that it was very thin; they ‘ only, who prosecuted the bill with impatience, remaining in the ‘ house; and the others, who abhorred it, growing weary of so ‘ tiresome an attendance, *left the house at dinner time*, and afterwards followed their pleasures; so that the Lord Falkland was ‘ wont to say, “ that they who hated bishops (*read* boroughs) ‘ hated them worse than the devil; and that they who loved them, “ did not love them so well as their dinner.”’—*Cl.* vol. i. p. 484.

And again, still more apposite to present practices, the House of 1640 set about its reforms with an assurance and haughtiness derivable only from consciousness of numerical strength: the parliament of 1640 knew that the sovereign power was enfeebled almost to decrepitude—his party, originally considerable, had, by various influences, been discouraged or reduced; and the reformers displayed their contempt as conciliation became unnecessary.

The ministers of 1830 are equally arrogant over the weakness of their antagonists: relying upon a majority within doors, and a rabble without, they affect to disdain the adversaries whom they cannot answer. We must all recollect the obstinate silence which

* We must content ourselves, for the present, with requesting our readers’ attention to a very able pamphlet on Irish affairs, named at the head of this article. It is flattering to us to discover many coincidences between the accomplished author’s views and those which we opened in our last Number. The pamphlet is generally ascribed to Mr. Escott, and we could hardly pay it a higher compliment than by saying that it seems in every respect worthy of that pen.

they

they endeavoured to maintain, and the supercilious indifference that they opposed to the facts and reasoning of the Tories. We may see, by reference to Clarendon, that it was the same in his day.

'In all debates of this nature,' says the noble author, 'where the law, reason, and common sense, were directly opposite to what they proposed, they suffered those who differed from them in opinion and purposes to say what they thought fit in opposition; and then, without vouchsafing to endeavour their satisfaction; called importunately for the question, well knowing that they had a plurality of voices to concur with them in whatsoever they desired. I remember, in this last business, when it was voted that a committee should be named to draw up reasons, many of those who had, during the debate, positively argued against the thing, were called upon to be of that committee; and amongst them, the Lord Falkland, and Mr. Hyde, who stood up, and "desired to be excused from that service, where they could be of no use; having given so many reasons against it, that they could not apprehend any could be given for it; therefore thought, the work would be better done, if those who had satisfied themselves with the reasonableness of what they wished, would undertake the converting and disposing of other men." There was a gentleman who sat by, (Mr. Bond of Dorchester,—very severe, and resolved, against the Church and the Court,) who, with much passion and trouble of mind, said to them, "For God's sake be of the committee; you know none of our side can give reasons;" which made those who overheard him smile, though he spoke it suddenly, and upon observation that the leaders were not then in the house. Otherwise, it cannot be denied, those who conducted them, and were the contrivers of the mischief, were men of great parts, and unspeakable industry; and their silence in some debates proceeded partly from pride, that it might appear their reputation and interest had an influence upon the sense of the house, against any rhetoric or logic, but principally from the policy they were obliged to use; for, though they could have given a pregnant reason for the most extravagant overture they ever made, and evinced it, that it was the proper way to their end, yet, it not being time to discover their purposes, (how apparent soever they were to discerning men,) they were necessarily to give no reasons at all, or such as were not the true ones.'—vol. ii. p. 27.

Human nature and, of course, human affairs are much the same in all times; the same human passions will produce similar political events, and a similar course of events will, by reaction, produce the same temper in mankind. It is therefore not surprising to trace a similarity of characters in the actors of these two revolutions, and it is curious to find sometimes even an identity of names.

The

The House of *Russell*, as Clarendon informs us, in his notice of the Earl of Bedford, took the lead, and were 'the great contrivers and designers' of the measures proposed by the innovating party, though it appeared in the sequel that they had not seriously intended 'to subvert the government, (though they did so,) but only to get themselves and their friends into place.'—v. i., p. 317.

Next Clarendon mentions 'a man of a mean and a narrow fortune, of great parts, and of the highest ambition, who had been for many years the oracle of the dissenters, and was a notorious enemy to the Church. He had always opposed and contradicted all acts of state.' Some circumstances of opposition to the king 'at York, the year before, had given him much credit, and, in a word, he had a very great authority with all the discontented throughout the kingdom.'—p. 318. Our readers will see in this the sketch of a character which they cannot fail to apply to an eminent modern; but as that eminent person is

'A man so various, that he seems to be—

'Not one but all mankind's epitome,'

we may be forgiven if we finish his character by a few traits which Clarendon applies to one or two of his fellow-labourers in the vineyard of revolution.

'He had spent sometime abroad, in Geneva, where he improved his disinclination to the Church; and he finished his education in Scotland, and was very little known, except amongst that people, until he was found in parliament, when it was quickly discovered that he was like to make good what he had for many years promised.' What follows is still more curious:— 'He was a man of great natural parts,—of a very profound dissimulation,—of a quick conception,—and a very ready, sharp, and crafty expression. He had an unusual aspect, which (though he might have had it from his parents, neither of whom were beautiful) yet made men think there was something in him of extraordinary, and his whole life made good that imagination.'—His first appearance in public life was in colonial affairs, in which he soon became an authority; but 'his working and unquiet fancy' soon turned the other way, and he became the greatest and most effectual enemy of the quiet and prosperity of the colonies. He had 'contracted, in France and Geneva, a full prejudice and bitterness against the church,' and was remarkable for cultivating the goodwill 'of all discontented and seditious persons.'—*Ib.* p. 326. 328. Finally, 'he had credit enough to do his business in all places, and cared for no man, otherwise than he found it very convenient for himself.'—i. 216.

The third whom Clarendon notices, was a noble lord, the eldest son of a former cabinet minister, who, 'by his natural civility, good

'good manners, and good nature, was universally acceptable; and no man more in the confidence of the discontented and factious party than he,—no man to whom the whole mass of their designs was more entirely communicated,—and no man more consulted with. These three lords,' says Clarendon, 'were the principal agents, as well to manage the House of Commons, as to raise that spirit which was to inflame the Lords.'—*Ib.* p. 320.

Would we not believe that we were reading memoirs of our own time, and the characters of the Russells, the Broughams, and the Althorpes of to-day? Some other less important coincidences are equally curious.

'Lord Holland, at his house at Kensington, was visited and caressed with great application by all the factious party.'—*Cl.*, vol. ii. p. 12. And 'in these private meetings at Kensington,' his lordship 'would furnish information' for the guidance of the faction in 'their crooked and indirect courses, and their visible unwarrantable breaches upon the Church and the religion established by law.'—p. 13.

Walls are said to have ears; a political Crebillon might give them a tongue; and we should be curious to know in what the Holland House colloquies of 1641, on the subjects of the monarchy and religion, might differ in principle from those of 1831.

Lord Spencer, the lord-lieutenant of Northamptonshire, (*Cl.* iii. p. 63,) was at first tainted with the spirit of the times; but his well-regulated mind soon became disgusted with the violence of the Reformers, and he drew back from the degrading alliance, and died at last by the hands of the rebels whose cause he had abandoned.

'Lord Paget, likewise had contributed all his faculties to their service, and had been one of their *teasers* to broach their bold high overtures' (*to agitation*) 'which soberer men were not at first willing to be seen in, and was, as a man, most worthy to be confided in, chosen to be lord-lieutenant.'—*Ib.* p. 65. This unhappy nobleman, with a great appearance of spirit and determination, was, in truth, of a weak and wavering disposition; he changed his principles two or three times, and afterwards fell into the disregard which such conduct never fails to produce.

Nor were those times without a Lord Grey, whose character and power Clarendon describes with the touch of his prophetic pencil. 'Lord Grey was,' he says, 'a man of no eminent parts, but only backed by the credit and authority of the parliament.'—*Ib.* p. 454. His rank, however, and his zeal, notwithstanding the mediocrity of his judgment, made him eventually the leader of his party in the House of Lords. In 1832 we have
a Lord

a Lord Grey, whose parts, never solid, are now worn out—even to the contempt of his own underlings, and who holds his precarious ground by being the blind and unresisting tool of the majority which the circumstances of the times have created in the House of Commons. And to descend even to minor matters, we find the reforming party insisting that *Mr. Sergeant Wylde* ('who has been employed in the prosecution of the Queen,' *Par. Hist.*) should be chief baron of the exchequer.—*Cl.* iii. p. 407.—and we fancy that we are reading, not the journals of 1642, but of 1832, when we see *Sir Charles Wolseley* and *Colonel Jones*, the foremost in all the self-constituted committees of reformers.

We find, also, in the very front of the riots which immediately preceded the actual hostilities, 'the rebellious behaviour of *Coventry*' specially noted; and the city of *Bristol*, was one of the first which arrayed itself against the royal authority. It is a common opinion that the town of Birmingham is quite a new creation; we regret to find that its claims to antiquity are attested by a conduct in those times such as its own Political Union might, at this day, be proud of. '*Bromicham*,' says Clarendon, 'was a town generally wicked, and declaring a more peremptory malice than any other place.'—iii. p. 276.

There happened to be, at that period, in the archiepiscopal see of York, a man who had 'made himself popular' with the reforming party, as 'a supporter of those opinions and those persons which were against the Church itself.'—(*Cl.* vol. ii. pp. 108-9.) When the infamous bill of attainder was introduced, and sent up to the Lords, and that 'the cry resounded against the bishops' for their supposed hostility to that bill, the archbishop of York was the first not only to abandon his personal duty, but to advise and assist in the passing of that monstrous and fatal measure of injustice: nor was this all,—taking advantage of the menaces and violences which were directed against the bishops, he prevailed on *eleven or twelve* of them to abstain from personal opposition to the bill, and to content themselves with a silly and mischievous protest which had a very injurious effect, and which eventually did more to overturn the church and the episcopal order than the boldest and most resolute personal defence of their privileges and character could, even in the opinion of their bitterest enemies, have done. 'When he found the great desire of the Commons to be freed from the Bishops' votes in this matter, he never left terrifying them till he persuaded them to ingratiate themselves' with the Reformers by withdrawing their opposition to the Bill, and Clarendon adds that—'this example prevailed also with some of the (lay) Lords.'—(*Cl.* vol. i. p. 381.) Amongst the prelates whom the
Archbishop

Archbishop of York was supposed to have influenced by 'such unprelatical ignominious argument,' (*Cl.* i. p. 451,) we find the Bishops of Norwich,—Llandaff,—Bath and Wells,—Lichfield and Coventry,—men who certainly never for a moment contemplated the bad effect which their measures produced, but who were actuated by mingled motives of fear and expediency; who, on the one hand, were not sorry to relieve themselves from the peril of popular odium, and, on the other, probably persuaded themselves that a middle course was likely to be the most conciliatory and tranquillizing. The circumstances in which the bishops were then and are now placed, are, of course, very different in the *detail* of events, but the *principles* at stake are the same. The question, however veiled or disguised, is now, as it was then, the independence of the House of Lords—the maintenance of the legislative rights of the episcopal order, and eventually the existence of the constitution in church and state. The question is the same; but we cannot persuade ourselves that the conduct of the Archbishop of York, and any dozen prelates of the present day, will complete the other branch of the parallel. If they do—well indeed, may the *Lord Grey* of 1832 again advise them to set their houses in order, 'for they shall die and not live:' a menace which Robespierre, indeed, anticipated in 1789, but which, in all the fanaticism of his intolerance, the *Lord Grey* of 1642 never ventured to utter.

One of the arguments urged by the Reformers of that day was of unprecedented, but not unparalleled impudence:—their own violences had thrown society into such a state that confidence was lost,—property had become precarious, and trade, commerce, and industry, of course were interrupted. The common council of the city of London, (which, says Clarendon, all substantial citizens, and all moderate and constitutional men having been forced to retire from it, was filled with persons of a very different character—'upstart, factious, indigent companions, forward to encroach on their superiors')—the common council, we say, stated to the House of Commons, that the 'not passing the bill,' (one of the numerous reform bills of the day,) 'filled the minds of men with fears and discouragements, that, by these means, there was such a decay of trading (which could not be cured till the former evils were removed), as was like, in a very short time, to cast innumerable multitudes of poor artificers into such depths of poverty and extremity as might draw them to some dangerous and desperate attempt. These evils under which they did exceedingly labour and languish, sprang from, they said, and were continued by, the votes of the bishops and the lords,' &c.—*Cl.* v. ii. p. 205.

Similar

Similar resolutions, almost in the very expression, we have lately seen ; and as similar have been the comments made on them in the House of Commons.

On the occasion of the above petition from the city, Mr. Pym made a long and violent speech, in somewhat better language and method than Mr. Joseph Hume would use, but in pretty much the same spirit in which the latter gentleman has been in the habit of speaking. Petitions having been also presented ' from the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertford, subscribed by many thousand hands, all of which inveighed against the malignant party, which rendered the good endeavours of the House of Commons fruitless,—Mr. Pym said that these petitions were the voice, or rather the *cry*, of all England;—that they expressed the agony, terror, and perplexity under which the kingdom laboured ;—that as long as the bishops and corrupt part of the clergy' (in those days, too, they at first affected, for a time, to respect the lower clergy) ' continued in their power, there could be little hope for freedom. Some good bills the Commons had passed, and others were in preparation, and might have been passed before that time if they had not found such ill success in the other house. There was, indeed, a great obstruction to trade, which gave food and nourishment to the kingdom ; but they (the reformers in the House of Commons) had given no cause for that obstruction, and were no way guilty of the troubles, fears, and public danger which made men withdraw their capitals and keep their money by them. The evil influences which had caused all this distemper was the great power that a factious and interested party had in parliament ; and after inveighing, in many bitter and seditious speeches, against the vote of the bishops, and the opposition which the House of Lords gave to the reform proposed by the Commons, he concluded by plainly saying, that if the Lords would not unite with the Commons, the latter would be obliged to save the kingdom alone, and that the House of Peers should have no share in the honour of its preservation.' (*Ib.* p. 210.)

This, and like speeches, encouraged the manufacture of petitions to an unprecedented degree ; and Lord Clarendon quotes two which he thought remarkable, both from the strange persons who presented them and the extraordinary language in which they were couched ; '—any one who reads the appendix to the votes of our House of Commons will see nothing unusual in either.

One was from the *Porters* of the metropolis,—they complain that, by the deadness of trade, they did want employment in such a measure as did make their lives very uncomfortable ; '—that it was produced ' by the prevalence of that adverse, malignant, blood

'blood-sucking, and rebellious party, by whose power the privileges of parliament and the liberty of the subject was trampled on.'

The other was a petition from the *Poor*, and represents 'the penury and ruin which threaten to overwhelm them by reason of the sad distractions occasioned chiefly and originally by the bishops and lords, and others of those malignant factions who make abortive all good motions tending to the peace and tranquillity of England—that these occasion so great a decay and stop of trade that your petitioners are grown utterly impoverished, and their miseries are grown insupportable—they pray that such persons, who are the obstacles of our peace and hinderers of the happy proceedings of this Parliament, may be removed,—which removal will be a remedy to cure our miseries and end these distractions, and that those noble worthies of the House of Peers who concur in your happy votes may be earnestly desired to join your honourable house, and to sit and vote as an executive body.'—*Cl. ii. 225.*

This last proposition has not been yet distinctly made in our day, but it is, in principle, by no means different from the advice expressed in so many hundred petitions, that a sufficient number of Peers should be made to *drown* the House of Lords, and reduce it, by a new deluge of members, to a *practical identity* with the House of Commons.

The foregoing 'scandalous and extravagant petition' is not more so than those of our own day; we shall notice one, which will be found in the appendix to the votes of the 5th November, 1830. It is from the operatives of Cockermouth, and sets forth—'that the numberless and cogent appeals of an impoverished and degraded people, have hitherto been regarded as the mere effusions of idle discontent, and not as the wailings of a long suffering and maltreated nation, which apathy and neglect they can only ascribe to their not being duly represented in the Commons' House of Parliament; they understand that a small number of individuals have appropriated to themselves and to their own private benefit those rights which justly belong to the people; this unwarrantable conversion of a great public trust into a private property has produced an endless train of abuses in every department of government; it has shrivelled the nerve of industry, opened more widely the sluices of crime, diffused a spirit of disaffection and just cause of murmur, and commissioned the pestiferous demon, Hunger, to stalk through this unhappy land, spreading interminable ruin upon all who come in contact with his baneful influence, while thousands have fallen victims, and have been brought to a premature termination of their existence by his merciless grasp; that the petitioners would, in common with their fellow-subjects, deprecate the event of a civil commotion

motion with all its concomitant evils; yet notwithstanding it is their firm conviction, that a cloud is gathering which, if not timely averted by wise and judicious arrangements, will (at no distant period) burst with tremendous vengeance upon the oppressors.*

In the Remembrance presented to the King, at Hampton Court, in Dec. 1641, amongst the grievances of the people were enumerated all '*monopolies*,' and the taxes '*on soap, salt, wine, leather, and coal*, and in a manner all things of most common 'and necessary use.' We see, at the present day, hundreds of petitions against the East India Company, and all other *monopolies*, and for the repeal of the very taxes complained of two hundred years ago. One instance from the Votes of Dec. 1830 will suffice, in which the petitioners represent, 'That the burthens 'of the people are such as can no longer be borne, and they 'earnestly demand the immediate repeal of the duties on *salt, soap, candles, and coal*!'

But we must bring our extracts to a conclusion; in fact, were we to notice all the points of resemblance, our article would become a reprint of Clarendon on one side, and of the daily newspapers on the other. We shall therefore conclude what we have to say on this part of the subject by recommending the general reader to peruse the able pamphlet from which we have borrowed so much; and by entreating all those whose station assigns to them any share in the discussion of the great question now in the balance, to dedicate a short space to reviving their recollections of 1641 and 1642 in the copious but forcible details of Clarendon, or even in the more succinct yet masterly summary of Hume: we, above all, would press this reperusal on the House of Peers—on both the lay and ecclesiastical lords;—they will read there their own history—they will find their own portraits—they will recognize their own position—and they cannot fail to be instructed in their own duties, or to be forewarned as to their own fate.

In reading the sad story of the errors—the follies—the insanity—the crimes of our ancestors, they may exclaim, in the sacred words of the Apostle,—'*Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are fallen*!'

* O holy counsel! O divine wisdom! May those, upon whom the worldly destinies of our country now rest, open their hearts and understandings to the lessons which God has thus, in his mercy, given us, and which the prophetic inspiration of his Apostle has taught us to apply—us, '*upon whom*,' as it would seem, '*the ends of the world are come*!' indeed!

We implore that branch of the legislature which is still inde-

* 1 Corinthians, x. 2

pendent 'to look upon that picture and on this.' Many of the coincidences of details and names which we have noticed are mere curiosities. We could have carried that kind of parallel much further, and more amusingly; but it is to the great principles and the master motives, which were and are in operation during the two periods, that we are desirous of soliciting especial attention; they are the *same*; and when the circumstantial differences of the times and states of society at all affect these principles and motives, it will be found that the variations are such as must increase our apprehensions and alarm that the progress of the Revolution may probably be more rapid, and the issue, if possible, more fatal, than it was in the days of Charles and of Cromwell.

I. The first, and in a moral view the most important of those differences is, that in 1640 there really existed grievances that needed redress—fundamental questions of government to be settled—a balance between the royal prerogative and popular rights to be adjusted—and disputed limits of authority and liberty which required to be defined; and which, from their number, their importance, and their intricacy, would naturally occasion great difficulties, and even justify some exertion of extraordinary vigour on the part of the popular interest. A similar apology may be made for the earlier irregularities of the French revolution; but no excuse of that nature can now be advanced. The power of the Crown is not merely defined and limited and the liberties of the people acknowledged and secured, but that power is narrower, and those liberties are more extensive than at any period of our history; and no man alive sees any danger on this head, unless indeed it be, that the people have become too dominant and the Crown too weak. Whatever excuse, then, a lover of the constitution may make for the Hampdens and the Pym, the Russells and the Spensers of that day, there can be none, of that kind at least, for their mischievous imitators and degenerate descendants.

II. The next, and in a practical view the most important difference, is, that Charles and his government stood in their natural position of resistance to the progress of innovation, which, 'as if increase of appetite did grow by what it feeds on,' proceeded from rational demands, which were, after debate, conceded, to those extremities which stifled debate and exhausted concession.

In our times, most unfortunately, the royal authority is in a false and unnatural position. Instead of exerting its influence to check and moderate, it has been employed to stimulate and excite; instead of securing, by its controlling authority, that due delay and deliberation, without which, no great political question can ever be satisfactorily and permanently settled, the king's person and name have been used to surprise and precipitate; and the ordinary

ordinary delays, which would have been thought little enough in the discussion of a turnpike-bill, have been attributed not merely to faction but to disloyalty, and almost stigmatised as rebellion against the king.

This is the great and master peril of the day—that which has already done most mischief—that which still teems with incalculable danger. In the first place, it was the king's name that evoked the agitation: hitherto the voice of our Monarchs had been only heard to conciliate—to moderate—to maintain; or, if to rouse the spirit of the country, it was only against the foreign enemy: we were now startled by a voice from the throne, which, with the commentary of its ministers, proclaimed the existing constitution not merely a mockery, but an insult and abuse:—it impugned the constitutional authority of that House of Commons by whose votes the crown had been settled and, for a century, maintained in the House of Brunswick, which had no other title but the acts of a parliament constituted *exactly* as the present is, even down to Gaton and Old Sarum. The King impugned the existing composition of the House of Commons, and his ministers denounced it plainly as abuse and *usurpation*:—grant it—and what becomes of all the acts which since 1688 have been passed by these *usurpers*? This is a fearful inference, so fearful and so pregnant with peril, that we should not have alluded to it, if the sharp-sighted Revolutionists, who have drawn or driven the Government into the snare, had not themselves proclaimed, with exultation, the object and extent of their success. The resolutions of several Associations and Meetings have explicitly declared, that the vote of the House of Commons on the Reform Bill was a solemn admission, on the part of that House, that it was '*not legally constituted*,' and that, of course, '*all its acts were void*;' and, on this ground, some of these assemblies resolved to withhold the payment of taxes. What fatal conclusions may be hereafter drawn from these premises!

But not to dwell on theoretical mischiefs, we proceed to observe, that the first practical consequence of the use or abuse (whichever in fact it may have been) of the King's name was to turn the minds of well-disposed and habitually loyal persons towards innovation; and *that* again produced the return of the House of Commons whose unflinching majority voted last year that the same thing was black at Aldborough and white at Downton, and this year that a square in Appleby was a circle at Midhurst; but it has also produced, since the country has had time to reflect and reconsider the subject, another, a contrary, and perhaps a more deplorable effect than even the mistaken devotion to the throne produced. The tide has turned—the King's name has lost

its power with the greater part of those over whom it *had* influence—they have inquired whether the office of the King is not rather ‘*motos componere fluctus*’ than ‘*ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu*,’—whether, in plain English, the King is not, by his office, intended and constituted to be the *chief conservator of the realm*;—and having witnessed an instance in which the King has been represented as the *chief innovator of the realm*, and as having thrown into the wrong scale all the weight that should have been a counterbalance, *they* begin to discuss (as their ancestors did in 1648, but with different feelings and objects) the theoretic uses of *kingship*. On the other hand, the real original *Reformers*, hating kings and bishops in the abstract (though they may hurrah King William or the Bishop of Norwich, and use them as post-horses to advance them a stage of their journey) are irreconcilable enemies to monarchy,—and not being, in this case, impressed with even that degree of respect which a high and conscientious discharge of a great public duty imposes even on a man’s antagonists,—the result is, that, even with them, the *king* has little hold, and *kingship* none at all. The sum of all is, that monarchy *as a principle* was never so endangered as at this moment—no, not even on the 30th of January, 1649! This is a painful truth; but, however painful—and even the rather because it is so painful—it is our duty to tell it, ere it be too late to prevent the consequences of a misfortune so entirely *unprecedented*, as that all that portion of the nation who are friends of the monarchical authority should disapprove and lament the measures of the Crown, and that all the rest (a small but active and loud minority) who approve the present conduct of the King’s Government, are radical enemies to the kingly office. It was not at Naseby on the 14th of June, 1645, nor in the Place du Caroussel on the 10th of August, 1792, that Charles I. or Louis XVI. lost their crowns, and forfeited their heads;—no, their sentences were signed by their own hands—in their own royal closets—when Charles gave his assent to the bill for perpetuating the Long Parliament, and when Louis permitted M. Necker to double the representation of the *Tiers Etat*! And if the present embarrassment should grow and ripen to a revolution,—if the monarchy is to be again overturned,—the historian will date the fall of the constitution from the 23d of April, 1831, when King William the Fourth dissolved his first parliament, under the pretext assigned by his ministers, that ‘it had refused the supplies!’—a pretext so FALSE, that it was contradicted in the very speech which announced the dissolution.

But this, though afflicting enough God knows, is not the worst: we, who live in this day, know the goodness of his Majesty’s heart,
and

and the uprightness of his intentions,—at least we know nothing to the contrary, and willingly give to our king that respect and affection which his station demands, and to which, as the son and brother of George III. and George IV., he has every presumptive title. We therefore ascribe to the evil advice of ministers, and a mistake, on the part of his Majesty, of the constitutional limits of royal deference to Ministerial advice, those fatal measures, which have been given to the world:—as a ship is launched in the royal presence,—the King standing at the prow and giving the name, but having had nothing to do with the construction of the vessel, and not considering at that moment what her future voyages and destinies may be.

But those who come after us *may* attach a more disastrous importance to the royal fiat. It may suit their purpose to attribute to our patriotic king a personal and premeditated opinion on the great mysteries of government—they may represent him not as the organ of his ministers, but as their guide; and, against the future advocates for monarchy and a distinct independent aristocracy, they will triumphantly urge,—‘are you a more zealous advocate for the peerage than the Duke of Clarence, who was insulted, for his honest and intrepid opinions, by Sir Thomas Denman, afterwards his attorney-general?—are you a better royalist than the patriotic King William the Fourth, who, having passed through all the ranks, as it were, of private life, brought to the throne the accumulated experience of a regular military service, a long senatorial experience, and an arduous trial of the labours and responsibilities of public office? Are you a better judge than He of aristocracy and monarchy?—and see how he dealt with both; and reply not to us, that he knew not what he did—he knew it all, and must have calculated its effects, for they were urged upon his attention by all the anti-reformers of the day; they warned him what he was about to do—and he did it with the alacrity and zeal of a persuaded person. Regardless of little details, or thinking of them only as serving to mark his spirit, He, on the day that he dissolved his first parliament, declared, that “if his state-carriage was not ready, he would go in a hackney-coach;” and to give more effect to that solemnity, he, with his own hands, and against the advice of his attendants, and contrary to all precedent, put on the imperial crown, and added its constitutional lustre to the glories of that memorable day.’ So the Reformer will say,—our humble page is written in the hope of affording the Royalist a reply; and that reply is, as we have already said, that the king, by a sincere, but, we think, mistaken opinion, as to the constitutional duties of a British monarch, conceives himself bound to follow implicitly the advice of his ministers, and hopes and believes that his present subjects and posterity will understand

that although these things have been done in his name, the responsibility belongs to his advisers, and not to himself.—That answer may satisfy *us*, but will it satisfy posterity?

But, however this may be, the circumstance of the king's being the head of the innovating party, alters, not the *principles* but, the *position* of parties from what it appeared in 1642. The object of the Reformers at both periods, was to bring the House of Lords under subserviency to the House of Commons. In 1642, with an *adverse* king, the innovators could only propose to weed their opponents out of the House of Lords—to *exclude* the bishops and certain other lords of the conservative party. In 1832, with a *favouring* king, the same object is to be obtained by *calling up to* the House of Lords so many of the innovating party as may turn the scale; and, in both cases, the propositions, so different in appearance but so identical in fact, were and are expected to have the same result, namely, the inducing or intimidating the weak or the wavering of the House of Lords to do the bidding of the Commons, in the hopes of thereby preventing the exercise of the threatened prerogative. The menace succeeded in the reign of Charles I. The bishops were sequestered—the trimming Archbishop of York,* and the twelve prelates, who were weak enough to follow him, were committed to the Tower—enlarged by the portion of justice and courage which remained in the Lords, they were again re-committed by the Commons—the lords themselves were virtually dissolved by being invited to sit in the omnipotent Lower House. Civil war ensued,—England was deluged with the blood of thousands of all ranks,—and Whitehall witnessed the death-blow of all constitutional law and justice in the sacred person of the King. Then came the military tyranny which dissolved the lately omnipotent and dreadful, but now powerless and contemptible parliament—then came the victor despot with his packed Houses of Commons, packed but scattered as soon as opened;—then came anarchy,—and after eighteen years of blood and misery, men were but too happy to abandon all these pretended reforms and experiments in legislation; and the unanimous nation recalled the legitimate heir of the throne, and replaced the king, the lords, and the commons—the king, whose office had been abolished—the lords, who had been annihilated—and the commons, whose house had been twice *reformed*—to the exact state, arrangement, and power, in which they had been at the beginning of the Revolution in 1640.

If our revolution is to make a similar march, we are confident that it will arrive at a similar conclusion;—the day will come when our successors will laugh at the puerile expedients of our

* See Clarendon's Narrative in his fourth book.

schedules—the A B C of tyro politicians ; and when, after a disastrous interval, the rightful heir shall reassume the throne, his or her first act will be—as it was in 1660—to issue writs to assemble a parliament, chosen under the same arrangements as were in force before the commencement of the Revolution in 1830.

III.—Another essential and instructive difference in the two series of circumstances is this :—in 1640, the leading Reformers were not aware of the consequences to which their principles eventually led. A few enthusiasts, like Vane and Cromwell, might have entertained some vague notions of a Godly Commonwealth, but the heads, as well as the great body of the party, were drawn on by degrees, and in many instances reluctantly, to the atrocities to which they at length proceeded. The Earls of Bedford, Manchester, and Essex—Hollis, Hampden, and Pym—had certainly at first no design to overthrow the peerage and the throne ; nor had they any experience which could lead them to apprehend such a result from their first almost innocent steps. The case is now widely different—we have before us the results not only of their experience, but of that repetition of the democratic experiment which took place forty years since in France : all parties know to what final end all the preliminaries tend—but no party knows it so thoroughly, and acts on that knowledge so steadily, as the inveterate enemies of the Crown and the Church : *they* see and feel that the same causes which desecrated the cathedrals in England and France, and vacated the thrones of Charles and of Louis, must produce, in due time, the like effects : and while rhetoricians and sciolists prate of Reform as a strengthening of the foundations of Church and State, the practical conduct of infidels, dissenters, republicans, and all other enemies of ecclesiastical and monarchical government gives them the lie ; for all these classes, without exception, are the zealous (and indeed the only zealous) supporters of the Reform Bill, and they hardly conceal, but, in truth, more frequently, boldly avow, that they are so merely because they see in it ‘a stepping-stone,’ to use their own expression, to their ulterior objects. Many of the patriots, and all the ‘*trimmers*,’ of 1640, bitterly lamented, all in tears and some in blood, their mistakes, and protested that that they knew not, when they set out, whither they were going. Our ministers and our trimmers can have no such excuse, and, when the dire calamity arrives, no such consolation—they know whither they are going—Lord Clarendon and Mr. Hollis have told them whither they are going—Mirabeau and Marat have again told them whither they are going—the Associations in Ireland and the Unions in England—Mr. O’Connell and Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Attwood and Mr. Place—have all frankly and fearlessly apprised them whither they are going !

IV.—The next difference we notice belongs to the state of our foreign relations. We observed in an early part of this article, that in 1640 the recent success of the Scottish Presbyterians had encouraged the English Dissenters; but the effect of that encouragement was feeble indeed compared with the influence which, in the present state of society, the late successful insurrections in Paris and Brussels have had, and must continue to have, on our political institutions. These events have practically established the celebrated theorem, that all power is derived from the people, —with two important corollaries,—*first*, that the *populace* is the *people*, and that the will of the people may be legally expressed by insurrectionary movements without going through even the formality of any constituted organs; and *second*, that this system of popular and insurrectionary government may for a time,—just as long as the people please,—assume the outward character of a monarchy.

These corollaries are become the chief practical points in the question, and operate with a two-fold effect to increase our danger. From the first, the populace has imbibed lessons of practical sovereignty; while, by the second, many well-meaning, but short-sighted friends of monarchy, are lulled into a kind of hollow security; they look with less apprehension on insurrectionary governments, when they see that the revolts of Paris and Brussels have produced *King Louis Philippe* and *King Leopold*, —as if these puppets of a faction,—these pageants of an hour,—had any of that essential power, that constitutional stability, that intrinsic and permanent authority which,—and not the mere empty title or tinsel crown,—constitute the real advantage and national utility of the kingly office. We need not, we presume, insist on this topic,—every man in England, whether Reformer or anti-Reformer, will, we suppose, agree in the justice of the conclusions which we have drawn from the precedents in Paris and Brussels; but if there be any one who can doubt it, or, what is more likely, if there be any one who questions the prudence of adducing these arguments, we beg leave to say that they have been already stated, avowed, and acted upon in innumerable instances, and in the most public, and, we will say, audacious manner. We shall select one instance out of thousands, because it has received more of acquiescence and sanction than such resolutions have generally had. In a petition to the House of Commons, from a place called Ainsty, in Leicestershire, we find the petitioners alleging that *all political power is vested in the people*, who will soon exercise that power to obtain

* those rights which have been too long withheld from them by *KINGS, Dukes, Lords, &c.*, and the *self-elected aristocracy*. With the bright and glorious example of the brave patriots of PARIS yet fresh on the
memories

memories of your petitioners, they strongly recommend a speedy attention to their wants and wishes, in order to prevent calamities so dreadful in their contemplation.'—*Votes, Dec. 1830.*

And this petition the House of Commons thought proper to print on its *Journals*, and to disseminate through the country on the authority of its *Votes*. Let us, then, not be told that we are idle alarmists—factious suggestors of mere theoretical evils and imaginary dangers!

V.—Another most melancholy distinction is forced on our notice, when we consider the state of the public mind in the two periods as to the vital subject of religion. In 1640, although episcopacy was unpopular and the hierarchy one of the pretended grievances of the times, it was only because those institutions were supposed not to be sufficiently religious and strictly evangelical. So that although the Church was overthrown, the reverence towards Christianity and its restraint on immorality and infidelity were never lost: there was abundance of hypocrisy and canting, but externally all was decent and devout, and the great bonds of human society were therefore still held together by the holy sanction of the Gospel. This happy circumstance prevented a vast deal of that confusion, disorganization, and anarchy, which would otherwise have followed the downfall of the hierarchy and the overthrow of the civil government. But what will be the case in our times if such a downfall and overthrow should unfortunately be effected? Are the Reformers of this day remarkable for the strictness of their morals and the ardour of their devotion? or is it not, on the other hand, notorious that, to their hatred of the Church, they add, in most instances, a contempt for religion itself; and that although no doubt many good and pious men, particularly amongst the Quakers and Dissenters, may be friends of Reform, there is hardly, on the other hand, any man who is noted in his own society for profligacy of personal conduct or for religious infidelity, who is not also noted as a zealous Reformer. The consequence is that a revolution in England would now exhibit, not the austere and so far salutary fanaticism of Harrison or Cromwell, but rather, we fear, the bloody and impious profligacy of *Egalité* and Cloutz.

Our readers will now have seen, that if the extraordinary *resemblances* between the reign of Charles I. and our times ought to fill us with anxiety, the *differences* that exist, so far from allaying, must tend exceedingly to increase our alarm. We have amongst us, and in full operation, all the moving principles of the Grand Rebellion; but we have also a dark catalogue of additional circumstances which facilitate the progress and increase the dangers of another revolution in a tenfold degree. We believe—we know—that

that the great mass of the people is untainted by the principles either of anarchy or infidelity, but the great mass is never safe from the zealous, and unwearied, and desperate activity of a turbulent minority. 'Is habitus animorum est, ut pessimum facinus auderent pauci, plures vellent, omnes paterentur.'—(*Tac.*) In 1642, as now, the great body of the nation was sound and firm in the great principles of monarchy; but a handful of agitators was enabled to dominate that majority—to triumph in a civil war—to overthrow the constitution—and to shed on the scaffold the blood of the clergy—the peerage—and the king;—and it cannot be denied—indeed, it is a prominent point of the argument on both sides—that the revolutionary party of 1832, though still a minority, is infinitely stronger in proportion than that of 1642, by their numbers—by their extension over the distant parts of the empire—*by the unprecedented power of a periodical press devoted to them, and more despotic than any regal tyranny ever was*—and by the countenance, precepts, example, and success of the insurrections in France and Belgium. It therefore behoves every friend of existing institutions, and every man who, though he may wish for special alterations in this point or that of our system, is averse to a total subversion, to exert his individual efforts in his own proper sphere, be it humble or exalted, to postpone alterations to a safer and more promising occasion, and to resist *at this moment* the first great step to revolution, anarchy, and despotism.

And now we must address a few words to a party which seem to have, of late, separated themselves in some degree from the Anti-reformers, and whom we hope we may venture, without offence and for want of a better word, to call the *Waverers*. Those noblemen and gentlemen are, generally speaking, nearly as adverse to the Reform Bill as the steadiest of the Anti-reformers; they dislike its principle—they detest some of its details, and if they do not look to its consequences with quite the same despair, they, at least, contemplate them with the most painful alarm. Yet still they are inclined to submit to what they consider an inevitable necessity, and to give the Bill a trial, by advocating or at least consenting to its receiving a *second reading* in the House of Lords. This course, as far as we can understand, is grounded by its advocates on that kind of expediency which men of timid tempers call moral necessity: They allege that they have no option; that, by letting the Bill go to a second reading, they have a chance of extracting from it some of its fatal provisions; and that, if they should fail in this, they still may reject it on the third reading.

This alleged necessity they infer, we are told, from the supposed fact,

fact, that the king has consented to permit his ministers to make as many peers as may be necessary to carry the bill—‘so that,’ say the Waverers, ‘not only will our opposition be unavailing, but it will have caused so fatal a breach in the constitution, as the creation of a mass of peers to overwhelm the sentiments of the existing House.’ Now, to us it appears that this argument is pusillanimous, and unbecoming men of *honour*—immoral, and unbecoming men of *conscience*—and illogical, and unbecoming men of *sense*. We reply to it, in the first place, that we will not, cannot believe, that the king, or even his ministers, could be brought to so desperate a step—a step that, even in the opinion of the Waverers themselves, would be a death-blow to the constitution. But we ask, how long has it been a law of the court of *honour*, that the menace of an insult or an injury is to induce the persons threatened to be injured or insulted, to submit quietly to the wrong, and save their adversaries the trouble and the disgrace of perpetrating it? In point of *conscience*, we would ask how long it has been the rule of Christian and noble minds to plunge themselves into guilt to save their enemies from an inconvenience? and, in point of *logic*, we demand how these gentlemen can be assured that either the proceeding they dread, or the proceeding they themselves contemplate, will produce the apprehended or the desired effect? Is it certain that the ministry will dare to create these occasional peers? or, if they do, is it calculated how the House at large,—how even some of the reformers in either House,—may be affected by such a measure?—We have so much reliance on the honour and spirit of the peerage, as to believe that such an attempt would probably produce a vast revolution,—that for every ten peers so created, twenty of the ancient nobles would secede, and that the rest would show such a spirit of discontent and disapprobation, that no minister, even though bolder and more reckless than we believe the present unprincipled government to be, would venture on so desperate a career—convinced we are that no king would sanction it. But again—is not the *threat*, if effective, if acted on, if successful, if sanctioned by the acquiescence of those respectable and noble persons to whom we allude, as fatal in principle as the *deed* itself could be? Nay, is it not more so? because such monstrous facts must have a limit; but menace has none; it may be produced on all occasions, and repeated in every instance, without the inconvenience or the limitation that must attend on actual creation.

In the whole of this affair it is not so much the proceedings of the present ministers,—(ministers admitted *universally* to be as to all other affairs utterly incompetent and contemptible)—it is not so much these that alarm the well-judging part of the nation, as the *principles* which their proceedings involve. The Reform Bill

itself, if it were to be final, and have no other consequences than those which it professes, might not overthrow the state; but the *principles* on which it is founded and supported cannot be satisfied by the provisions of that bill;—they will not only survive the passing of the act, but, having been once so far adopted and sanctioned, will acquire new vigour and fresh activity, and will, by successive steps, arrive, certainly and finally, at the dreaded term of the revolutionary career. So, the principle of menace, once successful, will attain new power, and will, as occasions shall arise, be pushed with increasing facility and effect to the completion of every purpose which a tyrannical government may choose to adopt; until at last the body, thus menaced and thus subservient, will become so degraded and so impotent, that ministers will no longer think it worth even a menace. Such was the course of the Revolution of 1640, from the time that the Peers were intimidated into passing the bills for attainting Lord Strafford and expelling the bishops, down to January, 1649, when the House of Lords—reduced, by shame and fear, to the number of a dozen, or a dozen and a half—transmitted to the House of Commons its last message, of which the House of Commons, in silent contempt, took no notice; but, in a week after, they just recollected that degraded body so far as to pass a vote that the House of Lords was useless, and should be abolished; and, by way of adding insult to injury, commanded that *Lord Grey and Colonel Jones* should bring in a bill to that effect.

But, again,—what hope can any rational man entertain that the ministry, if they accomplish the second reading, will admit of any modification of the bill? *Could they, if they would?* For instance, we believe the Waverers are most anxious to save the country from the metropolitan boroughs; but can they expect that the ministers will abandon that clause?—that clause is, with the vast body of the supporters of the bill, the key-stone of the whole structure; remove it, and a fiercer outcry will follow than the most violent predicts or the most timid fears from the refusal of the second reading!

Admitting that the object of the Waverers is to preserve the House of Lords from being overwhelmed by a new creation, we confidently ask them whether, on the contrary, such a creation will not be *facilitated* by the concession of the second reading? If the Lords reject the second reading, a creation of peers will appear odious—monstrous—as an attempt to overbear the independence of that House on a question vitally concerning its own existence; but if the second reading be carried, the ministry will then claim to have the unanimous accord of Kings, Lords, and Commons as to the *principle*; and if the Waverers should turn round in the
committee,

committee, and be able to defeat some of the details, which, in truth, are technically House of Commons questions, the ministry would then create their peers—*not*, they would say, to overbear the opinions of the House of Lords, which had already sanctioned the measure, but to defeat the intrigue of a small *clique* or faction, which had taken a course not sanctioned by the concurrence of *either* the majority or minority, and having no other object than to gratify the vanity or swell the importance of that little faction itself. This is the view which the ministers will take, and which they will be, in some degree, justified in taking, of any defeat in the committee; and a creation of peers, that would have been execrated by every honest man, if openly made to bear down the opinions of a majority of the House, will be tolerated, if not approved, as a necessary and just resistance to the individual pretensions of one small party, which had arrayed itself equally against the wishes of the king and the people, and against the *decisions* of the *majorities*, and the *principles* of the *members*, of both the Houses of Lords and Commons! These are not our own sentiments; but we appeal to the common sense of our readers whether they are not likely to have a great effect towards reconciling the country at large to what it at present looks at with the deepest alarm and abhorrence!

But, finally,—the most important consideration of all,—does any man, however blinded to other consequences, not see that if the *principle* of this sweeping Reform be admitted and established by the second reading, any alteration of details, *even if possible*, would be wholly inefficacious and worthless: none would be made; but, if they were, it would be but shearing, for a moment, the hair of the giant,—it would grow rapidly again, and his awakened force would pull down upon the assembled nobles of the land the edifice which they thought their pride and their protection, and they would be buried dishonourably and dishonoured in the ruins. No, no, no! In politics, as in morals, there is but one safe course,—that of duty and conscience; if any man thinks the principle of the bill, with all its consequences, less pernicious than the rejection, let him vote for it, reluctantly, yet honestly,—fearfully, but sincerely,—but let him not think that he can maintain his own character, or that of his class, or preserve the existing constitution, or even gratify for a moment what he may think public opinion, by attempting to

‘ — palter with us in a double sense,
To keep the word of promise to the ear,
And break it to the hope.’—

Such an attempt, such an unworthy attempt, we must venture to call it, will fail with both sides, and on every point; already
odious

odious to the Reformers, those who may be deluded into such a course will become the objects of their ridicule and contempt, while the conservative party will charge on their tergiversation and imbecility the ruin of the country.

What, we would ask any man of sense and consistency, has happened to render the second reading of the Bill more necessary, or even more expedient, in March than it was in October? Have ministers shown any disposition to conciliation or modification; and does the country exhibit the same pressing anxiety for the only measure of the existing government that ever conciliated the favour or confidence of any part of the public? We do not wish to rate the latter suggestion too high; but will any man say that the rejection now is likely to be attended with worse consequences than it was before?—or, to repeat a consideration to which we have already alluded, is there *now* more of dissatisfaction to be apprehended from the *rejection* of the Bill, than from any important *alteration* in its most objectionable details?

We live in awful times, and are surrounded by appalling difficulties and dangers—‘the ends of the world are come upon us;’—but it is the Government which has raised the tempest, and which (O feeble consolation to a ruined nation!) is responsible for the issue; and let not us, let no man of good intention and an honest heart, associate himself in that dreadful responsibility. Let those noblemen and gentlemen who approve the course of the ministers, or who think it the least dangerous of the alternatives offered to us, adopt it, and vote with them; but let those who think and feel differently, take no guide but their own consciences, and, even though they may doubt—which we do not—that they can save their country, let them preserve—for that, at least, is in their power—their own characters, and the honour of their order!

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I. — *Mémoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inédits de Diderot.* Tomes 4. Paris. 1830, 1831.

THE voluminous correspondence, which passes under the name of Grimm, with the episodical volumes of the fair votaries, the Espinasses and D'Epinays, who encouraged with their smiles, and rewarded with unscrupulous prodigality the labours of the French philosophers in enlightening mankind, long ago introduced us to an intimate acquaintance with the social state of Paris during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The *noctes cœnaeque*—we must not add *Deum*; the ease, the pleasantry, the cleverness, the genuine wit, the conversational eloquence; the coarseness and indelicacy, the petty jealousy and intrigue; the cool heartlessness, (not, indeed, that kind and even generous feelings were altogether wanting, or that some of them would not have made any sacrifice for a friend, except that of their own personal vanity; they would have spent their last livre one day for a companion, whose reputation they would have slain with an epigram, or with whose mistress they would have intrigued the next;)—into all this, to say nothing of many circumstances utterly revolting to every well-regulated mind, we had been freely admitted; all the mysteries had been laid open before us with such truth, and life, and reality, that personal familiarity scarcely seemed wanting to complete our knowledge of the whole fraternity, from the patriarch of Ferney to the humblest contributor to the collective wisdom of the *Eucyclopédie*.

However free and unrestrained the tone of society, however slight the disguise which individual character would wear in the small circle of intimate friends, who formed these separate coteries, in comparison with the stiff and artificial full-dress, which is so often put on in more general and formal intercourse with the world, we have now seen most of these remarkable men in a more complete state of nature still; we have more than once been admitted into yet closer intimacy with them than in their convivial meetings and most select *petits soupers*; we have found our way behind the scenes of this brilliant comedy, and become acquainted with the actors, when entirely careless of stage effect, with their minds and their manners in perfect dishabille, and not even condescending to wear the very thin mask, which is commonly assumed even among the most domesticated acquaintance—among every-day familiars.

The result has not been altogether favourable to the authors of the new code of human virtue and happiness. Man is no more a philosopher than a hero to his valet de chambre. The Bourriennes and Madame Junots who have disclosed the privacy of the great despot of French literature during the last century, have been as little friendly to his fame, as they who performed the same treacherous office to the master of the imperial throne. Both have alike paid the penalty of greatness; their meannesses, their small jealousies, the coarse, and low, and vulgar parts of their characters have obtained equal notoriety with their better and nobler qualities. The hands which raised the veil and laid open the most intimate secrets of Voltaire's philosophic retirement in the country-seat of Madame du Châtelet, not merely displayed a connexion offensive to severer moralists, whose condemnation Voltaire himself would have treated with indifference;—they have lowered him in the estimation of less scrupulous persons, by the display of so many miserable acts of domestic baseness and tyranny, such as those who might have endeavoured, for a time at least, to forget the author of the *Pucelle*, and the bitter foe of religion, in the poet of *Zaire* and *Tancrede*, and in the defender of the family of Calas, could not but read with shame and sorrow. Whatever palliation for his irreligion might be suggested by the calmer survey of the state and opinions of his age, nothing can soften or excuse this total want of dignity of character, this inveterate selfishness, this condescension to the basest means of gratifying his spleen or feeding his insatiate vanity. The humane and charitable spirit of Christianity, which Voltaire professed to admire, was as entirely obliterated from his heart, as the belief in the doctrines, which he openly despised, from his understanding.

Even his own party shrunk aghast at the moral suicide committed by Rousseau in his 'Confessions.' Others had sacrificed on the altar of personal vanity (that universal household god to which each individual in the whole circle paid, either in public or more secretly, his unbounded homage) not merely all moral and religious, but even almost all the generous and lofty sentiments of our nature; as a last holocaust Jean Jacques boldly threw himself. This autobiography is the most painful book in the whole range of literature; the contrast between the cold, the serious, the laboured obscurity of parts, (for there were sentences in the earlier editions too gross even for the unfastidious eyes of his own age and country,) and the glowing, the impassioned diction of others—the base treachery and ingratitude by which the favours of his earliest benefactors are repaid—and the *ἀφροντα* of women, which, whatever their weaknesses and vices, ought to have been sacred at least to him, all unblushingly laid open to the public gaze,—these abandon the man to universal disgust and detestation; while,

while, at the same time, we have a disagreeable consciousness, that we are not yet disenchanted from the spell of his inimitable style. No other book generates in the same degree that painful mistrust of genius; that chilling sense of the insincerity, the falsehood of all the fire, and energy, and passion of language, to the contagion of which we have at once surrendered ourselves; the withering suspicion, that the noblest bursts of poetry come not from the heart of the poet; that all the vehemence, the moral indignation of the orator may be but factitious and mechanical. In Rousseau, there is not even that comic and playful turn, which, in the worst parts of Voltaire and in Don Juan, in some degree prepares us for the jar upon our high-wrought feelings; with them, the jest which breaks in upon us during an exquisite description or a burst of deep passion, is unwelcome and ill-timed, but still it is a jest; and, though grieved and revolted, we make some allowance for the temptation, and admit the plea of wayward humour in the poet, and his uncontrollable disposition to see things in a ludicrous light, as some, however poor and imperfect, extenuation. But in Rousseau all is alike serious, earnest, intense; that which is mean, and profligate, and obscene seems to come from the very depths of his heart as much as the most intense sentiment; or rather, the imagination has so completely brought itself to speak the language of the feelings, that, even when our eyes are opened, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that all those eloquent dreams of unattainable virtue, those wild and distempered, but still eager yearnings after what is great and ennobling, are the mere creations of an ardent fancy, without any real kindred or communion with the moral being of the man.

The autobiography of Rousseau was a deed of deliberate self-murder; the *Life of Diderot*, which at present lies before us, we might almost describe as an act of unintentional parricide. We can scarcely believe that some parts of these volumes have seen the light under female auspices; that the daughter of Diderot is answerable for more than the '*Mémoire*,'—either for the larger and more important correspondence with an unmarried mistress, at the perpetual indelicacy and grossness of which, it will be impossible for us to do more than to hint; or for one paper particularly, at the close of the work, which we should have hoped that even the least scrupulous part of the Parisian press would have hesitated to publish. We would not, indeed, bring too heavy a charge against Madame de Vandeul, but we must confess that, in this yet imperfectly enlightened country, we could scarcely conceive a daughter exposing to the world even those questionable passages of his private life, which are contained in this lady's brief memoir of her father; his ingratitude and unkindness to her

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mother,

mother, his claim to the authorship of some of the most licentious books in the language; and all this with the most perfect *sang-froid*, apparently without the least suspicion that she is doing dishonour to the memory of him, for whom she appears to have entertained the warmest filial attachment. We regret this the more, because the *Memoir*, brief as it is, is written with singular ease and vivacity, and gives, especially when illustrated by the correspondence with Mademoiselle Voland, altogether a very curious picture of the progress of a literary adventurer, who, commencing with the lowest book-making drudgery, at length rose, to be if not the head, at least a distinguished member of the most influential literary society in Europe. As editor of the *Encyclopédie*, Diderot obtained a most powerful, however perniciously misused, authority over the mind of his age; and was courted, invited to the capital, and received on terms of familiar intimacy by the great female autocrat of Petersburg. A sketch of such a life will scarcely be unamusing or uninteresting, particularly if contrasted with the same kind of literary career in England, as it may throw light on some of those circumstances, which caused the public mind, especially among men of letters, to diverge so far asunder at the great crisis which closed the last century.

Denis Diderot was born in the year 1713, at Langres, in Champagne. His father was an honest cutler, a branch of trade which had been followed by his family for two hundred years. He was a man of some ingenuity, having attracted notice by inventing a particular kind of lancet; and of strict integrity, and plain good sense, which showed itself in his conduct towards his wild and unmanageable son. Young Denis was intended for an ecclesiastic; an uncle in the church was to vacate a canonry in his favour. The boy, according to his biographer, gave early proofs of the sensibility of his disposition; at three years old he was carried to see an execution, he returned sick, and was attacked by a violent jaundice. At eight or nine years he commenced his clerical studies under the Jesuits of his native town; and at twelve received the tonsure; but of this part of his life he had related to his daughter but few anecdotes. Once, on account of a quarrel with a fellow student, he was excluded from competition for the prizes at the public examinations. He could not endure the disgrace of staying at home with his parents; he went to the gate of the college, was refused admittance, rushed in with the crowd, and passed the porter, who struck at him with his halberd; took his place, and carried off all the prizes; returned with his crowns round his neck, and his arms loaded with books. His mother received him with open arms, and it was not till the next Sunday that it was discovered that he had received a serious wound

wound from the porter's pike, which either, in his excitement, he had not felt, or, from pride of spirit, he had determined not to complain of. But young Denis loved 'la chasse' better than his studies. The tutors remonstrated, and Denis determined to give up his learned pursuits. 'You must be a cutler then,' said his father. 'With all my heart,' replied the boy; but, after some days confinement, and after having spoiled some of his father's best penknives, he exclaimed, 'J'aime mieux l'impatience que l'ennui,' took up his books again, marched off to his college, and ever after followed his studies with the utmost perseverance. Nothing is more remarkable in the memoirs of those times than the vigilance with which the Jesuits seem to have watched all the seminaries of education, and endeavoured, by every artifice, wherever promising talents and rising character were developed, to enroll the humble, but perhaps, ambitious youth, in their own body. In the life of Marmontel, there is a curious account of their attempt to ensnare him, and they did not overlook the opportunity of securing Diderot. They inflamed the imagination of the boy with their praises, encouraged the desire for freedom and for travel, and at last arranged his elopement with one of their body, to whom he had formed an attachment, in order to carry him off to Paris, and fix him, if possible, for life, as a member of their community. This deep-laid system, which, at an earlier period, was, no doubt, singularly effective in recruiting their ranks with talent and activity, now, probably, revolted the public mind against them; where they succeeded, it gave them perhaps a repentant, and, too often, a discreditable, associate; where they failed, excited a deep sense of contempt and hatred. All this manœuvring seems to have been conducted in the coldest spirit of worldly partizanship; there was no deep religious enthusiasm, as of old, by which they bound their proselytes, soul as well as body, to their service. And who knows how far the seeds of that implacable hatred to religion, as well as to its ministers, which, at an after period, possessed the whole soul of Diderot, may not have been implanted at this time, when his young mind could not but detect the dishonest and unprincipled artifice, through which a son was thus to be stolen away from a father, by men of religion in whom he had placed the most implicit confidence?

The worthy cutler detected the plot, but, instead of thwarting his son's inclinations, prevented only his clandestine proceeding; he himself carried the boy up to Paris, and entered him in the College d'Harcourt. The good old man remained for fifteen days at an inn in the capital, at the end of which he visited his son at his college, and inquired whether he was content with his situation;—'Si vous n'êtes pas bien, (these were his parting words,) si vous n'êtes pas heureux, nous retournerons ensemble

semble auprès de votre mère. Si vous aimez mieux rester ici, je viens vous prêcher, vous embrasser et vous bénir.' The lad chose to remain. The first scrape of young Diderot in his new situation was on account of his 'giving' a copy of verses to a fellow student 'on the discourse that the serpent made to Eve, when he wished to deceive her;' a strange theme, observes Madame de Vandeul, for young collegians. At this college Diderot formed an intimacy with the future poet and cardinal, De Bernis; they used to have merry dinners at a neighbouring *traiteur's* at six sous a head.

His father, when he had gone through his course of studies, obtained him a lodging with a M. Clement, a *procureur*. After a certain time he was offered the choice of the professions then open, and was to decide whether he was to be *médecin*, *procureur*, or *avocat*. Young Denis, having been allowed time to consider, replied with great naïveté, that, as to being a physician, he had no great desire to be the death of any man; a *procureur's* was a very difficult office to fill with propriety; he would willingly be an *avocat*, but he had an invincible repugnance against meddling with other people's affairs. But, said M. Clement, what will you be? 'Ma foi rien, mais rien du tout. J'aime l'étude; je suis fort heureux, fort content; je ne demande pas autre chose.' His father, to starve him into doing something useful to society, and to get his living, or to return home, suppressed his pension; Diderot left the house of M. Clement, and took a furnished lodging. The more tender-hearted mother could not maintain the well-intentioned, even if not altogether judicious, severity of the good old cutler; and here is a touching instance of that warm attachment of domestics to the families in which they had passed their lives, which is among the amiable traits of French character before the revolution, and which relieved even the terrors of that dreadful epoch with many incidents of almost romantic fidelity. A maid servant three times walked sixty leagues to Paris and as many back, to carry to the young prodigal a few louis from his affectionate mother, to which she secretly added all her own trifling savings.

Diderot was now left his own master, and dependent on his own resources in the dissolute and crowded capital. In this state

* he passed ten years, sometimes in good, sometimes in indifferent, not to say bad company, given up to toil, to suffering, to famine, to ennui, to want; often intoxicated with gaiety, often plunged in the most bitter reflections; having no other resources but the sciences, which had brought upon him the anger of his father. He taught mathematics: if his pupil was lively, endowed with a profound understanding, and quick perception, he would continue his lesson the whole day; if he found him a fool, he never returned to him. He was paid

in books, in furniture, in linen, in money, or not at all—it was all the same. *He wrote sermons; a missionary gave him an order for six for the Portuguese colonies; he paid him fifty crowns a-piece. My father thought this business one of the best in which he had ever been engaged.*

He was received, among other changes and chances of this period, into the house of a M. Randon, a financier, as tutor to his children, at a salary of fifteen hundred francs a year. At the end of three months he gave warning. M. Randon remonstrated, and offered him his own terms. ‘Look at me, sir,’ replied the thoughtless and independent tutor; ‘I am as yellow as an orange; I am making men of your children, and am becoming a child myself; I am a thousand times too rich and well off in your house, but go I must; I have no desire to live better, but I had rather not die.’ He returned to his miserable lodging, and his reckless and necessitous companions. ‘His chamber belonged to the first who took possession; whoever wanted a bed threw down a mattress in a corner, and there established himself. He did much the same with them; he went to dine with one of his comrades; he had to write a little, he supped there, went to bed, and remained till he had finished what he was about.’ His father all this time wrote frequently to him, urging the simple alternative, ‘either take to some profession, or return home.’ He made no answer.

A new attempt was now made to secure a youth, so admirably qualified by his disposition and habits to become a valuable member of the clerical body. The Jesuits were not the only religious fraternity who were on the look out for recruits. A certain ‘Frère Ange,’ a barefooted Carmelite, was possessed with the ambition of raising the consideration of his order. His vows of poverty did not prevent him from turning his house into a bank, and, by lending money to young men in distress, he obtained such influence over their minds, as to induce them to fly from the deceitful world to the monastic life. Frère Ange was a native of Langres, and, on pretence of seeing his library, Diderot paid his townsman a visit. He dropped a few words, hinting at his weariness of the world, his desire of a calm and peaceful life. The Carmelite took the bait; interview followed interview. Diderot acted his repentance, his incipient piety, to the life. The friar offered his mediation with his father,—a retreat in his convent,—but Diderot could not in conscience leave the world till he had earned by hard labour twelve hundred francs. He had misled a hapless creature, who would have no other resource but vice! ‘il était assez cruel pour lui de ne pouvoir s’en séparer sans regrets, il vouloit au moins n’éprouver aucun remords.’ The Carmelite knew the danger of delay; he feared that his prey might escape. He offered Denis the
twelve

twelve hundred francs, expressing himself confident that his father would gladly repay the sum, and exhorted the promising neophyte instantly to break off his dishonourable connexion. Diderot departed with his fifty Louis, and paid his real debts instead of his imaginary mistress. On pretence of paying these debts, he obtained eight or nine hundred francs more from the yet unsuspecting friar; but when he returned to the charge, and demanded a third sum to provide himself with books, linen, and furniture, because 'fils d'une honnête famille, il ne voulait point entrer dans un ordre en mendiant,' (by the way, it was a mendicant order,) the Carmelite offered to provide him with everything necessary, but insisted on the immediate performance of his agreement. 'Frère Ange, lui dit Diderot, vous ne voulez donc plus me donner d'argent?—Non assurément.—Eh bien, je ne veux plus être Carme; écrivez à mon père, et faites vous payer.' The friar was in a terrible passion; he wrote to the father, who laughed at him for his folly, but paid the money. Such adventures, however, did not happen every day. Diderot suffered at times utter destitution; sometimes, in his bitter melancholy, he thought of abandoning his favourite studies, but a line of Homer, a problem to be resolved, or some thought of Newton's, restored the serenity of his mind. One day he was actually in a state of starvation;—the mistress of the house where he lodged relieved him with a piece of toasted bread steeped in wine; he then made a vow never to see a fellow creature in the same state of misery without succouring him,—'a vow,' says his daughter, 'which he frequently and most religiously observed.'

Our adventurer, being now about twenty-eight, must needs improve his situation by marrying a wife as poor as himself. The romantic adventure which, in an evil hour for Madame Diderot, led to this union, formed, at a later period, the ground-work of his sentimental drama, the *Père de Famille*. Mademoiselle Champion was the daughter of a ruined manufacturer, by a woman of family, whom he left a widow in very needy circumstances. The mother and daughter lived in the utmost seclusion in Paris, maintaining themselves in decent comfort by their needle. Diderot accidentally took a lodging in the same house; the difficulty of forming an acquaintance with these retired females inflamed his imagination. Not being very scrupulous of truth he represented himself as preparing for the ecclesiastical state; and, when he had succeeded in exciting some interest in the young lady, who possessed a very agreeable person, he made known his real circumstances. They removed their lodging; but *accidentally*, Madame de Vandeul assures us, they soon found themselves again under the same roof. On Diderot's offer of his hand, the more prudent mother in vain opposed 'the gilded tongue' which had quite overset the brains of her daughter, and Diderot at length returned in the character, but not much in the spirit,

spirit, of the prodigal son, to his father's house. The good old cutler, who had hoped that he had come to lead a steady and respectable life, stood aghast at this new proof of thoughtlessness and folly; and on his return to Paris, his high-spirited mistress resolutely refused to enter into a family by which she would be disclaimed. They parted, and Diderot fell dangerously ill. Mademoiselle Champion heard of this, and sent a servant to make inquiry. She received for answer, that he was lying in a room like a dog-kennel; that he had not even a 'bouillon,' no one to take care of him, that he was wasting away and in a state of total despondency. The noble girl immediately made her determination,—she visited him,—promised to marry him,—the mother and daughter watched his sick-bed,—and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, she fulfilled her engagement. And this was the woman whom Diderot, with the cant of virtue and humanity on his lips, Diderot who thought the morality of the New Testament not sufficiently pure and exalted for his enlightened mind, treated with such neglect and infidelity, that her temper was soured, her health broken; of whom her heartless husband does not scruple, when writing to his mistress, to speak with indifference approaching to contempt; to make the most indecent disclosure of her personal infirmities, and to hold her up as a subject of unfailing ridicule.

The conduct of this admirable woman after marriage was in the same spirit of self-devotion. The jealousy of Diderot made the mother and daughter give up the trade which occasionally brought them into intercourse with strangers. In the more necessitous situation to which they were thus reduced, Madame Diderot performed all but the most menial offices,—often, when her husband was dining abroad, she was making her solitary meal on dry bread, and derived the utmost pleasure from the thought that she was saving a few sous for him to pay his ordinary the next day. Coffee was too great a luxury for their humble establishment; but she regularly gave him six sous for his 'tasse' at the 'Café de la Régence,' where he enjoyed the luxury of *seeing people play at chess*.

The expenses of this lowly household were furnished by Diderot's literary labours, and it was at this period that, according to his daughter, he first suggested the plan of the *Encyclopédie*. So far from being, in its origin, an organized and deliberate confederacy of the whole philosophical school against the institutions and the religion of Europe, it seems, in truth, to have been the scheme of a single needy adventurer, fostered by the speculative turn of the Parisian booksellers. Much light had been already thrown on the secret history of the progress of this work; but in the present volumes we find new and very curious information
respecting

respecting the perpetual strife between the editors and the proprietors of this great undertaking. The booksellers, who had no objections to as much 'philosophy' as might serve to excite the public attention, and promote the sale of the work, began to be seriously frightened when there was a prospect of the whole impression being seized by the government, and they themselves were in danger (for the imprisonment of authors and booksellers did not in those days shake kings upon their thrones) of making acquaintance with the interior of the Bastille. Every now and then, therefore, they 'took base counsel of their fears.' By the help of the scissors of some less audacious literary drudge, they privately cancelled or softened off the more questionable matter; so that the editor, when the volume was at length sent forth, 'big with the fate of monarchs and of priests,' amid the applause of the initiate, and the terror and confusion of the bigoted, with indescribable, and, we must confess, most ludicrous dismay and indignation, discovered that it was shorn of half its terrors, and had been sobered down to a comparatively quiet and harmless publication. All this, however, was at a later period of the work, after Diderot had been joined by the more profound and scientific D'Alembert: for neither was this vast undertaking *started* as the result of the matured studies of men who had already obtained a great name in science, and with a ready stock of knowledge at command: Diderot '*ne voyait que le bonheur suprême d'exercer ses talens, de faire un grand et bel ouvrage, et de connaître tous les arts en étant forcé de les décrire.*' His first contract with the booksellers was to receive twelve hundred francs a-year, as editor.

Madame Diderot was far advanced in her second pregnancy, before the news of this clandestine and dubious connexion, for Diderot had passed as the brother of Mademoiselle Champion, reached the town of Langres. The father wrote severe and menacing letters. The way which Diderot adopted to put an end to the scandal, and to satisfy his worthy relatives, as to the blamelessness both of the manners and character of his wife, was curious enough. So soon as her confinement was over, he dispatched her with her child to his father's house, merely warning them by a brief letter, that she would arrive in three days. But though introduced in this strange and questionable fashion, the conduct of this excellent woman was so discreet; her manners so gentle, respectful, and even affectionate to the good old father; she accommodated herself with such ease to the quiet, regular, and industrious habits of the family; her prudence and her piety so won on all, that she became an angel of peace to a divided household. She remained three months, and returned to Paris with

with the blessings of all, and with more substantial marks of their kindness.

But to her own peace this expedition was fatal. During her absence her heartless and unprincipled husband made a connexion with a profligate woman, a Madame de Puisieux. His love for his own wife—for the woman who had made such sacrifices to her passionate devotion—to whom he had been united, not as an affair of family arrangement, not, as is so often pleaded in extenuation of conjugal infidelity in the southern countries, without previous acquaintance, or mutual affection, but, as we have seen, after a long and romantic attachment—his love to Madame Diderot had lasted two or three years—he remained for ten the faithful slave of Madame de Puisieux! To maintain her extravagance, he degraded himself still further; he became the rival of the younger Crébillon, in purveying the most licentious novels for the Parisian press, and only broke his bondage, on discovering that the lady's affections were transferred, while he was in 'durance vile,' on account of his zeal for enlightening mankind, to an equally worthless and more youthful rival. Madame Diderot, in the meantime, had lost her own aged parent: in the touching language of her daughter, who still seems scarcely aware how black a stain she is branding upon the reputation of her father, by every word which heightens the exemplary virtue of her mother—

'Ma mère perdit son unique compagne; ma grand' mère mourut, elle resta sans société. L'éloignement de son mari redoubla la douleur de cette perte; son caractère devint triste, son humeur moins douce. Elle n'a point cessé de remplir ses devoirs de mère et d'épouse avec un courage et une constance dont peu de femmes auraient été capables. Si la tendresse qu'elle avait pour mon père eût pu s'affaiblir, sa vie eût été plus heureuse; mais rien n'a pu la distraire un moment; et depuis qu'il n'est plus, elle regrette les maux qu'il lui a causés, comme un autre regretterait le bonheur.'

The editor of the 'Encyclopédie' soon became a marked and important personage; but according to Madame de Vandeul, he might have gone on unmolested, alarming the clergy with the 'hardiesse' of the metaphysical and philosophic principles of that work, and defending the theses of liberal abbés, which happened to deny the existence of God; but unfortunately, in an article relating to a successful operation performed on a child born blind, which for the benefit of science seems to have been twice repeated, he hazarded some reflections on the 'beaux yeux' of a certain Mademoiselle Dupré de St. Maur, who was in the good graces ('paraissait aimable') of the minister M. D'Argenson. The virtuous and religious indignation of the minister took fire; his eyes were opened to the dangerous character of

of Diderot; an order was issued for his imprisonment at Vincennes. Diderot obtained permission to go and acquaint his wife with his misfortune—she was dressing and playing with her boy. His heart failed him; he made an excuse for his absence, and the first information which his wife received of his arrest was by accidentally looking out into the street, where she saw him in the custody of the police, vainly attempting, from the window of a fiacre, to catch a proof sheet from the hand of a printer's imp, whom the officers, not then under the salutary awe of everything connected with the press, knocked aside without the least ceremony. A domiciliary visit followed, the main object of which was to seize a certain tale, called the '*Pigeon Blanc*,' which had been read to some of his friends by Diderot, and not only might injure the morals of the nation, but more inexpiable offence! was supposed to contain covert allusions to the King and Madame de Pompadour. Poor Madame Diderot, who, probably, was not much in the secret of her husband's literary dangers, protested her ignorance, and that they would find neither white pigeons nor black pigeons; as for his writings, she added, '*Il estime mille fois plus l'honneur que la vie, et ses ouvrages doivent respirer les vertus qu'il pratique.*' Alas! in this '*magnanima menzogna*,' the fond wife little suspected the bitterness of her own unintentional sarcasm. His imprisonment was, however, neither very severe, nor very long, and it had the advantage of delivering him from Madame de Puisieux, in how amusing a manner we cannot pause to detail.

From that time Diderot was left to work undisturbed at the '*Encyclopédie*,' but it was a life, if of fame and distinction, of no slight disquietude and difficulty. The perpetual conflict with the fears of Le Breton the publisher; the abandonment of D'Alembert, who, sensible no doubt of his own superiority, struck for higher terms, and apparently the editor's own want of method and regularity, perpetually endangered the continuation of the undertaking. He attempted to write for the stage, but the nation was not yet so far disenchanted from the beautiful verses of Racine and Voltaire, nor so far gone in morbid sentimentality, as to relish his sickly imitation of Lillo and the English domestic tragedy, without their real homely simplicity. His '*Père de Famille*' barely languished in 1758 for a few nights;—ten years after, partly from its being better acted, but still more, we conceive, from the rapid degeneracy of the public taste, which was beginning to take delight in that kind of false excitement, the same piece met with almost unexampled success.

Diderot had been unfortunate in his family—he had successively lost three children. After the afflicting death of the last, which fell
from

from the nurse's arms on the steps of the church where it was carried to be baptized, and was killed on the spot, Madame Diderot, whose devotion took perhaps a stronger turn from the circumstances of this accident, vowed to dedicate to the Virgin and St. Francis the first child which she should bring into the world. How far Madame de Vandeul, whose existence her mother always attributed to this vow, ratified her mother's pious designs, may be conjectured; but it is strange enough to hear of a daughter of Diderot's consecrated to the Virgin.

Madame Diderot retired to Langres on the occasion of the last illness of the good old cutler; and during the three months she remained in Champagne, her husband formed a new connexion with a Mademoiselle Voland, the daughter of a financier, to whom he continued attached during the rest of his life. The greater part of these volumes consists of his letters to this unmarried lady, with whom, whenever they were at a distance from each other, he kept up a regular correspondence. This part of the work, in some points, reminds us of the *Journal to Stella*, though we are far from comparing Mademoiselle Voland with that unfortunate victim of the caprice or vanity of Swift. Before, however, we enter on this correspondence, we must find room for one or two characteristic anecdotes from the *Memoir*, of certain persons with whom Diderot formed an acquaintance during his literary career.

To him it seems, every needy adventurer, every literary charlatan, flocked either in hopes of employment, or, at all events, from the well-known generosity of his nature, of relief. One day a young man left a manuscript for his inspection and advice; on opening it, Diderot found a furious satire on himself and his works. On the youth's next visit, Diderot quietly remonstrated with him for making him read a satire for the first time in his life. 'I want bread,' said the young man, 'and thought you would give me a few crowns to suppress it.' Diderot answered, that he might do much better; 'the brother of the Duke of Orleans is "devot," and hates me; dedicate your satire to him; have it handsomely bound, and stamped with his arms, and some morning wait upon him with it.' 'But the dedicatory epistle?' objected the author — 'Don't distress yourself about that — sit down.' Diderot penned off-hand a suitably pious dedication, and dismissed the poor author, who got twenty-five louis from the anti-philosophic prince. He then returned to thank Diderot, who quietly advised him to take to some less dishonourable calling. Another story relates to a certain M. Rivière, who was young, handsome, eloquent, and played the fashionable sensibility to perfection. He also came to Diderot in his distress, and told him that he had a brother, a rich ecclesiastic, to whom unfortunately he had given
inexpiable

inexpiable offence, by preventing his being made a bishop. A bishop! and how so? The Abbé had preached a splendid Carême to the universal admiration; but his profligate brother had not only turned the rising churchman's talents into ridicule, but had given out that he had himself written the sermons. Diderot was persuaded to intercede with the Abbé. The commencement of their interview was most unpromising. At the name of his brother the ecclesiastic betrayed great emotion, his eyes kindled, and he asked Diderot if he was acquainted with his protégé's real character. He then began to detail a catalogue of villanies so black and horrible, that our philosopher was at first utterly confounded, and began to look for his hat and cane, as if meditating a precipitate retreat. The Abbé, however, was rather prolix in his history, and Diderot, having had time to recover himself, at the close of his harangue, coolly replied, 'I am aware of all this, but you have not yet named the most dreadful atrocity.' 'Good heavens, what can you know worse?' 'You have not mentioned the day when you found him at your door with a poniard in his hand, ready to plunge it in your heart.' 'I have not mentioned that, sir, for it is not true.' Diderot arose, approached him, took his arm, and said, 'and if it were true, you ought not to allow a brother to starve.' The ecclesiastic in his turn was confounded, and, after some hesitation, promised to make his brother an allowance. Diderot returned home, and having reproached M. Rivière with his detestable villany, and given him some good advice, communicated the Abbé's bounty. Rivière was all gratitude, talked for a quarter of an hour on indifferent subjects, and then took leave. The close of this conversation we cannot venture to translate.

'Quand ils sont sur l'escalier, Rivière s'arrête et dit à mon père, "M. Diderot, savez-vous l'histoire naturelle?" Mais un peu, je distingue une aloès d'une laitue, et un pigeon d'un colibri. "Savez-vous l'histoire du *Formica leo*?" Non. "C'est un petit insecte très industrieux; il creuse dans la terre un tron en forme d'entonnoir, il le couvre à la surface avec un sable fin et léger, il y attire les insectes étourdis, il les prend, il les suce, puis il leur dit, M. Diderot, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bonjour." Mon père rit comme un fou de cette aventure.'

He met Rivière afterwards in a café; Rivière would have claimed his acquaintance, but Diderot indignantly repulsed him.

'Eloignez-vous! vous êtes un homme si méchant et si corrompu, que si vous aviez un père riche, je ne le croirais pas en sûreté dans la même chambre avec vous. "Hélas! malheureusement je n'ai point de père riche." "Vous êtes un abominable homme." "Allons donc, philosophe, vous prenez tout au tragique."

The moral, however, of this adventure does not seem to have occurred

occurred to M. Diderot. It did not strike him that, while he was labouring to rid mankind of certain old-fashioned checks upon human wickedness, the being of a God, the dread of future retribution, the immortality of the soul, to say nothing of some female virtues entirely exploded in his Epicurean school, Rivière was only going a few steps further, and throwing honour, and honesty, and natural affection into the general heap of antiquated prejudices, unworthy of an enlightened age.

Throughout the correspondence with Mademoiselle Voland, nothing is more remarkable than Diderot's complacent assumption of moral superiority. To us, who are still of opinion that domestic morals constitute some part of virtue and happiness; that in the husband of a wife, still, notwithstanding all neglect and infidelity on his part, fondly attached to him, and in the father of a young daughter; in a man arrived at the age of forty-six, when the 'heyday of youth is over,' a liaison of the closest nature with an unmarried female may somewhat detract from the character even of a philosopher—to us there is something which would be irresistibly diverting, if it were not painful, in the contrast between the dignity of conscious virtue, mingling up at one moment with expressions of passion, it must be acknowledged, of the most glowing and fervid eloquence, but, for all that, not a whit the less immoral—the next with the most scandalous indecency. The following appears to us the perfection of philosophic Tartuifism.

'Combien je redouterai le vice, quand je n'aurais pour juge que ma Sophie! J'ai élevé dans son cœur une statue que je ne voudrais jamais briser; quelle douleur pour elle, si je me rendais coupable d'une action qui m'avilit à ses yeux. N'est-il pas vrai que vous m'aimeriez mieux mort que méchant? Aimez-moi donc toujours, afin que je craigne toujours le vice. Continuez de me soutenir dans le chemin de la bonté.* Qu'il est doux d'ouvrir ses bras pour y serrer un homme de bien.'

The mother of Mademoiselle Voland was not altogether pleased with this intrigue, which was not exactly according to the rules even of Parisian 'bienséance.' But, adds Diderot, in a tone of the most amiable and *Christian* meekness, 'et pourquoi s'opiniâtrent-ils à

* The naïveté with which Madame Vandeul asserts the morality of her father is so exquisitely ludicrous, that the severest virtue cannot but be betrayed into a smile.—'Les mœurs de mon père ont toujours été bonnes; il n'a de sa vie aimé les femmes de spectacles ni les filles publiques.' (Some confidential passages to Mademoiselle Voland do not quite agree with this.) 'Il fut quelque temps amoureux de La Lionnaise, danseuse de l'Opéra; un de ses amis demeurait vis-à-vis de cette fille; il la regardait par la fenêtre dans un moment où elle s'habillait; elle mit ses bas, prit de la craie, et effaça avec les taches de ses bas. Mon père disait, en me racontant cela: chaque tache enlevée diminuait ma passion, et à la fin de sa toilette mon cœur fut aussi net que sa chaussure.' What would Swift have given for this specimen of paternal communicativeness!

troubler deux êtres dont *le ciel se plaisait à contempler le bonheur?* ils ne savent pas tout le mal qu'ils font; *il faut leur pardonner.*' Mademoiselle Voland herself was not unworthy of initiation in the greater mysteries of the new faith. She was apparently little embarrassed either by feminine timidity or feminine delicacy: according to Diderot's expression she was '*bien décidée et bien nette sur le grand préjugé;*' and speaking of her friend the Baron d'Holbach, whom *he* compares to a satyr, he adds, '*il n'aurait ni offensé ni embarrassé ma Sophie, parce que ma Sophie est homme et femme quand il lui plaît.*' From this perfect accordance and congeniality of character between Diderot and his fair correspondent arises the interest, as well as the detestable grossness of the book—its truth and completeness as a picture of manners—its loathsome repulsiveness to the moral feeling. It is the whole mind of the author poured forth without restraint, without disguise—'naked, but not ashamed.'

The earliest letters are from Langres, whither Diderot repaired upon his father's death, to wind up the family affairs, and to make a final division of the property with his brother and sister. The sister was warmly attached to Diderot, the only person she ever loved,—gay, active, careless, free in her actions, still more free in her conversation, a kind of female Diogenes. His brother, an abbé, is described as a man of talent, but rendered scrupulous and pusillanimous by his religion. '*Il est gênant et gêne. C'est une espèce d'Héraclite Chrétien, toujours prêt à pleurer sur la folie de ses semblables.*' Diderot had, at one time of his life, as the condition of reconciliation with his brother, promised to write no more against religion. The abbé insisted on a public declaration to this effect, and a disavowal of his former opinions. To this Diderot would not consent, nor could he have done so without a flagrant effort of mendacity. Thus the abbé gave up the good which he might have done, by attempting to make his brother add hypocrisy to his other faults. Such, we fear, was too often the case in France; where men like Diderot came in contact with Christianity, it was harsh, monastic, inflexible, with little of the wisdom and winning gentleness of its divine author.

The greater number of the earlier letters are from Grandval, a country seat of the Baron d'Holbach, where the cleverest and most *enlightened* of the whole philosophic circle met in select conclave; there they ate and drank, and wandered in the woods, and enjoyed the natural beauties of the place, and played at piquet, and talked wit and blasphemy, and anecdote, and indecency; and discussed the virtues of the Chinese, and the vices of the clergy; and the philosophy of the Mahometans under the caliphate, and the

the last new tragedy at Paris ; and the constitution and manners of the English, and the rapid progress of deism in that country, with its unaccountable obstinacy in rejecting the still more liberal tenets of atheism,* and the amorous adventures of themselves and their friends, the ever shifting turns and vicissitudes of Parisian intrigue. The presence of the females caused no restraint, for old Madame Aine, the mother-in-law of the Baron, fairly beat the whole party in the utter shamelessness of her conversation ; and all this is conveyed by the graphic pen of Diderot to his absent mistress, apparently with the most scrupulous fidelity—not a jest, not a polissonerie escapes ; it is all poured, unfiltered, into the male ear of Mademoiselle Voland, while into the female are distilled, at the same time, the most glowing expressions of admiration, at the purity, the decency, and the delicacy of her thoughts and manners.

We presume that Mademoiselle Voland was to consider herself the original of the following picture, by which Diderot justified the superiority of his taste over that of a dissolute youth.

‘ Un jeune libertin se promène au Palais-Royal ; il voit là un petit nez retroussé, des lèvres riantes, un œil éveillé, une démarche déli-bérée, et il s’écrie : Oh ! qu’elle est charmante ! Moi, je tourne le dos avec dédain, et j’arrête mes regards sur un visage où je lis de l’in-nocence, de la candeur, de l’ingénuité, de la noblesse, de la dignité, de la décence ; croyez-vous qu’il soit bien difficile de décider qui a tort du jeune homme ou de moi ? Son goût se réduit à ceci : *j’aime le vice* ; et le mien à ceci : *J’AIME LA VERTU*. ’

As, however, the English public is apt to be more fastidious on these points than philosophical Parisian females, we shall endeavour to glean such few anecdotes, illustrative of the characters and opinions, and literary history of the times, as may be extracted with due respect to the decency and propriety of English manners. Besides the Baron himself, the author of the most flagrantly infamous works against religion and morals which issued from the fraternity, and who passed with them for a miracle of erudition, the ordinary *habitués* of Grandval, were Diderot—his friend the gay and brilliant Grimm—the Abbé Galiani, inclined to prose about that subject, fatal to mirth and wit,—political economy ; a certain M. le Roy, a profligate, of almost too audacious libertinism even for this unscrupulous circle ; a remarkable personage, who passes by the soubriquet of ‘ le père Hoop,’ (no doubt Hope,) a Scotch gentleman, part of whose family, on account of pecuniary losses and embarrassments, had settled in Spain, and who had been a great

* ‘ Un Anglais s’avisa de publier un ouvrage contre l’immortalité de l’ame : on lui fit dans les papiers publics une réponse bien cruelle !... “ Nous tous * * *, voleurs de grands chemins, assassins, traîtres, ministres, souverains, faisons nos très humbles remerciemens à l’auteur du traité contre l’immortalité de l’ame, de nous avoir appris que si nous étions assez adroits pour échapper aux châtimens dans ce monde-ci, nous n’en avons point à redouter dans l’autre.” ’ And this strangely enough concludes a discussion on the old text, ‘ Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.’

traveller. But almost all the other distinguished names of the period are introduced, or incidentally mentioned, and anecdotes perpetually occur of their works or characters, coloured of course either by the deliberate opinion, or by the momentary humour of Diderot. Of Voltaire we have the following curious sketch:—

‘Cet homme incompréhensible a fait un papier qu’il appelle un *Eloge de Crébillon*. Vous verrez le plaisant éloge que c’est; c’est la vérité; mais la vérité offense dans la bouche de l’envie. Je ne saurais passer cette petitesse-là à un si grand homme. Il en veut à tous les piedestaux. Il travaille à une édition de Corneille. Je gage, si l’on veut, que les notes dont elle sera farcie seront autant de petites satires. Il aura beau faire, beau dégrader; je vois une douzaine d’hommes chez la nation, qui sans s’élever sur la pointe du pied, le passeront toujours de la tête. *Cet homme n’est que le second dans tout les genres.*’

The most interesting of Voltaire’s tragedies, the ‘*Tancrède*,’ was now at the height of its success. We have this witticism in his most pointed style:—

‘Madame d’Epinay reçoit des lettres charmantes de M. de Voltaire. Il disait, dans une des dernières, que le diable avait assisté à la première représentation de *Tancrède* sous la figure de Fréron, et qu’on l’avait reconnu à une larme qui lui était tombée des loges sur le bout du nez, et qui avait fait *pish*, comme sur un fer chaud.’*

Of Rousseau we have no great deal; in fact Grimm and Rousseau had quarrelled about Madame d’Epinay, according to a note by the editor of this work:—

‘Rousseau, toujours souffrant, s’était refusé à accompagner à Genève Madame d’Epinay, qui allait y faire une couchée clandestine. Grimm, auteur de cet accident, conçut contre Jean Jacques une haine implacable, et l’imposa au bon Diderot, qui, se figurant bientôt qu’il avait également à se plaindre de Rousseau, se laissa aller à son égard à mille injustices, que son exaltation explique et justifie jusqu’à un certain point. C’est ainsi qu’il en traça plus tard un portrait affreux dans sa vie de Sénèque. Rousseau, au contraire, parlait de Diderot comme d’un ancien ami qu’il estimait, et dont il déplorait la crédulité et l’aveuglement.’

If this was the real cause of hostility, poor Jean Jacques was assuredly more ‘sinned against than sinning;’ and as we do not hear that Diderot had requested Rousseau to escort Mademoiselle Voland, on the occasion of any similar accident, it was not quite fair to mix himself up with Grimm’s quarrel. But probably there were other causes of this fierce ‘odium philosophicum.’ The jealous and sensitive temper of Rousseau never could have endured the persiflage of Grimm; how deeply his vanity resented a jest at his

* The Ettrick Shepherd, by the way, in one of his wild but highly entertaining pieces of *diablerie*, has a fancy of the same sort. The Prince of the Infernals is introduced as dining in disguise in a Scotch castle—he calls for a glass of small-beer, and is betrayed by the hissing of the generous fluid as it descends his throat. To the humour of this Voltaire’s satirical application adds *soit*.

expense is shown by his fury at Horace Walpole's wicked pleasantries; and Grimm could no more refrain from a jest, than Rousseau could bear one. Besides all this, with the ultra-liberal school, Rousseau's occasional tributes to the beauty and the moral sublimity of the Gospel were inexpressible offences. This lingering attachment to Christianity was *Platonic* enough, and, like the rest of his better and nobler feelings, purely imaginative: still he would sometimes cast, what Byron has called

His heavenly hue

Of words, like sunbeams, kindling as they past,

over the inimitable morals of the Christian faith and the character of its Divine Author; and these repeated acts of apostasy could not but draw down upon him the sentence of excommunication from the philosophic divan. Diderot thus expresses their contempt for this deplorable weakness. 'Je vois Rousseau tourner tout autour d'une capucinière, où il se fourrera quelque'un de ces matins. Rien ne tient dans ses idées; c'est un homme excessif, qui est ballotté de l'athéisme au baptême des cloches. Qui sait où il s'arrêtera?'

But Jean Jacques was not the only example of inconsistency among these profound and unprejudiced thinkers. What will our readers say to Helvetius, so severe a game-preserve, as to live with the windows of his chateau barricaded, and in fear of his life from the peasants, whom he had prevented from poaching, and whose cabins, built on his manor, he had destroyed? Yet, perhaps, we are wrong in accusing him of inconsistency, for the village tyrant was but exemplifying the truth of that great principle, the inherent and universal selfishness of man, which he had developed with so much pains in his work '*De l'Esprit*'—his *magnum opus*, which, according to the wicked wits of the day, only wanted that which its title promised.

* Madame de Nocé est une voisine d'Helvétius... Elle nous apprend que le philosophe est l'homme du monde le plus malheureux à sa campagne. Il est environné là de voisins et de paysans qui le haïssent. On casse les fenêtres de son château; on ravage la nuit ses possessions; on coupe ses arbres, on abat ses murs, on arrache ses armes des poteaux. Il n'ose aller tirer un lapin sans un cortège qui fasse sa sûreté. Vous me demanderez comment cela s'est fait? Par une jalousie effrénée de la chasse. M. Fagon, son prédécesseur, gardait sa terre avec deux bandoulières et deux fusils. Helvétius en a vingt-quatre, avec lesquels il ne saurait garder la sienne. Ces hommes ont un petit bénéfice par chaque braconnier qu'ils arrêtent, et il n'y a sorte de vexations qu'ils ne fassent pour multiplier ce petit bénéfice. Ce sont d'ailleurs autant de braconniers salariés. La lisière de ses bois était peuplée de malheureux retirés dans des pauvres chaumières;

il a fait abattre toutes ces chaumières. Ce sont ces actes de tyrannie réitérés qui lui ont suscité des ennemis de toute espèce, et, comme disait madame de Nocé, d'autant plus insolens qu'ils ont découvert que le bon philosophe est pusillanime. Je ne voudrais point de sa belle terre de Voré, à la condition d'y vivre dans des trances perpétuelles.'

We cannot refrain from extracting, though at some length, a very amusing anecdote of a writer, whom no one will confound with the school of Diderot, the President Montesquieu. The anecdote is new to us, and probably to our readers:—

'Voici le second trait que je vous ai promis. Le président de Montesquieu et milord Chesterfield se rencontrèrent faisant l'un et l'autre le voyage d'Italie. Ces hommes étaient faits pour se lier promptement; aussi la liaison entre eux fut-elle bientôt faite. Ils allaient toujours disputant sur les prérogatives des deux nations. Le lord accordait au président que les Français avaient plus d'esprit que les Anglais; mais qu'en revanche ils n'avaient pas le sens commun. Le président convenait du fait, mais il n'y avait pas de comparaison à faire entre l'esprit et le bon sens. Il y avait déjà plusieurs jours que la dispute durait; ils étaient à Venise. Le président se répandait beaucoup, allait partout, voyait tout, interrogeait, causait, et le soir tenait registre des observations qu'il avait faites. Il y avait une heure ou deux qu'il était rentré et qu'il était à son occupation ordinaire, lorsqu'un inconnu se fit annoncer. C'était un Français assez mal vêtu, qui lui dit: "Monsieur, je suis votre compatriote. Il y a vingt ans que je vis ici: mais j'ai toujours gardé de l'amitié pour les Français; et je me suis cru quelquefois trop heureux de trouver l'occasion de les servir, comme je l'ai aujourd'hui avec vous. On peut tout faire dans ce pays, excepté se mêler des affaires d'Etat. Un mot inconsidéré sur le gouvernement coûte la tête, et vous en avez déjà tenu plus de mille. Les inquisiteurs d'Etat ont les yeux ouverts sur votre conduite, on vous épie, on suit tous vos pas, on tient note de tous vos projets; on ne doute point que vous n'écriviez. Je sais de science certaine qu'on doit peut-être aujourd'hui, peut-être demain, faire chez vous une visite. Voyez, Monsieur, si en effet vous avez écrit, et songez qu'une ligne innocente, mais mal interprétée, vous coûterait la vie. Voilà tout ce que j'ai à vous dire. J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Si vous me rencontrez dans les rues, je vous demande pour toute récompense d'un service que je crois de quelque importance, de ne me pas reconnaître, et si par hasard il était trop tard pour vous sauver et qu'on vous prit, de ne me pas dénoncer." Cela dit, mon homme disparut et laissa le président de Montesquieu dans la plus grande consternation. Son premier mouvement fut d'aller bien vite à son secrétaire, de prendre les papiers et de les jeter dans le feu. A peine cela fut-il fait que milord Chesterfield rentra. Il n'eut pas de peine à reconnaître le trouble terrible de son ami; il s'informa de ce qui pouvait lui être arrivé. Le président lui rend compte de la

visite

visite qu'il avait eue, des papiers brûlés, et de l'ordre qu'il avait donné de tenir prête sa chaise de poste pour trois heures du matin; car son dessein était de s'éloigner sans délai d'un séjour où un moment de plus ou de moins pouvait lui être si funeste. Milord Chesterfield l'écoula tranquillement, et lui dit: "Voilà qui est bien, mon cher président; mais remettons-nous pour un instant, et examinons ensemble votre aventure à tête reposée.—Vous vous moquez, lui dit le président. Il est impossible que ma tête se repose où elle ne tient qu'à un fil.—Mais qu'est-ce que cet homme qui vient si généreusement s'exposer au plus grand péril, pour vous en garantir? Cela n'est pas naturel. Français tant qu'il vous plaira, l'amour de la patrie ne fait point faire de ces démarches périlleuses, et surtout en faveur d'un inconnu. Cet homme n'est pas votre ami?—Non.—Il était mal vêtu?—Oui, fort mal.—Vous a-t-il demandé de l'argent, un petit écu pour prix de son avis?—Oh! pas une obole.—Cela est encore plus extraordinaire. Mais d'où sait-il tout ce qu'il vous a dit?—Ma foi, je n'en sais rien.... Des Inquisiteurs, d'eux-mêmes.—Outre que ce Conseil est le plus secret qu'il y ait au monde, cet homme n'est pas fait pour en approcher.—Mais c'est peut-être un des espions qu'ils emploient.—A d'autres! On prendra pour espion un étranger, et cet espion sera vêtu comme un gueux, en faisant une profession assez vile pour être bien payée, et cet espion trahira ses maîtres pour vous, au hasard d'être étranglé si l'on vous prend et que vous le défériez; si vous vous sauvez et que l'on soupçonne qu'il vous ait averti! Chanson que tout cela, mon ami.—Mais qu'est-ce donc que ce peut être?—Je le cherche, mais inutilement."

Après avoir l'un et l'autre épuisé toutes les conjectures possibles, et le président persistant à déloger au plus vite, et cela pour le plus sûr, milord Chesterfield, après s'être un peu promené, s'être frotté le front comme un homme à qui il vient quelque pensée profonde, s'arrêta tout court et dit: "Président, attendez, mon ami, il me vient une idée. Mais... si... par hasard... cet homme... —Eh bien! cet homme?—Si cet homme... oui, cela pourrait bien être, cela est même, je n'en doute plus.—Mais qu'est-ce que cet homme? Si vous le savez, dépêchez-vous vite de me l'apprendre.—Si je le sais! oh oui, je crois le savoir à présent... Si cet homme vous avait été envoyé par... —Epargnez, s'il vous plaît!—Par un homme qui est malin quelquefois, par un certain milord Chesterfield qui aurait voulu vous prouver par expérience qu'une once de sens commun vaut mieux que cent livres d'esprit, car avec du sens commun... —Ah! scélérat, s'écria le président, quel tour vous m'avez joué! Et mon manuscrit! mon manuscrit que j'ai brûlé!"

Le président ne put jamais pardonner au lord cette plaisanterie. Il avait ordonné qu'on tint sa chaise prête; il monta dedans et partit la nuit même, sans dire adieu à son compagnon de voyage. Moi, je me serais jeté à son cou, je l'aurais embrassé cent fois, et je lui aurais dit: Ah! mon ami, vous m'avez prouvé qu'il y avait en Angleterre des gens d'esprit, et je trouverai peut-être l'occasion une autre fois
de

de vous prouver qu'il y a en France des gens de bon sens. Je vous conte cette histoire à la hâte, mettez à mon récit toutes les grâces qui y manquent, et puis, quand vous le reférez à d'autres, il sera charmant.—tome ii., pp. 176—181.

The Baron (d'Holbach) pays a visit to England. Before, however, we inform our readers of his discoveries in those then unknown and barbarous regions, we must divert them with the utter amazement of Diderot at the account of our parliamentary proceedings, which he receives from his friend the 'Père Hoop.'

'Je lui ai fait cent questions sur le parlement d'Angleterre. C'est un corps composé d'environ cinq cents personnes. Le lieu où il tient ses séances est une vaste (!) édifice ; il y a six à sept ans que l'entrée en était ouverte à tout le monde et que les affaires les plus importantes de l'état s'y discutaient sous les yeux même de la nation assemblée et assise dans de grandes tribunes ! élevées au-dessus de la tête des représentans. Croyez-vous, mon amie, qu'un homme osât en face de tout un peuple, proposer un projet nuisible ou s'opposer à un projet avantageux, et s'avouer publiquement méchant ou stupide ? Vous me demanderez sans doute pourquoi les délibérations se font aujourd'hui à porte fermée. "C'est, me répondit le père Hoop (car je lui fis la même question) qu'il y a je ne sais combien d'affaires dont le succès dépend du secret, et qu'il était impossible qu'il fût gardé. Nous avons, ajouta-t'il, des hommes qui possèdent une écriture abrégée et dont la plume devance la plus grande volubilité de la parole. Les discours des chambres paraissent ici en pays étranger, mot pour mot, comme ils avaient été tenus. *Cela était d'un grand inconvénient.*"

The Baron returned from England, where he had met with a most agreeable reception, and had enjoyed excellent health, altogether disappointed. He makes the usual complaints of our fogs and our want of taste, our barbarous and gothic buildings, and our gardens, where 'the affectation of imitating nature is worse than the monotonous symmetry of art ;' of our amusements, which have the air of religious ceremonies, of the pride of the higher orders, and the insolence of the lower ; in short, of the total want of gaiety, sociability, and friendliness. Our singular propensity to suicide could not escape the notice of so accurate an observer of national manners, and, to confess the truth, his information on that head was so fearfully confirmed by an incident which came within his knowledge, that we must not be surprised at some exaggeration. He had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of highly polished manners, gentleness of character, wealth, and attainments, to whom he was writing a letter of thanks for his obliging attentions, when he received the intelligence that the unfortunate man had blown out his brains. Still we must confess our ignorance, that before the magic hand of Mr. Nash, as taste-ful

ful in laying out grounds as he is barbarous in architecture, had broken into life and beauty the straight sluggish Dutch canal in St. James's park, a particular pool in those suicidal waters had been set apart where ladies had the 'exclusive privilege' of drowning themselves. We omit, as less interesting from the total change of our social state, the political observations of the Baron, though by no means wanting in acuteness, nor, we fear, in those days, altogether without truth. He was struck with the immense incomes of the aristocracy, and of the great commercial men; and, what to a Frenchman, at that time, seemed extraordinary, their equal contribution to the public burthens; with the power of the crown, which, he says, exercised by means of corruption as complete a despotism as other courts by their acknowledged arbitrary authority; with the universities where rich fainéans slept and got drunk half the day, and employed the other half in educating 'quelques maussades apprentis ministres.' Our universities have long shaken off whatever traits of likeness they might once have had to this broad caricature, and under the 'Saturnia regna' of William IV., the last reminiscences of the good old Walpolean days,

* When secret gold sapped on from knave to knave, are, or are to be, so entirely obliterated as to become matters of by-gone and forgotten history. But we cannot resist the temptation of the following description of an English garden, and of Ranelagh, the delight of our mothers; of Westminster Abbey, then, according to the Baron, as crowded a promenade as the Cimetière du Père de la Chaise in the present day, and where we cannot help wondering how the 'Spectator,' not many years before, could find an opportunity for his sublime and solitary meditations; nor are we displeased that our extract should end with a characteristic enough glimpse of Garrick:—

* Soit effet du climat, soit effet de l'usage de la bière et des liqueurs fortes, des grosses viandes, des brouillards continuels, de la fumée du charbon de terre qui les enveloppe sans cesse, ce peuple est triste et mélancolique. Ses jardins sont coupés d'allées tortueuses et étroites; partout on y reconnaît un hôte qui se dérobe et qui veut être seul. Là vous rencontrez un temple gothique; ailleurs une grotte, une cabane chinoise, des ruines, des obélisques, des cavernes, des tombeaux. Un particulier opulent a fait planter un grand espace de cyprès; il a dispersé entre ces arbres des bustes de philosophes, des urnes sépulcrales, des marbres antiques, sur lesquels on lit, *Diis Manibus: Aux Mânes*. Ce que le Baron appelle un cimetière romain, ce particulier l'appelle l'Elysée. Mais ce qui achève de caractériser la mélancolie nationale, c'est leur manière d'être dans ces édifices immenses et somptueux qu'ils ont élevés au plaisir. On y entendrait trotter une souris. Cent femmes droites et silencieuses s'y promènent

mènent autour d'un orchestre construit au milieu, et où l'on exécute la musique la plus délicieuse. Le Baron compare ces tournées aux sept processions des Egyptiens autour du mausolée d'Osiris. Ils ont des jardins publics qui sont peu fréquentés; en revanche le peuple n'est pas plus serré dans les rues qu'à Westminster, célèbre abbaye décorée des monumens funèbres de toutes les personnes illustres de la nation. Un mot charmant de mon ami Garrick, c'est que Londres est bon pour les Anglais, mais que Paris est bon pour tout le monde. Lorsque le Baron rendit visite à ce comédien célèbre, celui-ci le conduisit par un souterrain à la pointe d'une île arrosée par la Tamise. Là il trouva une coupole élevée sur des colonnes de marbre noir, et sous cette coupole, en marbre blanc, la statue de Shakspeare. "Voilà, lui dit-il, le tribut de reconnaissance que je dois à l'homme qui a fait ma considération, ma fortune et mon talent."

One person, however, joined Diderot's society in Paris, who formed a brilliant exception to the general torpidity of the English, and redeemed the character of the nation for spirit and liveliness—no less than the celebrated John Wilkes. A strange adventure with a Neapolitan Circe, related at length in these volumes, on the authority of a letter from the Abbé Galiani to Grimm, introduced the future yet untried patriot, and yet unbought chamberlain of London, with the greatest possible *éclat* to the philosophic brotherhood. His unrivalled wit and careless profligacy confirmed the favourable impression, and he took rank accordingly in the Parisian circle.

We must now, however, return to the life of Diderot, and explain the manner in which he provided for the expenses of this gay and easy career. He had given up his little patrimonial income to his wife, and provided, by his fertile pen, for his own personal expenditure. He was fond of gaming, played very ill, and always lost. His coach hire was no trifling item in his accounts; he perpetually hired fiacres, left them at the door of some agreeable friend, where the day glided away unperceived, and the driver consoled himself for the trial of his patience by the proportionate amount of his fare. His female friends were not always purely disinterested, nor were their smiles altogether unbought. He collected a very considerable library, of which we shall hereafter hear more, and spared no cost in the purchase of prints. On the other hand, the fertility of his pen was inexhaustible, nor did it stand on its dignity, or confine itself to the sacred duty of enlightening mankind by philosophy. 'Besides *Sermons*, he wrote advertisements for pomade to make the hair grow; he wrote for public bodies, for magistrates, for all who could or would pay. He wrote speeches for advocates-general, addresses to the king, remonstrances for the parliament, which were paid, he said, three times more than they were worth.'

His library he at length brought to a profitable market; it was sold,

sold, in 1765, to the Empress of Russia. The manner in which the clever, ambitious, and profligate Catherine coquetted, if the un-imperial term may be ventured, with the Parisian philosophers, is one of the characteristic indications of the almost universal influence which French manners and French literature had obtained over the continent of Europe. It seemed to be the deliberate policy of Frederick the Great, and of Catherine, to make Berlin and Petersburg each a mimic Paris; and the literature of each country, if in those days we may speak of Russian literature, had no higher ambition than to reflect the opinions and to speak the language of France. How far this denationalizing policy of these two great sovereigns contributed, at the crisis of the revolution, to the progress of French influence and French arms, might, in its proper place, be a curious object of inquiry. How totally did Frederick (it may hereafter appear that Catherine did likewise) miscalculate the strength of native genius, which was ready to burst into maturity among the Schillers and Goethes, the scholars and philosophers of Germany! How little did he foresee that Germany would so soon assert its own independence; breaking off entirely from France, claim kindred with the more congenial mind of England, and

— soar far off among the swans of Thames;

or that in less than half a century Berlin would become the instructor of Paris, and German opinions and taste and philosophy react, as is now the case, with a powerful and reanimating influence on the effete and exhausted imagination of France. But, at the present period, Paris was the universal emporium of art as well as of letters. Diderot was considered so high an authority in matters of taste, that the court applied to him for designs for a monument to the dauphin. The philosopher describes to Madlle. Volland, with the evident complacency of a mind confident in its fertility of invention, as well as in its exquisite judgment, the different models which he had suggested to the sculptors. Each of these is a mass of unwieldy and perplexing allegory, such as in those times encumbered the aisles of churches, with gigantic cardinal virtues, Victory, and Faith, and Religion, grouped so as to be intended to convey some sublime moral truth, but actually requiring a volume to interpret their meaning to the ordinary spectator. Sculpture, we trust, has been for ever delivered from this race of cold and unmeaning impersonations by the fine Grecian taste of Canova, the good sense, the originality of Chantrey, and his faithful adherence to life and nature.

Diderot was employed to arrange the terms on which Falconet should execute the famous colossal statue of Peter the Great; and a large part of the third volume of the present work is occupied by

by his correspondence with that sculptor during his residence in Russia. The letters branch out into many discussions connected with the history of the fine arts, but originated in a simple question on the desire of immortality, or the hope of the admiration of posterity, as it may influence the genius and exertions of the artist or the poet.

‘ Notre philosophe (observes the editor of the present work) ne croyait plus en Dieu qu’à la vie future, mais la postérité était pour lui l’autre monde de l’homme religieux ; il ne pouvait entendre de sang-froid soutenir avec obstination que l’idée du jugement de la postérité n’entraînait pour rien dans les inspirations de l’artiste et du poète, et que le génie, ce pur don de la nature, est la cause unique des grandes choses.’

In his defence of this sentiment there are some passages of very noble eloquence, the best specimens which we could extract of the more serious prose of Diderot.

‘ Il est doux d’entendre pendant la nuit un concert de flûtes qui s’exécute au loin et dont il ne me parvient que quelques sons épars, que mon imagination, aidée de la finesse de mon oreille, réussit à lier, et dont elle fait un chant suivi qui la charme d’autant plus, que c’est en bonne partie son ouvrage. Je crois que le concert qui s’exécute de près a bien son prix. Mais le croirez-vous, mon ami, ce n’est pas celui-ci, c’est le premier qui enivre. La sphère qui nous environne, et où l’on nous admire, la durée pendant laquelle nous existons et nous entendons la louange, le nombre de ceux qui nous adressent directement l’éloge que nous avons mérité d’eux, tout cela est trop petit pour la capacité de notre ame ambitieuse ; peut-être ne nous trouvons-nous pas suffisamment récompensés de nos travaux par les génuflexions d’un monde actuel. A côté de ceux que nous voyons prosternés, nous agenouillons ceux qui ne sont pas encore. Il n’y a que cette foule d’adorateurs illimitée qui puisse satisfaire un esprit dont les élans sont toujours vers l’infini. Les prétentions, direz-vous, sont souvent au-delà du mérite. D’accord, mais n’y voyez-vous pas un hommage merveilleux—vous me l’avez dit—et certainement vous êtes trop éclairés tout tant que vous êtes, pour que l’avenir soit jamais assez osé pour penser autrement que vous ? ’—Tome iii., pp. 197, 198.

‘ En un mot, mon ami, la réputation n’est qu’une voix qui parle de nous avec éloge, et n’y aurait-il pas de la folie à ne pas mieux aimer son éloge dans la bouche qui ne se taira jamais que dans une autre ? Malgré que nous en ayons, nous proportionnons nos efforts au temps, à l’espace, à la durée, au nombre des témoins, à celui des juges ; ce qui échappe à nos contemporains, s’échappera pas à l’œil du temps et de la postérité. Le temps voit tout ; autre germe de perfection. Cette espèce d’immortalité est la seule qui soit au pouvoir de quelques hommes, les autres périssent comme la brute. Pourquoi ne vouloir pas que je sois jaloux et que je prise cette distinction particulière à quelques individus distingués de mon espèce ? Que suis-je ? des rêves,

rêves, des pensées, des idées, des sensations, des passions, des qualités, des défauts, des vices, des vertus, du plaisir, de la peine. Quand tu définis un être peux-tu faire entrer dans ta définition autre chose que des termes abstraits et métaphysiques ? La pensée que j'écris c'est moi ; le marbre que j'anime c'est toi. C'est la meilleure partie de toi dans les plus beaux momens de ton existence, c'est ce que tu fais, c'est ce qu'un autre ne peut pas faire. Quand le poète disait :

Non omnis moriar ; multaue pars mei

Vitabit Libitinam,

il disait une vérité presque rigoureuse. — vol. iii. pp. 205, 206.

‘ Lorsque mes contemporains modestes m'apportent avec leur éloge celui de la postérité, ce sont les représentans du présent et les députés de l'avenir ; et quelle raison puis-je avoir de séparer en eux ces deux caractères, d'agréer l'un et de dédaigner l'autre ? Ils ont, comme représentans et comme députés, les mêmes lettres de créance, la lumière de leur siècle, et le bon goût de la nation. Ils ont, par la comparaison qu'ils font de moi avec les hommes le plus honorés des âges antérieurs, par l'expression de leur propre sentiment, par la perspective glorieuse qu'ils ouvrent devant moi, réuni le passé, le présent et l'avenir, pour m'offrir un hommage plus précieux ; — et il me paraît difficile de démêler ces parfums sans les affaiblir. S'ils sont bons juges du passé, ils sont bons témoins du présent, et garans sûrs de l'avenir. Si vous contestez leur garantie, rejetez leur témoignage, récusez leur jugement et fermez la porte de votre atelier.

‘ Ah ! qu'il est flatteur et doux de voir une nation entière jalouse d'accroître notre bonheur, prendre elle-même la statue qu'elle nous a élevée ; la transporter à deux mille ans sur un nouvel autel, et nous montrer et la race présente et les races à venir prosternées. — pp. 216, 217.

It is rather amusing to contrast these splendid anticipations of posthumous fame with the more natural and spontaneous feelings which betray themselves in the correspondence of Diderot. He is speaking of his great work the *Encyclopédie* :—

‘ Cet ouvrage produira sûrement avec le temps une révolution bien complète dans les esprits, et j'espère que les tyrans, les oppresseurs, les fanatiques et les intolérans n'y gagneront pas. Nous aurons servi l'humanité ; mais il y aura long-temps que nous serons réduits dans une poussière froide et insensible lorsqu'on nous en saura quelque gré. Pourquoi ne pas louer les gens de bien de leur vivant, puisqu'ils n'entendent rien sous la tombe ?’

Posterity will not repay to Diderot that which was denied by his own contemporaries. His fame as an author will have no distinct and individual existence. He will be remembered only as one of a class or school. He has no single work which will live. Some of his novels may float along that foul undercurrent of literature, which is sought out by men of impure minds ; but for the *Encyclopédie*, even if its services to humanity were less questionable, who would now think of consulting its pages on any question

question of literature, taste, history, or philosophy? Even the more valuable part, the scientific, is obsolete; yet if any name, connected with this vast compilation, will reach posterity through its interminable pages, it will be that of D'Alembert. Of its original author and editor, the fame is buried under the vast monument which he raised, as he supposed, to perpetuate his glory; few will penetrate into its dark and forgotten recesses to exhume the remains of his intellectual power and energy for the admiration of future ages,—even if, when brought to light, they were likely to command admiration. Diderot, in fact, whatever his living influence, fills but a secondary rank among the writers of his day. We appeal to a high authority on this subject, the author of the admirable essay '*Sur la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle.*' How many men of letters in our own time might do well to consider his words!

'Diderot fut doué d'une ame ardente et désordonnée. Mais c'était un feu sans aliment, et le talent dont il a donné quelques indices n'a reçu aucune application entière. S'il eût embrassé une carrière unique, si son esprit bouillant eût marché dans un sens déterminé, au lieu d'errer dans tout le chaos d'opinions contraires, que cette époque voyait ou naître ou se détruire, Diderot aurait laissé une réputation durable, et maintenant, au lieu de répéter seulement son nom, on parlerait de ses ouvrages. Mais sans connoissances profondes, sans persuasion arrêtée, sans respect pour aucune idée reçue, pour aucun sentiment, il erra dans la vague, en y faisant parfois briller quelques éclairs. Un caractère tel que le sien a tout perdu en adoptant la philosophie à laquelle il s'attacha.'

Posterity will find it difficult to account for the courted visit and reception of Diderot at St. Petersburg:—of his short residence in that capital we regret that we have so brief and barren a statement; a description of Catherine and her court, that hot-house of forced and exotic French civilization amid the snows and barbarism of Russia, from a pen so lively and graphic, could not have failed to be highly amusing. He returned with his vanity flattered, but with a severe shock to his constitution, from the inclemency of the climate. He returned, however, to write his most popular novels, one of them, at least, the most detestable which had ever depraved even the lighter literature of the French. In 1784 he was seized with an attack on the chest followed by an apoplectic fit. During his illness he behaved with great self-command, talked of subjects of taste and literature, admitted the visits of the Curé of St. Sulpice, and conversed with him on moral topics, but when the clergyman hinted at a recantation of his irreligious opinions, and of the good effect it might produce, he answered, '*Je le crois, Monsieur le Curé, mais convenez que je ferais une impudente mensonge.*' His admirable wife, whose affections

affections his ill-conduct could never estrange, deeply as she was grieved at his obduracy, thought only of sparing his feelings, and took care that he should never be left alone with the clergyman, whose arguments might disturb and harass, but could produce no good effect. Some months after, 'he died, and made no sign.'

The public attention has been lately re-awakened by Mr. Croker's new edition of Boswell, to the Life of Johnson. It is remarkable how nearly the doctor and Diderot occupy the same period in the literary history of their respective countries. The former was born in 1709—the latter in 1713,—they both died in the same year, 1784. Both may be fairly called literary adventurers, a term, which if it is used to describe men who have forced their way by their own talents and against the most adverse circumstances to distinction, instead of being one of reproach, is one rather of the highest honour. Both were cast pennyless and friendless on a great metropolis, suffered the utmost privations, submitted to the lowest literary drudgery, were the bounden slaves of the booksellers; both emerged to fame, to comparatively easy circumstances, to cultivated society; if the one was courted by a foreign sovereign, Johnson received marks and expressions of respect from his own. The parallel may even be drawn somewhat closer,—each wrote with but moderate success for the stage—each, in his own way, was a novelist; and the great work of the English Dictionary may be placed, as to extent and labour, in competition with the *Encyclopédie*. But the moral contrast!—On one side, the deep, the conscientious, the morbid religion; the stern and uncompromising moral sense, which would not tamper for an instant with any right or decent feeling; the almost Stoic pride of virtue; the principles, petrified at times into prejudices; the reverence for all that was fixed, established, or venerable, bordering close on bigotry;—on the other, the total want of any settled or definite creed or opinion, the perverse delight in calling into question, and submitting to a cold analysis, the most sacred principles, the most instinctive feelings, the common decencies of our nature. There was no virtue of which Diderot would not argue the possible error, no vice of which he would not scrutinize the conceivable advantage,—whatever was generally acknowledged or revered, was already half-condemned. Hence, while the biography of our countryman is suited to all ages, to each sex, and gives a picture of society at once most amusing and most instructive—the most shameless man will at times be inclined to close the other in disgust, and will pursue it to the end merely to trace, if possible, the formation of a character, which, with many kind, and generous, and humane feelings, presents, in one respect, we hope almost a singular phenomenon of depravity. As the genuine or apocryphal Memoirs of M. Fouché are curious from their exhibition of a mind in which the principle of political honesty seems to be

be not merely in abeyance, but so utterly extinct as never to occur to the thoughts; so in Diderot the common sacred instinct of decency, that which distinguishes man from the lower animals, is absolutely and entirely eradicated.

But this contrast is not only remarkable as regards the two individuals, but as representing to a certain degree the state of society in each country. We mean not that in the Savages or Churchills of London, we might not have found a nearer resemblance to Diderot; and, unless much belied, the fraternity of the 'Monks of Medenham,' (a beautiful retreat by the Thames, where Wilkes shone in all his brilliancy, and led the orgies,) might have entered into some rivalry with the philosophic coterie at Grandval; yet in one country it was the prevailing tone and character of the times, in the other it was an exception—it retired from the eye of day, it was spoken of with a general murmur of trembling disapprobation. We must not now embark on the ever-agitated and never perhaps clearly definable causes of the appalling crisis which closed the last century; neither on the destructive elements which united to explode the whole surface of French society with such volcanic fury; nor the conservative principles which were then able to save England from a like fate. We would only observe that one main difference was the comparative depravation of the public morals. Where men like Diderot were popular writers, it is no wonder that men like Marat or Robespierre arose to deluge the capital with blood. But, on the other hand, the views of the republican writers, of the vigorous and able Mignet, for instance, are not, it must be confessed, without some truth and justice. The profligacy of the court, we would add the desecration of religion by too many of its ministers, led to that state of public feeling of which the Encyclopedists were but the organs and representatives. While the king was in the 'parc aux cerfs,' and the highest honours of religion were bestowed on a flagitious debauchee, who can wonder that Voltaire and Diderot reigned paramount over the tastes and opinions of on-lookers? What throne, of which the despotic authority was wielded in succession by the mistress-wife, the widow of Scarron, the queen in all but name—by the regent Orleans—and by De Pompadour and Du Barri, could long stand? what church, of which Dubois was a cardinal? If the philosophers were the immediate parents of the revolution, they were the lineal descendants of the corruptions and vices of the court, and of the higher orders. Whoever has read that most instructive as well as amusing work, the complete edition of 'St. Simon's Memoirs,' will scarcely wonder that the elements of such a society should be thrown, in but a few years, into the most appalling dissolution. The feeble and irresolute opposition which the court, and even the church offered to the
philosophers,

philosophers, was a fearful indication of their own weakness, of their enemies' strength. It had all the bigotry of intolerance, without the religious sincerity; the malignity of persecution, without its terrors. Voltaire was alternately exiled and caressed; Diderot was thrown into prison, not because he lived by insulting the religion and corrupting the morals of the nation, but because he had risked a jest on a minister's mistress. In the church, no man of station or dignity vindicated the truth of religion; a few irregular and mostly very inferior skirmishers appeared, who were transfixed by Voltaire on the point of an epigram, or pursued, while no one appeared in their behalf, with incessant volleys of contemptuous satire. No Bossuet appeared to thunder—no Fénelon to win the hearts of men back to Christian love and humanity. The author of perhaps the best work against Voltaire, the '*Lettres de quelques Juifs*,' the Abbé Guenée, at last obtained a poor canonry. Even of the parochial clergy, though we believe that many of them fully justified Burke's splendid panegyric, yet too many, we fear, submitted like the Curé who officiated at Grandval, to be the jest of the society. Mass was duly performed amidst all the indecencies and impieties of that house; the ladies used to assemble in the billiard-room, or in Diderot's chamber, which commanded a view of the chapel, and in their respect for the solemnity of the service, calculated to how great a distance the salutary effects of a mass would reach. But we are travelling too far from our record, and must conclude by expressing our satisfaction, that this life and correspondence of Diderot constitute a work almost as much out of character with the present predominant tone of French literature as with our own. It is the posthumous offspring, to borrow Dryden's nervous language, of 'a lubrique and adulterate age,' which we hope, if not gone by for ever, will never again corrupt at least *the higher literature* of a most cultivated and intellectual nation. That literature may yet

'Bear some tokens of the sable streams'—

its most finished, most musical, most graceful lyrist may abuse the licence of an erotic poet; but in all the more dignified walks of letters the morals of the Encyclopedists appear, we rejoice to say, to be about as much exploded as their philosophy; and a Diderot, despite the filial blindness of a daughter, or the partiality of an editor, is likely to be judged in Paris as in London, according to that verdict, which we have extracted from one of the most accomplished of living writers—M. de Barante—whose spirited and picturesque history of the Dukes of Burgundy has more than fulfilled the promise of his elegant and philosophic essay on the literature of the eighteenth century.

ART. II.—1. *The Birds of America, engraved from Drawings made in the United States.* By John James Audubon, F.R.S., &c. Vol. I. Folio. London. 1831.

2. *Ornithological Biography; or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners.* By the same Author. Vol. I. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1831.

3. *American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* By Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucien Buonaparte. Edited by Robert Jameson, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 4 vols. Edinburgh. 1831. (Printed in Constable's Miscellany.)

4. *Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America.* Part Second.—The Birds. By William Swainson, Esq., F.R.S., and John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. 4to. London. 1831.

AN accurate knowledge of natural history is rarely advanced by the publication of general systems, for there are few minds at once so laboriously persevering, and of such comprehensive power, as to be enabled to acquire, combine, and communicate the total results which lie scattered over the surface of so vast a field. But either the elucidation of a particular department of the science, viewed under all its known relations, or an exhibition of the science itself, considered in its universality only so far as regards a particular country, is a more attainable object, and one more likely, from the comparative ease of execution, to be attended by a successful issue. Still more judicious are those authors who prescribe limits, not only to the subject which they embrace, but to the localities with which that subject is connected,—and hence the higher value of works like those before us, compared with the more ambitious efforts of the system-maker: the one class is the result either of personal observation, where such has been possible, or of very careful and assiduous comparison of written records;—the other is too often a hasty and ill-concocted amalgamation of statements, generally erroneous in their first announcement, and in no way rendered less fallacious by the lapse of time, or the frequency of repetition.

In no department of intellectual exertion is the propriety of the division of labour more necessary to be kept in remembrance than in that of natural history; and in none is the adherence to a clear and consistent system of arrangement so indispensable. A prejudice has no doubt arisen in the minds of many general readers against the systematic compendiums of modern naturalists, on account of the repulsive form in which their
lucubrations

lucubrations are too often presented. In like manner, and with equal reason, the systematic student, who seeks for precise and distinct definitions, finds no satisfaction in those vague and misty declamations wherein the *mirage* of a lively imagination raises from their proper position, and magnifies into undue dimensions—(under the misused name of popular science)—a few facts, which are probably of no essential value even when seen under their natural aspect, and become worse than useless when gazed on through that deceptive medium. As well might a Sicilian mariner, while witnessing the delusive glories of the *fata morgana*, endeavour to secure a local habitation in that world of ‘gorgeous cloud-land,’ as the student of natural history expect to obtain a knowledge of nature’s works from those other equally unsubstantial, though printed, pageants. We can easily indeed imagine ‘what conjuration and what mighty magic’ would ensue from a combination of the higher powers of genius with those more exact and discriminating habits of observation which are essential to the naturalist,—and how beautifully the attributes of the poet might be blended with those of the philosopher,—

‘Recompensing well

The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.’

As the appropriate business of poetry, according to Mr. Wordsworth, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear to be,—not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses and the passions of mankind,—there might, no doubt, be some danger of a rather spurious offspring rising upon us, were any science of observation thus ‘married to immortal verse.’ Still, however, we hope to see at least the dawning of that better day, when works of science shall be accurate and popular at one and the same time,—when the rigid observer of facts shall not disdain to dress them in a pleasant and even ornamental garb,—when dull detail shall no longer be substituted for graphic description,—and when, instead of the repulsive features of morose and jealous system-makers, we shall continually behold what Milton has beautifully called ‘the bright countenance of truth shining amid the still air of delightful studies.’

We see indeed, with unfeigned regret, that those vain disputations, which we had fondly hoped would have found a sufficiently extended space in the soiled arena of politics, or through the tortuous and hollow ways of polemical discussion, are now spreading their baneful influence over the peaceful domains of science, where—

‘More pellucid streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,

And fields invested with purpureal gleams,’

might have been permitted to escape the contamination of such a pestilence. But we greatly fear, that so far from doing all things, as we are commanded, we are unable to do anything whatever without 'murmurings and disputings.' And, no doubt, when the war of words is carried on by accomplished disputants, and the point at issue is one which accords with the more passionate sympathies of mankind, there may be an intellectual pleasure in witnessing the thrust and parry of two practised wranglers; but such contentions are really alike uncalled for and unwelcome on the part of naturalists:—the greater proportion of that limited class being in truth very worthy and well-meaning men, totally unskilled in the use of controversial weapons, they handle them too feebly to inflict any damage on their opponents—and all that either party gains is the derision of the public:—

'Put up your bright swords, else the dew will rust them.'

We have said that the vast materials of which the science of natural history is composed, rendered the methodical arrangement of its subjects indispensable. This would be true even were our efforts confined to the formation of arbitrary or artificial systems, the principal merit of which consists in the facility they afford in ascertaining the name by which a species had been previously recognized by others; for nomenclature, though not so much a department of natural history as a convenient instrument by which the science may be more successfully cultivated, is yet indispensable to the 'common good,' so long as men are desirous to avail themselves of the labours of their predecessors and contemporaries—in other words, so long as they are not insane through egotism and conceit; but it becomes a still more important truth when we look upon system, both as a means and an end, which it will assuredly become, in the hands of him who discovers a key to the natural order and affinities of existing things, or who, by the power of a more exact and universal knowledge than any one individual has ever yet acquired, shall exhibit the final result of a successful investigation of the mysteries of nature.

An artificial classification of animals in natural history may be likened to an alphabetical arrangement of words in a dictionary. In the one case, a few unimportant, though easily-ascertained characters, which lead to no general results in relation to the habits and economy of the species, are selected as the bond of union, as in the other the initial letters form the accidental basis of connexion; and we might as reasonably expect that the highest manifestations of the literature and philosophy of a language should consist in marshalling together all the words which begin with the same letter, as that our knowledge of nature should be rendered perfect through the medium of an artificial system.

The

The words in the one case, and the characters in the other, constantly lead us to things which bear no necessary or essential relation to each other. But a natural classification, or such an approximation towards it as our finite capacities or means of information permit us to attain, resembles a finely methodised arrangement of the subjects of human knowledge, in which, not the accidents of literal resemblance, but the essentials of a natural and indestructible connexion, form the only true basis of a philosophical system. An assiduous and long-continued study of nature forms, of course, the best precursor to a successful system of arrangement according to the natural order; and when we bear in mind, that in the formations of most systems an opposite course has been pursued, and that animals, so far from being classed in accordance with their structure and attributes, are at once submitted to certain arbitrary rules, established *à priori* as a mere matter of convenience, we need scarcely marvel at the results,—or that the words of Locke, in reference to another subject, ‘a vast expansion given over to night and darkness,’ should apply to so many ‘systems’ of natural history.

A brief glance at the numerical amount of species, in a few of the great classes of the animal kingdom, will suffice to shew what an incomprehensible and unmanageable mass they would present, were not their parts divided and defined in accordance with the rules of system.

There are supposed to be above 20,000 species of insects in Europe alone; and the southern quarters of the globe are proportionally still more prolific; for we find that cold is in general adverse to insect life, and that even temperate countries are in this respect much less productive than tropical and equatorial regions. It is probable, however, that the distribution of many northern insects is still unknown. It was formerly supposed, that in Iceland there were none, and that even in Norway there were very few; and their absence from those countries was attributed to excess of cold. Horrebow contradicted this opinion in regard to Iceland; and Linnæus, Thunberg, Paykull, Gyllenhal, Schönherr, and others, have shown, that in Lapland, Sweden, and the North of Europe in general, insects are very numerous. Some of the finest of the coleopterous kinds (such as *Procerus tauricus*) occur in Siberia; and Pallas, Marechall de Birberstein, Steven, Severguine, Adams, and Fischer, among the northern writers, have made us acquainted with species which rival in size and splendour the most gorgeous products of the torrid zone. During Olafsen and Povalsen’s residence in Iceland, one of these travelers, neither of whom had much knowledge of entomology, collected 200 different species in one small valley; Mr. Scoresby found two species of butterfly (*Colias palæno* and *Melitæa dia*)

in great numbers on the east coast of West Greenland, in north latitude 71° ; Mr. Kirby has described several insects, captured on Melville Island, which lies in the 75° and 76° of north latitude; while Captain Parry, on the last day of his attempt to reach the Pole over the ice, found a small species of aphid, in latitude $82^{\circ} 26' 44''$, about one hundred miles from the nearest known land. This may be stated as the extreme northern boundary of insect life.

The amount of collected species in the annulose classes, that is, the crustacea and insects, whether described or otherwise, is estimated by Macleay as exceeding 100,000; and it may safely be asserted, that but a small portion, compared with the entire amount of existing species, has been yet discovered. Our knowledge even of European entomology is, in many respects, imperfect and superficial; and when we consider that all the other quarters of the earth exhibit vast tracts of territory, with the great geographical features of which we are still unacquainted, we cannot marvel that the minor and less important, though scarcely less interesting, features of insect life should have remained unexplored. The great central deserts, woods, and mountains of Africa, and an extended portion of the south-eastern coast of that continent, the interior of New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, the central and eastern parts of Asia, the western coasts of North America, and many of the mountain ranges and highly-elevated plateaux of the southern division of the New World, are almost entirely unknown, so far as regards their entomological relations.

Of the various tribes of insects, those of the coleopterous order have been the most assiduously and the most successfully studied. It is somewhere stated in a popular work, that beetles are of two kinds—the black and the brown. Fabricius appears to have been of another opinion; for in his '*Systema Eleutheratorum*,' he has described 5250 kinds; and although that number presented a great accession to the amount contained in the preceding system of Linnaeus, yet so rapidly has our acquaintance with the coleopterous tribes been extended since the period alluded to, that the collection of M. Dupont, junior, of Paris, contains about 10,000 species, and that of the Baron de Jean a still greater number. The known coleoptera of Great Britain alone amount to nearly 3,300 and every year furnishes additional species. The total amount of known British insects (according to the last census), is 10,012,* which is equal to nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and to more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the whole world.†

Although

* Systematic Catalogue of British Insects. By F. J. Stevens, Part II., p. 369.

† In regard to plants, Decandolle ('*Essai Element. de Géograph. Botanique*') intimates their

Although Lacepede did not describe many more than 2000 fishes, some years have elapsed since it became evident that the observed species of that class amounted to nearly twice the number; and Baron Cuvier has lately remarked, that the amount of known fishes may now be estimated at 6000.

Buffon was wont to complain of the difficulty of writing an ornithological history, because he was already acquainted with 800 birds, and he supposed that there might actually exist 1500, or even 2000 species. Nearly 6000 of that class have likewise been ascertained, and many new species are in the course of being added every year.

'In the animal kingdom,' says Berkenhout, writing about the year 1789, 'the number of species of the class mammalia hitherto discovered is about 350; of this number 54 only are inhabitants of Britain.' Many foreign quadrupeds have been so obscurely and inaccurately described, that it is by no means easy to ascertain with precision their actual amount; but we doubt not that between 800 and 900 mammiferous species have fallen under the observation of naturalists.* The British species, as might be supposed in a limited insular district, have not been greatly increased by recent observation. Dr. Fleming, in his compendium, gives 60 as the amount of this class, including, of course, the cetacea and seals; and his work appears to contain all the species yet known in Britain, with the exception of a few bats. Mammiferous animals, in general, that is to say, quadrupeds and whales, may be located over the earth's surface (approximately) as follows:—There are about 90 species in Europe; 112 in Africa; 30 in Madagascar and the Isle of France; 80 in Southern Asia and Ceylon; betwixt 50 and 60 in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; from 40 to 50 in Northern Asia; above 100 in North America; nearly 190 in South America; and from 30 to 40 in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. 30 species of seals and cetacea inhabit the northern seas; 14 the southern; and about 28 species of these tribes occur in the intermediate latitudes. There are probably about 60 species which are strictly aquatic:—viz. the cetacea;—20 species, such as the seals and morses, may be called amphibious, in as far as they come frequently on shore,

their probable number as amounting to somewhere between 110,000 and 120,000. Botanists are already acquainted with 60,000 species; but of the phanerogamous kinds there are not above 1500 indigenous to Britain. We have, therefore, in this country, nearly seven insects to each phanerogamous plant; so that if it were allowable to regard the relative amount of the two classes in Britain, as representing that amount over the entire surface of the globe, and admitting the existence of only 100,000 phanerogamous species, we should come to the conclusion that there were nearly 700,000 different kinds of insects in the world. How truly 'manifold' are the works of Omnipotent Wisdom!

* Monographies de Mammalogie. Par J. C. Temminck, tome i. 1827.

although

although the saline waters of the ocean are their more familiar and accustomed homes; about 100 are able to support themselves in the air with bat-like wings; perhaps a dozen more can skim from a greater to a lesser height, as it were upon an inclined plane, by means of the extended fulness of their lateral skin; 15 may be said to be web-footed, and inhabit, for the most part, the waters of lakes and rivers; nearly 200 dwell among trees; 60 are a subterranean people, and dwell in the crevices of rocks, or in the holes of the earth; about 120 ruminating and pachydermatous, and more than 150 of the carnivorous and gnawing tribes (glires) wander through the forests without any particular or permanent habitation, and are generally endowed with the power of rapid movement. In relation to their nourishment there are about 330 mammiferous animals of an herbivorous or frugivorous disposition; about 80 whose habits are omnivorous; 150 which are insectivorous, and 240 carnivorous in various degrees.* Among living authors the fullest summaries of the class mammalia are given by Desmarest, Griffith, and M. Lesson.

The migratory movements of animals frequently effect an interchange between the zoological productions of one country and those of another. These movements consist of two principal kinds, which may be called the irregular, or intermittent, and the periodical. Of the former kind, quadrupeds, such as the lemming (*Mus lemmus*, Linn.), and insects, such as various species of locust, present the most characteristic examples; whilst the nature of periodical migration is illustrated by the swallow and cuckoo among birds, and by the salmon and herring among fishes. Of the lemmings we have heard less of late years than might have been anticipated from the numerous accounts which last century furnished of their history. They are described as natives of the mountains of Kolen, in Lapland; and once or twice, in a quarter of a century, they appeared in vast numbers, advancing along the ground, and devouring 'every green thing.' Innumerable bands march from the Kolen, through Nordland and Finmark, to the Western Ocean, which they immediately enter, and, after swimming about for some time, perish. Other bands take their route through Swedish Lapland to the Bothnian Gulph, where they are drowned in the same manner. If they are opposed by the peasants they stand still and bark at them; and they themselves are not only barked at in return, but eaten in great quantities by the lean and hungry dogs of Lapland. The appearance of these vermin is regarded as the omen of a bad harvest. They are followed in their journeys by bears, wolves, and foxes, which prey upon them incessantly, and regard them as the most delicious

* Mammalogie, par M. Desmarest, part ii. Avertissement, p. vi.

food.* These excursions usually precede a rigorous winter, of which the lemmings seem in some way forewarned. For example, the winter of 1742, remarkable for its severity throughout the circle of Umea, was comparatively mild in that of Lula, although situated farther to the north; the lemmings migrated from the former, but remained stationary in the latter district. Whatever may be the motive of these journeys, they are executed with surprising perseverance, and with the universal accord of the whole nation. The *officina murium* pours forth its entire hordes, and, for a time, scarcely a remnant is left in their ancient habitations. The greater proportion, however, perish before they reach the sea, and of course few survive to return to their accustomed homes. They do, however, endeavour to return; for the object of their travel to a far country, whatever it may be, is not to found a multiplied or more extended empire. This, indeed, is evident from the comparatively local restriction of the species, for the true lemming of the Scandinavian Alps does not appear to occur even in Russian Lapland; and the kind which inhabits the countries in the neighbourhood of the White and Polar seas, as far as the mouths of the Obi, is a species or strongly-marked variety, smaller by at least one-third, and of a different aspect and colour.† Their migratory propensities are, however, entirely the same in different countries, for the species which dwells among the northern extremities of the Ural mountains, emigrates sometimes towards Petzora, at other times towards the banks of the Obi, and is followed, as usual, by troops of carnivorous and insatiate foes.‡ The manners of the species are said to present this discrepancy, that the Norwegian lemmings lay up no provisions, and have only a single chamber in their subterranean dwelling-places, whereas the lesser kind excavate numerous apartments, and are provident of the winter season by storing up ample magazines of that species of rein-deer moss, called *lichen rangiferinus*.§

The immediate cause of those movements, which we class under the head of irregular migration, seems to be the excessive multiplication of the species, and the consequent want of a sufficing nourishment, which naturally leads them to seek elsewhere for a more abundant supply. Periodical migrations, such as those of many birds and fishes, are more probably produced by the desire which these animals experience of returning to their native haunts for the purpose of producing and rearing their young in the places most fitted for their reception and increase. Fishes always spawn in comparatively shallow waters; from which we may infer,

* See Dodsley's Annual Register for 1769.

† Schreber, pl. 195. B.

‡ Pallas, *Novæ species Quadrupedum e glirum ordine*.

§ Dict. Class. d'Hist. Nat., article *Campagnol*.

that the influence of light and heat is, to a certain extent, necessary for the development of the germ of life; and thus, however far they may wander for a time into the depths of 'the blue profound,' they return again to their native shores before the commencement of the breeding season. The fry not only find their nourishment more abundantly in the bays and along the comparatively shallow firths of the sea, or among the sedgy banks and gravelly margins of lakes and rivers; but they are also in such situations less exposed to the attacks of their natural foes, just as the smaller tribes of birds seek protection from hawks among the branches of trees, or in the denser foliage of the shrubbery.

It is usually about the periods of the equinoxes that the principal migratory movements of birds are performed. At those periods strong winds are apt to prevail, and, no doubt, act their part in transporting these happy aeronauts to their destined homes. In consequence of such movements a regular intercourse is kept up between different countries, and a flux and reflux of feathered life maintained;—the countries situated near the tropics sending their inhabitants, on the approach of summer, into temperate regions, while the latter prepare for their reception by despatching a still greater number towards the polar circles. On the approach of winter again, the hyperborean regions are left nearly desolate by the migration southwards of their winged tribes, while the temperate regions are deprived of many beautiful songsters by a corresponding decrease of temperature, and consequent failure of insect food, by which they are forced once more to venture, without guide or compass, across stormy seas and desert wildernesses. By what unknown and mysterious calendar are they instructed?

'The God of nature is their secret guide.'—*White.*

Whatever theory of instinct may be finally fixed upon as the most correct and philosophical, it is obvious that we cut rather than untie the gordian knot when we talk of the foresight of the brute creation. We might as well talk of the foresight of a barometer. There can be little doubt that birds, prior to their migratory movements, are influenced by atmospherical changes, or other physical causes, which, however beyond the sphere of our perceptions, are sufficient for their guidance. That they are not possessed of the power of divination may be exemplified by the following instance. The winter of 1822 was so remarkably mild throughout Europe, that primroses came generally into flower by the end of December,—rye was in ear by the middle of March, and vines, in sheltered situations, blossomed about the end of that month,—so that an assured and unchecked spring was established at least four or five weeks earlier than usual;—yet neither the cuckoo nor the swallow arrived a single day before their accustomed

tomed periods.* They are, indeed, beautifully and wisely directed, —‘ Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.’

It is evident, that of all natural agents climate is the most powerful in changing and modifying the external characters of the feathered race; and, therefore, to enable us to acquire such knowledge as may render us competent to distinguish between specific difference and accidental variation, we ought to pay particular attention to the effects produced by local position; in other words, we must study the geographical distribution of the species. The influence of climate upon birds, and the mutual relations subsisting between the general characters of the plumage of many tribes, and the temperature and other physical qualities of the country in which such tribes are most abundant, although among the more interesting of the general speculations which the science of ornithology admits, have as yet, we believe, but sparingly occupied the attention of naturalists. In fact, ornithology has hitherto met with scarcely any general or philosophical illustration, and may be said to have remained nearly stationary in those respects, during the recent progress of the higher branches of botany and mineralogy, and even of entomology, and other more nearly allied departments. Numerous species have been described, and numerous systems of classification (for better or for worse) have been invented; after which ornithologists have too often rested from their labours, mistaking the means for the end, and believing that all was accomplished when only certain necessary steps had been taken, and the way cleared (though but to a limited extent) for the commencement of those more extended and more philosophical inquiries, without which there is little interest, and no dignity, in any science.

Illiger, in his paper on the geography of birds, has indeed treated of the habitation of upwards of 3800 species;† but, in the opinion of Humboldt, he has erred in viewing them according to their distribution over the five great divisions of the world, —a method, certainly, by no means philosophical, and little fitted for investigating the influence of climate over the development of organized beings; because, as all the continents, with the exception of Europe, extend from the temperate to the equatorial regions, the laws of nature cannot manifest themselves when we group the phenomena according to divisions which are arbitrary, and which depend simply upon the difference of meridians.

* Gaspard, *Memoire sur le Coucou*. Journ. de Physiol. Experim. Juillet. 1824.

† Tabellarische Uebersicht der vertheilung der vogel über die erde. Abhandlungen der Königl. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Berlin. Vol. iv., p. 221.

A Swiss naturalist, some time ago, endeavoured to illustrate the laws according to which the birds of Europe are distributed over our continent. The country in which a bird produces its young is regarded as its proper one, and all the species which may occasionally occur there, but do not breed, are classed as birds of passage. According to this view, -such species as are birds of passage in one country are not so in another, although they equally depart from and return towards it, as the temperature declines or increases. Thus our native species (in Britain), in addition to our constant residents, are the swallow, the redstart, the willow wrens, the nightingale, and other *summer* visitants; whilst the fieldfare, redwing, wild swan, &c. which visit us during the *winter* season, are the only true foreigners, in as far as they were born and bred in another country. The proper country of a migratory bird is certainly that in which it has been born and bred; for, although it is forced, by the changes of the season, to sojourn for a great proportion of the year in regions which enjoy an almost perpetual summer, it never ceases to obey the periodical calls of that beautiful instinct, that *amor patriæ*, or by whatever other name it may be called, by which it is made, as it were, to discern a renewal of the genial spring in those far distant northern countries where it had its birth. The knowledge of a few general facts seems to have resulted from the investigation now alluded to. The nearer we approach the poles, the more do we find the species proper to those regions, and the fewer are the foreign species which make their appearance. Greenland has not a single bird of passage, that is to say, none which has not been produced in that country; Iceland has only one, which remains during winter, and departs in spring for still more northern countries; Sweden and Norway have several more birds of passage, and they increase in number as we advance towards the centre of Europe. The amount and nature of the species bear a relation to the quality and quantity of the food by which they are sustained. Spitzbergen produces scarcely more than a single herbivorous species; for there the sea presents almost the sole source of nourishment, and all the rocks, and cliffs, and icy caverns, the

‘Earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow,’

are inhabited by aquatic fowls, ravens, and a few hawks. In the frigid zone a much greater number of marsh birds breed than in any of the warmer countries of Europe. Even in regard to domestic species, each country, according to Schinz, has its peculiar varieties of poultry.*

* New Inquiries into the Laws which are observed in the distribution of Vegetable Forms. Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, vol. vii., p. 49.

But it is time that we should turn our attention rather more directly to the subjects named at the head of this article. Although we cannot be said to have acquired a perfect knowledge of the ornithology of North America, we yet possess, in the beautiful work of Alexander Wilson, and in the important publications of succeeding writers, such an accurate and ample history of the birds of the United States, as to warrant the belief that no very striking feature of the science remains to be discovered, at least in these districts. It is otherwise, however, in regard to the western coast, and the extended chain of the Rocky Mountains, which, presenting an infinite variety of hill and dale, 'dingle and bushy dell,' for the most part well watered, and enjoying, especially among its western slopes and valleys, a long and continuous summer, may be expected to yield, not only several species peculiar to and characteristic of its own localities, but also a considerable variety of the southern birds of passage from Mexico, and the more tropical regions of the new world. It has been long ascertained, in regard to the species of the United States, that the southern migratory birds ascend to much higher latitudes on the western than on the eastern side of the great Alleghany chain of mountains;* and from what we know of the fine climate which characterizes the basin of the Columbia, and other portions of the western territory, we may fairly infer that many species from Yucatan, and other peninsular portions of the Isthmus, will be found to spread through Mexico, and even to extend their migrations northwards as far as the Gulph of Georgia, and its neighbouring lakes. Indeed, it is an established fact, that many birds of Mexico, entirely unknown in the Atlantic territories of the United States, are met with in the interior of the country, and especially along the range of the Rocky Mountains, in latitudes of considerable elevation. A species of water-ouzel (*Cinclus Americanus*), found by Mr. Bullock in Mexico, has also been received by M. Bonaparte from the shores of the Athabasca Lake, which lies under 60° of northern latitude;† and Kotzebue informs us that during the summer season the ruff-necked humming-bird (*Trochilus collaris*), occurs along the shores of the Pacific Ocean as high as the sixty-first parallel. The Californian vulture does not occur to the east of the Rocky Mountains, and the black vulture (*Cathartes atrata*) attains to much higher latitudes along the western shores than among either the central or eastern territories. Several South American species likewise occur in the Union (such as *Falco dispar* and *Columba leucocephala*), but the generality of these are confined to the southern states.

* Barton's Discourse on the Principal Desiderata of Natural History, p. 21.

† American Ornithology, vol. iii. p. 1.

There is, indeed, no region out of Europe, of equal extent, of which we possess so ample and correct an ornithological knowledge as we do of the United States. Of the three writers, however, to whom we owe this debt, we are not sure that even one was a native of America. The first, Alexander Wilson, an emigrant from Paisley, a poet by birth, though a pedlar by profession,—one who, realizing the peculiar fancy of Wordsworth—

‘plodded on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load,’

was also the author of the most delightful collection of ornithological biographies with which we are acquainted.* He described the birds of the United States in a manner which had either been previously unattempted, or, if attempted, had signally failed of success; and, detailing the history of their haunts and habits with an accuracy and animation which relieved the subject of its accustomed aridity, he rendered a work of genuine science as interesting to the general student as to the devoted naturalist. His book formed, in fact, a new era in the history of the feathered tribes; and, lightening the subject itself of the opprobrious weight under which it had long laboured, it placed that opprobrium on the shoulders of those who chose to continue their ‘damnable iteration’ of technical details, to the exclusion of the spirit of life which pervades the beautiful originals. Wilson died as he had lived—in poverty. He appears to have been a man of strong feelings, and of a somewhat morbid, if not irascible, disposition; loving his own pursuits ‘not wisely, but too well;’ and either unable or disinclined to check those asperities of temper which are apt to arise in the minds of men whose feelings and opinions are diametrically opposed to those of the world around them. The day-star of his life, which, under happier auspices and a more prudent zeal, might have led to emolument as well as honour, was regarded by almost all by whom he was surrounded as nothing more than a delusive meteor,—a sort of ‘Will o’ the Wisp’ which could never lead to good. In truth, he came into the world (particularly the new world) at least half a century too soon. Had he

* *American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* By Alexander Wilson. 9 vols. 4to. Philadelphia. 1808—14. The descriptive portion of the last volume (the plates of which were prepared prior to Wilson’s death in 1813) was written by Mr. George Ord. More than one subsequent edition of the entire work has been published in America, from the original plates; and we rejoice to see that these pleasant volumes (combined with Bonaparte’s Supplement, and other valuable matter) have been republished in ‘Constable’s Miscellany,’ where the whole, besides being presented in a cheap and portable form, has been methodically arranged, with notes and additional references, by a highly distinguished naturalist, Professor Jameson.

survived to later days, and been aided, as he assuredly would have been, (like the Drummonds and Douglasses now exploring the western wilds,) by the patronage of our public societies and of our private cultivators of science, so as to assure him that the result of his researches would not only be eagerly received and highly prized by enlightened men in all countries, but fairly remunerated, even as a commercial speculation,—then his dubious path through the unvisited forest, or over the wide-spread prairie, would have been cheered and enlightened, and his occasional heart-sinkings consoled by the knowledge that his labours would not be altogether in vain. As it was, he lived and died in poverty; and may now be added as another name, and one of the brightest, to that melancholy muster-roll which the ingenious D'Israeli has recorded in his historical catalogue of 'Unfortunate Naturalists.' It is some consolation, however, to those who may be still struggling with the '*res angusta domi*,' to reflect, that although Linnæus commenced his life, or at least his manhood, by mending his own shoes, he died surrounded by honours, and in the enjoyment of competent, if not abundant, wealth; the companion of princes, and the father of a school of natural history, which, however various may be the opinions of methods and systems, or however great the numerous and undoubted improvements of modern times, afforded the steadiest and most continuous light which has ever directly resulted to zoological science from the labours of a single individual.

A supplement to the work of Alexander Wilson has been published by M. Charles Lucien Bonaparte, an accurate, assiduous, and intelligent naturalist : *—

'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;'

and although the most comprehensive circle of ornithological fame would scarcely have sufficed to satisfy the dazzling expectations which at one period might have been not unreasonably entertained, even by the youngest and least aspiring relative of Napoleon, yet it is well that one who fills the station of a private gentleman in a respectable and unassuming manner, should seek to associate feelings of a milder and more humanising character with his immortal name. M. Bonaparte's work is carefully, though somewhat too laboriously, engraved. The plates are done by the same artist who executed Wilson's; and although we cannot agree with M. Bonaparte, that Mr. A. Lawson is the 'first orni-

* *American Ornithology*, or the Natural History of Birds inhabiting the United States, not given by Wilson; with Figures drawn, engraved, and coloured from nature. By Charles Lucien Bonaparte. 3 vols. 4to. Philadelphia. 1825.—28. Only the land birds have been yet published.

thological engraver of our age,' we have no special objection to the high and minutely-finished filling up of the plates, except that it must necessarily increase the price without enhancing the value of the publication,—at least in a corresponding degree; for the truth of nature in all large subjects, such as the generality of the feathered tribe, is, in fact, given with better effect by a less laboured manner. When every feather is finished off so as to represent, not the aspect of nature as it appears when the subject is looked at as a whole, but rather the appearance which each individual plume presents when examined apart, and in disconnexion from its neighbours, the result is to produce a degree of flatness of surface, and hardness of outline, which are displeasing in art, principally because they are unknown in nature. However, the work is highly creditable to all connected with it, and forms a most valuable addition to our knowledge of ornithology.

But the most signal publication on American birds is that of Mr. Audubon, which, indeed, far exceeds, in size and splendour, all its predecessors in any department of zoology. The dimensions of this work are such as to enable the author not only to represent the largest birds of the United States, of the size and in the attitudes of living nature, but to figure them in family groups so admirably conceived and executed, as really to form historical pictures of the greatest interest, and of the highest utility to the student of ornithology. In these and other respects, neither his predecessors nor his contemporaries can be named as his equals, either in Europe or America; for we know of no one who has at all in the same degree combined accuracy of individual representation with lively and energetic portraiture of general forms. We know that several of the greatest artists that ever lived were much attached to animal painting, and excelled in that department; and although the professed painter has higher objects in view than to pride himself on the accomplishment of a laboriously-detailed copy of individual nature, yet the student of science, who combines the minuter observance of natural objects with the love of whatever is picturesque or beautiful, cannot fail to be frequently offended by the discrepancies exhibited in imaginative works of art, where, the greater difficulties having been overcome, it would have been easy, by condescending to a little commonplace inquiry and attention, to avoid errors which are only not glaring because of the ignorance of those who witness them. If a painter were to represent a greyhound pointing a covey of moor-game on the side of a highland mountain, the mistake would be thought egregious; and as soon as the instinctive habits and acquired powers of the feathered tribes become as generally known as the sporting propensities of the canine race, then Somerset
House

House shall cease to see lords and ladies afield with hawks upon their wrists, which the naturalist detects as pertaining to the smaller short-winged tribes, and which he consequently knows to be incompetent to achieve the purposes which they are represented as about to accomplish.

Nor is it the illustrative portion of Mr. Audubon's work which is alone deserving of the highest commendation. In addition, and as an explanatory accompaniment to his magnificent volume of illustrations, which now consists of one hundred plates, he has just published a volume of letter-press description, which abounds with amusing historical narratives of the habits of the feathered race, from the blood-thirsty eagle,

‘Upborne at evening on resplendent wing,’

which the increasing population of the United States is probably, every year, driving westward from its ancient eyries, to the accomplished and delightful mocking-bird, the acknowledged leader of whatever tuneful band may gladden the silence of the American woods.

We bear in melancholy remembrance the fate of such a man as Le Vaillant, who devoted his life, and exhausted his fortunes, in the completion of his ornithological labours, and then died neglected and in poverty, in the midst of those whose admiring love of science might have consoled, in his hours of sorrow, that ‘old man eloquent,’ who, in the ardour of his youthful years, had added so much of what was beautiful and unknown to their former stock of knowledge; and who, surviving a lengthened sojourn beneath the burning sun of Africa, and returning unscathed by the fangs of wild beasts, and the poisoned arrows of wilder bushmen, little dreamed, that in the centre of European civilization his hopes should reap such a harvest of affliction, that his grey hairs should rue even the lion's mercy which had spared him in his youth:—

‘For homeless, near a thousand homes, he stood;

And near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food.’

But, believing that a far different and brighter destiny awaits our American ornithologist, and, delighting to think that our own pages may be, in some measure, subservient to his success, by extending the knowledge of a publication which necessarily labours under disadvantages from its rather unwieldy dimensions, we shall endeavour to increase the interest which we hope the reader already feels in his favour, by here recording a brief sketch of his history, and that of his great work, with which, we doubt not, the enthusiastic author is prepared to sink or swim.

Mr. Audubon, it appears, is a citizen of the United States, but
of

of French parentage, if not of French birth also. For twenty years of his manhood, his life was a succession of vicissitudes. He attempted various branches of commerce, all of which proved unsuccessful, chiefly in consequence of his mind being pervaded by a single passion,—the desire of exploring the wilderness of nature, and of endeavouring to express, with his pencil, what he and many other lovers of nature must have often felt to be indeed inexpressible. From his earliest years, the productions of nature, which, in the western world, are impressed with features of singular magnificence, lay scattered around him. He was fortunate in possessing a father who deeply felt and revered the grandeur of the works of omnipotent wisdom, and who took delight in directing his youthful mind to their contemplation.

‘He spake of plants, divine and strange,
That every hour their blossoms change
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers,
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high overhead!
The cypress and her spire,—
Of flowers, that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

And he of green Savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky,
Among the evening clouds.’

No wonder, then, that the love of nature and of nature's works should, in after years, have haunted him like a passion.

‘They soon,’ says Mr. Audubon, in his introductory address, ‘became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them—not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy—must accompany me through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They had such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks,

rocks, to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest.

* A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed with extacy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay embedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rocks of our Atlantic shores.'

He next describes his initiation into the mysteries of the art of painting:—

* I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed; and forever, doubtless, I must have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible: then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect before nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.'—Introduction, p. 7.

For many years he felt sorely disappointed when he saw that his own productions were worse than those in the work which his father had exhibited:—

* My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties disappointed and irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-days.'—p. 8.

At a later period of his life, when his drawings had assumed a more perfect character by a nearer approach to the ease and brilliancy of nature, an accident occurred which might well have

damped the ardour even of such an enthusiast as Mr. Audubon. Having occasion to leave the village of Henderson in Kentucky, where he had resided for several years, and to proceed to Philadelphia on business, he deposited all his long-cherished drawings in a wooden box, and consigned them to the care of a friend. After an absence of several months, one of his earliest pleasures, on returning home, was to open his box,—

‘The box was produced and opened;—but reader feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for many nights, and my days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before; and when a period, not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.’—p. 13.

With such a zealous and unwearying determination not to be baffled, we can scarcely wonder that his efforts were eventually crowned with the most signal success. During his boyhood he was sent for a time to Europe, and at the age of seventeen he returned from France to America. Meanwhile, David, the great French painter, had guided his hand in tracing objects of a large size:—

‘Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me. I returned to the woods of the new world with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings, which I thenceforth continued, and which is now publishing under the title of “The Birds of America.”’

So entire was Mr. Audubon’s devotion to his favourite pursuits, and so much did he love the study of natural history for itself alone, that it was only within these few years, on becoming accidentally acquainted, in Philadelphia, with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, that he began to have anything in view beyond the simple enjoyment of the sight of nature, and the practice of his art. After visiting Philadelphia and New York, he ascended the Hudson river, and crossing over some of the great lakes, he explored many of the pathless and gloomy forests which border the margins of those magnificent waters.

‘It was in these forests that, for the first time, I communed with myself

myself as to the possible event of my visiting Europe again; and I began to fancy my work under the multiplying efforts of the graver. Happy days, and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. Chance, and chance alone, had divided my drawings into three different classes, depending upon the magnitude of the objects which they represented; and although I did not at that time possess all the specimens necessary, I arranged them as well as I could into parcels of five plates, each of which now forms a number of my Illustrations. I improved the whole as much as was in my power; and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of man, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse could accomplish.*—p. 11.

The preceding extracts will suffice to show that Mr. Audubon is one of those men who so determinately devote themselves to a single purpose, that life and health being vouchsafed, it is almost impossible for them not to succeed in its attainment. The natural consequence has been, that, from a romantic and unknown woodsman, with as forlorn a hope of European celebrity as could well be imagined, he has now become, and is acknowledged to be, the first ornithological draftsman of his age.

'L'académie,' says Baron Cuvier, in a recent report to the Royal Academy of Sciences, 'm'a chargé de lui rendre un compte verbal de l'ouvrage qui lui a été communiqué dans une de ses précédentes séances par M. Audubon, et qui a pour objet les oiseaux de l'Amerique Septentrionale. On peut le caractériser en peu de mots, en disant que c'est le monument le plus magnifique qui ait encore été élevé à l'ornithologie. L'exécution de ces planches, si remarquable par leur grandeur, nous paraît avoir également bien réussi, sous les rapports du dessin, de la gravure, et du coloris. L'histoire des oiseaux des états-unis de Wilson égalait déjà en élégance nos plus beaux ouvrages d'ornithologie. Si celui de M. Audubon se termine, il faudra convenir que ce sera l'Amerique qui, pour la magnificence de l'exécution, aura surpassé l'ancien monde.'

Mr. William Swainson, the author of '*Zoological Illustrations*,'* and the coadjutor of Dr. Richardson in the ornithological department of his *North American Zoology*, has added his testimony to the surpassing merits of Mr. Audubon's publication:—

'It will depend on the powerful and the wealthy, whether Britain shall have the honour of fostering such a magnificent undertaking. It will be a lasting monument, not only to the memory of its author, but to those who employ their wealth in patronising genius, and in supporting the national credit. If any publication deserves such a distinction, it is surely this, inasmuch as it exhibits a perfection in the

* First Series, in 3 vols. 8vo., 1820—1823; Second Series, still in progress.

higher attributes of zoological painting never before attempted. To represent the passions and feelings of birds, might until now have been well deemed chimerical. Rarely, indeed, do we see their outward forms represented with anything like nature. In my estimation, not more than three painters ever lived who could draw a bird. Of these, the lamented Barraband, of whom France may be justly proud, was the chief. He has long passed away; but his mantle has at length been recovered in the forests of America.*

This testimony, so freely accorded, is the more creditable to Mr. Audubon, as Mr. Swainson himself is an ornithological draftsman of the greatest skill, and eminently qualified by fine taste and a long experience to appreciate the relative merits of the painter naturalists. His own illustrations are assuredly remarkable for accuracy and elegance; and, being almost all drawn on stone by himself, they have the additional advantage over the generality of copper etchings, that no third party is interposed between the original draftsman and the public.*

We shall here enter into a brief investigation of the probable amount of the species of birds in North America. The first list, with any pretensions to extent or accuracy, was published by Mr. Jefferson (whose neglect of Alexander Wilson would have induced us to look for him under any other character than that of an ornithologist), and contained the names of only 109 species.† It was followed by Mr. William Bartram's, which enumerated 215 different kinds;‡ and notices of some additional species are given by Dr. Belknap,§ Dr. Barton,|| and Dr. Williams.¶ In the twelfth edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, which professed to contain all the birds then known to inhabit the United States (Catesby and Edwards being his principal sources), Linnæus assigns only 193 to North America:—

'It is true,' says M. Bonaparte, 'that he was acquainted with several other North American birds, which also inhabit other countries,—those common to Europe especially; but as many of the 193

* As fine examples of the lithographic art, applied to ornithological representation, we may mention the work entitled 'A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains,' by Mr. Gould, of the Zoological Society. We regret the absence of explanatory letter-press in a publication of such interest, both from the novelty of its subjects and the beauty of its execution. We are aware that we are promised the descriptive and historical portion from the pen of Mr. Vigors; but our assurance that in such hands it will be most ably performed, only increases our desire that the corresponding letter-press should accompany the delivery of each fasciculus of the illustrations.

† Notes on Virginia. 1782.

‡ Travels through North and South Carolina. 1791.

§ History of New Hampshire. 1791.

|| Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania. 1799.

¶ History of Vermont. 1809.

are merely nominal, we may allow them to counterbalance those omitted. Of the entire number, 103 are land-birds, all of which we have verified either as real or nominal, four excepted, of which *Picus arundinaceus* alone (a real species) may have escaped Wilson and ourselves. Of the three remaining, two, *Lanius Canadensis* and *Loxia Canadensis*, are now well known to be South American birds, given as North American by mistake; and the third, *Sylvia trochilus*, of Europe, may have been reckoned as American, on account of the resemblance between it and the female of some American warbler, probably *Sylvia trichus*.*

Since the time of Linnæus, several real, and a still greater number of apparent, additions have been made to American ornithology. Wilson described 270 species. In the *Index Ornithologicus* of Latham, not fewer than 464 names are enrolled as indicative of birds native to North America; but so greatly surcharged with nominal species is that lengthened list, that notwithstanding the numerous and well-established additional species which have since been described by American and other writers, the actual number of clearly ascertained species did not, a few years ago, amount to 400. 'Per ora,' says C. L. Bonaparte, writing in 1827, 'si annoverano 396 specie nell' America Settentrionale:' and we may add, that 382 of these occur in the United States. Now the number of birds in Europe may be stated as not less than 395; but as its ornithology is in a more advanced stage than that of North America, and consequently less remains to be effected in the way of further discovery, there can be little doubt, that when the latter country shall have been more thoroughly explored, its feathered tribes will be found considerably to exceed those of Europe. We may mention a single fact, *en passant*, with a view to illustrate the extraordinary zoological riches of more southern climates. In the Cape of Good Hope district alone there are above one hundred more species of birds than are found throughout the whole of Europe, 500 species having been ascertained to inhabit that colony.* Great Britain and Ireland produce only 277 different kinds of birds, of which 142 are land-birds, and 135 are water-birds and waders.†

The

* South African Quarterly Journal, No. I., p. 10.

† The following summary of our feathered tribes, classed in accordance with the modern system, may not be uninteresting to the student of British Ornithology.

RAPTORES—27 species. Of these, two are recent acquisitions; viz., *Neophron peregrinator* and *Noctua (Strix) Tengmami*, figured, through inadvertence, as *Noctua passerina*, in Mr. Selby's 'Illustrations of British Ornithology,' pl. 26, vol. i.

INSESSORES—103 species. Of these, eight are new; viz., *Curruca (Sylvia) Suecica*, *Curruca sylviella*, *Phenicura (Sylvia) Tithys*, *Accentor alpinus*, *Anthus Richardii*, *Lanius ruficollis*, *Emberiza hortulana* (the same as the green-headed bunting of Bewick's Supplement,) and *Plectrophonus Lapponica*. *Cypselus alpinus*, a species of swift, abundant in the South of Europe, has been lately shot off the Coast of Ireland.

See

The species of Europe and of North America have been classed under 107 genera,* of which 64 are common to both countries; 19 (American) are foreign to Europe, and 24 (European) are equally unknown in America. Thus the genera of Europe amount to 88, and those of North America to 83.

For the sake of those who take an interest in such comparative views, we shall present an enumeration, in the subjoined note, of the genera of Europe and North America, in accordance with the arrangement of M. Bonaparte. † The land-birds of Europe

See Transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, vol. i., part 3, p. 291.

RASORES—12 species.

GRALLATORES—59 species. *Ardea alba* is probably not entitled to rank as a British bird, but its place may be supplied by Montagu's *Ardea aquinoctialis*, which, however, is not the American species, but Wagler's *Ardea russata*, a kind confined to the old world. The recent acquisitions in this order are *Scolopax Sabinii*, and Mr. Yarrell's *Tringa rufescens* figured in Mr. Selby's Illustrations, vol. ii., pl. 27, fig. 4.

NATATORES—76 species. The novelties are, *Cygnus Bewickii*, *Tadorna rutile*, *Mergus cucullatus*, and *Fuligula rufo*. We believe that *Uria Brunnichii* has also been killed off one of the Shetland Isles.

* Tabella Analitica de Generi dell' Europa e dell' America Settentrionale. No. XXXIII. Del Nuovo Giornale de' Letterati.

† The North American genera not found in Europe are followed by the letter *a*. The European genera which do not occur in North America, are followed by the letter *e*. The remaining genera are common to both Continents.

ORDER ACCIPITRES.

- | | | |
|---------------|----------------|----------|
| 1. Vultur (e) | 3. Gypætus (e) | 5. Strix |
| 2. Cathartes | 4. Falco | |

ORDER PASSERES.

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 6. Psittacus (a) | 22. Bombycilla | 38. Regulus |
| 7. Coccyzus (a) | 23. Caprimulgus | 39. Troglodytes |
| 8. Cuculus (e) | 24. Cypselus | 40. Certhia |
| 9. Yunx (e) | 25. Hirundo | 41. Tichodroma (e) |
| 10. Picus | 26. Muscicapa | 42. Sitta |
| 11. Alcedo | 27. Icteria (a) | 43. Upupa (e) |
| 12. Merops (e) | 28. Vireo (a) | 44. Trochilus (a) |
| 13. Nucifraga (e) | 29. Lanius | 45. Parus |
| 14. Sturnus | 30. Myothera (a) | 46. Alauda |
| 15. Icterus (a) | 31. Cinclus | 47. Emberiza |
| 16. Quiscalus (a) | 32. Turdus | 48. Tanagra (a) |
| 17. Oriolus (e) | 33. Sylvia | 49. Fringilla |
| 18. Coracias (e) | 34. Accentor (e) | 50. Pyrrhula |
| 19. Corvus | 35. Saxicola | 51. Loxia |
| 20. Pyrrhocorax (e) | 36. Motacilla (e) | 52. Columba |
| 21. Acridotheres (e) | 37. Anthus | |

ORDER GALLINÆ.

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------|-------------------|
| 53. Phasianus (e) | 55. Perdix | 57. Pterocles (e) |
| 54. Meleagris (a) | 56. Tetrao | 58. Turnix (e) |

ORDER GRALLINÆ.

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 59. Otis (e) | 63. Vanellus (e) | 67. Grus |
| 60. Cursorius (e) | 64. Streptopelia | 68. Ciconia (e) |
| 61. Oedipodius (e) | 65. Hematopus | 69. Ardea |
| 62. Charadrius | 66. Glareola (e) | 70. Aramus (a) |

rope in general exceed the water ones by about 90 species; those of the United States exceed the water-birds by towards 50; while, in Great Britain, (a fact to be expected from our insular position, and consequently extended shores, as well as from the number of our smaller islands,) the land-birds prevail over the water ones by not more than seven species.* The birds of the continental kingdoms of Europe exceed those of the British empire by nearly 120, while the common grouse or moor-game is the only species of which we can with certainty boast the exclusive possession.

We come now to the work which is placed last in our list, though it is by no means the least important in our estimation. All classes of readers are well acquainted with Dr. Richardson's claims to respect as surgeon and naturalist to two of the most remarkable expeditions which were ever planned and executed by the enterprise of Britons, and with his high merits as the intrepid leader of one of the exploring parties, and a chief actor and sufferer amid scenes of imminent danger and prolonged distress, which are scarcely paralleled in the annals of geographical discovery. In a preceding volume, (Part I., containing the *Quadrupeds*,) Dr. Richardson has very amply and accurately exhibited the present state of our knowledge respecting the mammiferous land animals of the northern parts of British America; and the beautiful volume now under consideration forms the second or ornithological portion of his very skilful work. He has, we perceive, availed himself of Mr. Swainson's assistance, both as an

71. Tantalus (A)	77. Limosa	82. Fulica "
72. Ibis	78. Scolopax	83. Phalaropus
73. Numenius	79. Rallus	84. Recurvirostra
74. Tringa	80. Porphyrio (E)	85. Platalea
75. Totanus	81. Gallinula	86. Phœnicopterus
76. Himantopus		
ORDER ANSERES.		
87. Rhynchops (A)	94. Mergus	101. Podoa (A)
88. Sterna	95. Pelecanus	102. Podiceps
89. Larus	96. Phalacrocorax	103. Colymbus
90. Lestris	97. Tachypetes (A)	104. Uria
91. Procellaria	98. Sula	105. Phalaris (A)
92. Diomedea (A)	99. Phaeton (A)	106. Mormon
93. Anas	100. Plotus (A)	107. Alca

It will be perceived that the preceding arrangement is somewhat in accordance with that of the *old school*, and that it excludes several of the new generic appellations. It will, perhaps, be not the less intelligible on that account to the generality of readers. In the *Appendix* to the 'Genera of North American Birds,' the following are added to those above enumerated, viz.:—*Garrulus*, *Thalassidroma*, *Puffinus*, *Anser*, *Cygnus*, *Fuligula*, and *Gerorynca*. Of these, the greater number are formed by dismemberment of former groups, and the last is the only one of which the type is constituted by a new species. The total number of genera found in North America is also there stated as amounting to ninety.—See *Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York*, vol. ii. p. 451.

* In the above enumeration we class the *Grallatores*, or waders, along with the water-fowl, properly so called.

author

author and draftsman; and the result of their combined efforts presents a most important addition to our stock of knowledge.*

The very abundance of our materials, however, almost deters us from entering on the contemplation of so rich a field, and it would be difficult, within the usual bounds of a periodical essay, to undertake the discussion of more than a few of its varied and inexhaustible features,—indeed, we shall probably be thought to have already engrossed too much of our readers' time.

We may observe, in the first place, that, in the class of birds, the geographical distribution of individuals of the same species, is much more widely spread than that of quadrupeds—a fact to be anticipated simply from their possession of wings. But even the ostrich, which is so nearly deprived of those characteristic organs as to be incapable of raising itself from the surface of the earth, though confined to Africa, is yet spread over a great extent of that vast continent from the Cape of Good Hope to the Cyrenaik, and from the Cape de Verde to the straits of Babel-Mandel. The osprey, a species of fishing eagle (*Falco haliætos*), occurs identically the same in the north of Scotland, the south of Europe, and along the shores of New Holland. We have seen Chinese drawings of the goshawk (*Falco palumbarius*) entirely resembling our native species; and from what we know of its intermediate stations, we may safely conclude that it inhabits the whole of that vast tract of territory from the south-eastern extremities of Asia to the most western shores of Europe, and across the broad expanse of the North American continent. The lammer-geyer (*Gypætos barbatus* of Storr), the largest, or at least the longest winged of all the European birds of prey, haunts the steeps of

* It is worthy of record that this is the first zoological work ever published under the immediate authority of the British government. It was found necessary, with a view to render the publication useful, that many of its subjects, more especially in the ornithological and botanical departments, should be illustrated by means of figures, the expense of which would, however, have presented an insurmountable obstacle, had not his late Majesty's government lent a liberal aid to the undertaking. On an application which had the approval of the Secretary of State for Colonial affairs, the Treasury granted 1000*l.*, to be applied solely towards defraying the expenses of the illustrations. Of that sum, 500*l.* was allotted to the quadrupeds and birds, and the other moiety to the fishes, insects, and plants. As the result of this enlightened patronage, we have already, in the former volume of the Fauna, twenty-eight admirable plates, drawn and engraved by Mr. Thomas Landseer, and fifty-two figures, executed in lithography, with his accustomed skill, by Mr. Swainson, and beautifully coloured, adorn the present volume, which contains, in addition, above forty wood-cuts, representing chiefly the heads and feet of species. We say nothing of the botanical department; but whoever is acquainted with the taste and talents of Professor Hooker, will not doubt that it will be achieved in such a manner as to do honour to the scientific character of Britain.

We shall not here do more than allude to an inadvertence which Mr. S. has committed, by allowing his enthusiasm for a favourite pursuit to lead him astray (as in this case it may be called) into another and more important subject, between which and his peculiar province we do not perceive the possibility of a connexion. (*Fauna Boreali-Americana*, Part ii. Introductory Observations on the Natural System, p. 56.) the

the Pyrenean mountains, and the central Alps, from Piedmont to Dalmatia. It was described as an Egyptian species by MM. Larrey and Savigny, and by Bruce as native to the Abyssinian mountains. It has also been seen sailing over the vast steppes of the Siberian deserts, and has more recently been transmitted to the Edinburgh Museum from the north of India and the range of the Himalaya. The peregrine falcon occurs in Greenland, Europe, North America, and New Holland. The short-eared owl (*Strix brachyotos*), common to Europe and America, has been sent to this country from Canton, in China; and the white or barn owl (*Strix flammea*) has been observed in all the four great divisions of the world, to say nothing of Madeira, Madagascar, and New Holland. The common cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*), and the European water-hen (*Fulica chloropus*), are found in the Mauritius. The glossy ibis occurs in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and the golden plover is characterised by an almost equally extensive range. Lastly, for we have not here room for a more lengthened enumeration, the white-fronted or cliff swallow (*Hirundo lunifrons* of Say), discovered by Major Long in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, and more recently observed by Dr. Richardson at Fort Chepewyan, was lately exhibited to us in the Edinburgh Museum, as forming part of a collection transmitted some years ago by the Marchioness of Hastings from Bengal.

In regard to the American species, the gorgeous tribe of parrots, and the fairy family of the humming-birds, with both of which we are wont to associate the warmth as well as the lustre of the torrid zone, are now known to be much more extensively distributed than Buffon and some other writers of the last century supposed. It was the belief of Buffon that no parrot extended either northwards or southwards beyond the twenty-fifth degree on either side of the equator.

'This illustrious author,' says Mr. Pennant, 'having resolved that no parrots should pass beyond the tropic of Capricorn, despises the authority of the Dutch navigator, Spilbergen, who was eye-witness to the woods of Terra del Fuego, the very southern boundary of the straits of Magellan, in lat. 44, being full of a species of these birds. He might have cited the evidence of Captain Hood, who saw a small parrot at Cape Famine; and he might have quoted Commodore Byron, who says that, notwithstanding the coldness of the climate, he observed parrots innumerable in the woods of the same harbour. Mr. Edwards, one of the surgeons, now living at Carnarvon, informed me that he saw them in abundance, and that they were of a deep green, probably the very species engraved in the "Planches Enluminees," No. 85. The Count treats with the same contempt the authority of the observant and veracious Captain Cook, who, in defiance of the Count's canon, had the hardiness to trust to the evidence of his own senses,

senses, and assert that he saw parrots in the isle of New Zealand, and even to suffer Captain Furneaux to blab out that parrakeets were inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, the very extremity of New Holland—both of them countries interdicted by the illustrious naturalist to the whole parrot race. How greatly, again, has our able navigator aggravated matters by not silencing the learned Forster for proving more than one species to be found in the raw, wet climate of Dusky Bay, in lat. 46; and to make bad worse, to connive at several of the companions of his voyage bringing into this kingdom not fewer than eight species of this vagabond genus, which had dared to take up their residence beyond the genial limits of the torrid zone, which the Count de Buffon had so authoritatively decreed to them, and, like a great creator, had said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther!" *

The only representative of this family found in the United States is the Carolina parrot, of which the other supposed species (*Psalittacus pertinax*) is the young. It inhabits the interior of Louisiana, and the shores and tributary waters of the Mississippi and Ohio, and extends even beyond the Illinois river to the neighbourhood of Lake Michigan, in the 42° north latitude.

'From these circumstances,' says Wilson, 'we might be justified in concluding it to be a very hardy bird, more capable of sustaining cold than nine-tenths of the tribe; and so I believe it is, having myself seen them, in the month of February, along the banks of the Ohio, in a snow-storm, flying about like pigeons, and in full cry.' †

It appears, however, to be more restricted on the eastern side of the Alleghany range, where it is seldom seen farther north than the state of Maryland, although a few stragglers are now and then met with in the vallies of the Juniata, or even about twenty-five miles to the north-west of Albany, in the state of New York. ‡ We may judge of the abundance of this species, even up to a recent period, from the statement of Vaillant, who assures us that he saw a packet, containing above six thousand skins of this bird, which were sent to a *plumassier* at Paris for the formation of ornamental dresses. § Mr. Audubon, however, informs us, that their numbers are now rapidly diminishing, and that, in some districts, where, twenty-five years ago, they were very plentiful, scarcely one is to be seen.

'At that period,' he adds, 'they could be procured as far up the tributary waters of the Ohio as the great Kenhawa, the Scioto, the heads of the Miami, the mouth of the Manimée at its junction with Lake Erie, on the Illinois river, and sometimes as far north-east as Lake Ontario, and along the eastern districts as far as the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland. At the present day, very few

* Index to the Planches Enluminées.

† American Ornithology, Constable's edition, vol. i. p. 118.

‡ Barton's Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania.

§ Histoire Naturelle des Pêroquets,

are to be found higher than Cincinnati; nor is it till you reach the mouth of the Ohio that parakeets are met with in considerable numbers. I should think that along the Mississippi there is not now half the number that existed fifteen years ago.'

The other group to which we alluded above—that of the humming-birds—is also characterised by a much more extended distribution than was formerly supposed, although it might have been naturally inferred, from the abundance in which they were seen by Condamine in the elevated gardens of Quito, that a temperate climate was by no means adverse to the constitution of that tiny tribe. Mr. Bullock discovered several species on the lofty table-lands of Mexico, and in the woods in the vicinity of the snowy mountains of Orizaba. Cook, indeed, had long before procured the ruff-necked species (*Trochilus collaris*, Lath.) from Nootka Sound; and Catesby, at a still earlier period, and Alexander Wilson, in later times, described the species (*Trochilus colubris*) so well known in the United States. It was, no doubt, the latter species that was seen by Charlevoix in the interior of Canada; but it would be interesting to ascertain which of these two comparatively hardy kinds was met with by Mackenzie, near the head of the Unjigah or Peace River, in the fifty-fourth degree of north latitude.

We have already mentioned that Kotzebue traced the beautiful ruff-necked or Nootka humming-bird to the 61° along the western shores; and when we take into consideration the facts lately communicated by Captain King, who met with numerous members of this diminutive family flying about in a snow-storm, near the Straits of Magellan, we shall perceive how great an extent of territory in the new world is occupied by the Trochilidæ. However remarkable may be the lustre of their resplendent plumage, their instinctive courage is still more worthy of our admiration, at least if there is truth in Fernandez Oviedo, who writes that—

'When they see a man climb y^e tree where they have their nests, they flee at his face, and stryke him in the eyes, commyng, goyng, and returnyng, with such swyftness, that no man woulde ryghtly believe it, that hath not seen it.'*

The migration of birds has, indeed, in every age, afforded a subject of pleasant, though sometimes inconclusive speculation to the students of nature; but in no instance does it appear more calculated to call forth our admiration, than when exemplified by these, the frailest of the feathered race. The lofty and sustained flight of the eagles and albatrosses seems only commensurate with their gigantic size, and the irresistible sweeping of their 'sail-broad vans';—

'But how,' says Dr. Richardson, 'is our admiration of the ways of

* History of the West Indies, translated by Richard Eden, p. 199.

Providence increased, when we find that one of the least of its class, clothed in the most delicate and brilliant plumage, and apparently more fitted to flutter about in a conservatory than to brave the fury of the blast, should yield to few birds in the extent of its migrations! The ruby-throated humming-bird, which winters to the southward of the United States, ranges, in summer, to the fifty-seventh parallel, and perhaps even still farther north. We obtained specimens on the plains of the Saskatchewan, and Mr. Drummond found one of their nests near the sources of the Elk river. This nest is composed principally of the down of an anemone, bound together with a few stalks of moss and lichen, and has an internal diameter of one inch. The eggs, two in number, of a reddish-white colour, and obtuse at both ends, are half an inch long, and four lines and a quarter in transverse diameter.

The principal value of this volume of the 'Fauna Boreali-Americana,' in a merely descriptive point of view, consists in its serving, in a great measure, to complete our knowledge of North American birds, by connecting, by an intermediate link, the ornithology of the United States with that of the purely arctic regions of the new world.* We have already pointed out the sources from

* Mr. Swainson has also brought his extensive and accurate knowledge of the various groups, derived from a careful analysis of their constituent parts, to bear upon the difficult and much-disputed subject of the *natural system*. Into the discussion of that *veraxa questio* we shall not at present enter; but we recommend to the student of ornithology a careful perusal of his introductory observations on the tribes and families of the insectorial order. The author's principal object is to demonstrate the following peculiarities in natural arrangement, viz.:—1. That every natural series of beings, in its progress from a given point, either actually returns, or evinces a tendency to return, again to that point, thereby forming a circle. 2. That the contents of each a circle or group are symbolically represented by the contents of all other circles in the same class of animals,—this resemblance being strong or remote in proportion to the proximity or the distance of the groups compared. 3. The primary divisions of every natural group, of whatever extent or value, are *three*, each of which forms its own circle. The first of these propositions accords with the views of Macleay, Fries, Agassiz, Oken, and others. The *theory of representation*, as it may be called, which is involved in the second proposition, was first promulgated in the *Horæ Entomologicae*; and, according to Mr. Swainson, it is the only certain test of a natural group. 'Circles may be, and have been, formed with such a deceitful appearance of following nature, that the most eminent and the most cautious have been led into a belief that they were strictly natural. If such a group is thought to be complete or perfect, it is very well to say, put each of its divisions to the test of returning into itself, and the fallacy will be discovered; but among groups of a certain value, genera and sub-families more particularly, there is not one in three that *can* be so tested. This inability partly arises from our superficial acquaintance with forms, and partly, as we believe, from there being many real gaps in the chain of continuity. Without, therefore, some other test for a natural group than the mere circumstance of its returning into itself, or even its simple parallelism with a continuous group, I consider demonstration not to have been attained. The theory of representation thus steps in, and at once dispels the illusion, or demonstrates the correctness of the series.'—*Introductory Observations*, p. xlix. In the sub-families of Myotherinae and Parianae, Mr. Swainson has ingeniously exemplified this principle of the natural system in all its bearings.—*Fauna Boreali-Americana*, vol. ii., pp. 158 and 202.—It will be observed, in regard to the third proposition, that Mr. Swainson's circular system differs from that of the Quinarians in the number of its primary divisions. He is of opinion that the primary circles of each group are invariably *three*, and these he denominates the *typical*, the *sub-typical*, and the *aberrant*.

which a knowledge of the more southern localities of the species may be attained, and we shall now present a brief sketch of the ornithological history of the central and northern territories.

The districts termed the fur-countries may be said to comprehend, generally, the whole of the space north of the forty-eighth parallel of latitude. Although the French Canadians, in their pursuit of peltry, were the first to penetrate those barren regions which extend beyond the great lakes, yet, till within a recent period, our entire stock of ornithological knowledge was derived from the *employés* of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The earliest collections of the birds of Hudson's Bay were formed, about ninety years ago, by Mr. Alexander Light, who was sent out by the company in consequence of his knowledge of natural history. It is also recorded that Mr. Isham, for a long period resident in the fur-countries as governor of various forts or trading posts, employed his leisure in preparing the skins of beasts, birds, and fishes. These two gentlemen, Dr. Richardson informs us, returned to England about the year 1745, and, fortunately for the advancement of ornithology, entrusted their specimens to Mr. George Edwards, the well-known author of the '*Natural History of Birds, and other rare undescribed Animals.*' In the course of the year 1749, Ellis published his account of the '*Voyage to Hudson's Bay in the Dobbs and California;*' and the clerk of the latter vessel, whose name was Drage, in his '*Voyage by Hudson's Straits,*' also illustrates several points in natural history.

For twenty years ensuing the last-mentioned period, no additional information was derived from these northern regions; but Mr. William Wales, who went to Hudson's Bay in 1768, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, was entrusted, on his return, by Mr. Graham, governor of the Company's post at Severn River, with a collection of quadrupeds, birds, and fishes, for presentation to the Royal Society. These specimens were described by John Reinhold Forster,* and excited so much interest in the scientific world, that, at the desire of the Royal Society, directions were given by the governor and committee of the Hudson's Bay Company that subjects of natural history should be annually transmitted to England; and, accordingly, Mr. Humphrey Martin sent several hundred specimens of animals and plants, collected at Fort Albany, of which he was governor. Mr. Hutchins, the successor of Mr. Martin, was still more industrious, for he not only prepared numerous specimens, but drew up minute descriptions of all the quadrupeds and birds which he could obtain, with interesting notices of their haunts,

* Phil. Trans. 1772.

habits, and native names. It was, in fact, from his observations* that Pennant and Latham chiefly derived whatever was valuable in their works ('Arctic Zoology,' and 'General Synopsis of Birds') regarding the feathered tribes of Hudson's Bay. Captain Cook's third voyage (1777—8) made us acquainted with several species of the north-west coasts of America and Behring's Straits; but, from the want of engraved representations, and the subsequent destruction or dispersion of the specimens themselves, it is in general difficult, if not impossible, to identify the species indicated with precision. Pennant's 'Arctic Zoology' appeared in 1785, and contains the most ample descriptive catalogue of Arctic American birds which had appeared prior to the present volume.

These are the principal sources of information up to the periods of our own scientific expeditions by land and sea; for although Umfreville and Hearne illustrate the habits of some of the more common species, and the voyages of Vancouver, Portlock, Meares, and Langsdorff, to the north-west, and the travels of Lewis and Clarke to the banks of the Columbia, contributed their mite, no very important results were thereby obtained. Eschscholtz and Chamisso, the naturalists attached to Kotzebue's expedition, may be supposed to have acquired some knowledge of the ornithology of the north-west coasts; but no satisfactory report of their zoological discoveries has hitherto reached this country. The zoological portion of the appendix to Captain Beechey's voyage, entrusted, we believe, to Mr. Vigors, will no doubt compensate for the vagueness of the natural history notices introduced in the delightful narrative of the voyage itself.

The only exact information which we possess, regarding the birds of the extreme northern coasts and islands of America, is contained in the appendixes to the voyages of Ross and Parry. The species are comparatively few along those icy shores, notwithstanding the cheering influence of their continuous solar light,—their

' ——— polar day, that will not see
A sunset till its summer's done;
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun.'

We shall here subjoin the names of the species observed in the North Georgian Islands and adjoining seas, latitude 73° to 75° N.†

Of

* In one volume folio, preserved in the Library of the Hudson's Bay Company.

† Snowy Owl, *Strix nyctea*; Snow hunting, *Emberiza nivalis*; Raven, *Corvus corax*; Swallow, species ignota; American Goatsucker, *Caprimulgus americanus*; Rock Ptarmigan, *Tetrao rupestris*; Sanderling, *Calidris arenaria*; Golden plover, *Charadrius plumifrons*; American ring plover, *Charadrius semipalmatus*; Turnstone, *Scolopax interpres*; Dunlin, *Tringa variabilis*; Knot, *Tringa cinerea*; purple sandpiper, *Tringa maritima*; Esquimaux curlew, *Numenius borealis*; flat-billed phalarope, *Phalaropus fulicarius*; Arctic tern, *Sterna Arctica*; Burgomaster gull, *Larus glaucus*; White

Of these species, thirty-four in all, the whole are migratory, arriving on Melville Island in May, and departing in October. It will be perceived that only a single accipitrine, or raptorial bird, occurs in these high latitudes,—that there are only six species of land birds properly so called,—and that all the rest are either water birds or waders.* The birds of Greenland, as given by Fabricius, amount to fifty-four;† and although five of his supposed species are now known to be merely synonyms of certain other kinds likewise included in his list, which of course would reduce the number to forty-nine; yet, as Captain Sabine has added five species as native to Greenland, which are not recorded by Fabricius,‡ the total amount is still precisely fifty-four.§ It is probable that a great proportion of these migrate southward on the approach of winter, for, even in the fur-countries, few of the birds are strictly resident; and the raven, and Canadian and short-billed jays, were the only species which Dr. Richardson observed to be equally numerous at their breeding places, in winter and summer.

The distribution of the migratory and resident birds of northern countries is governed, according to Dr. Richardson, by very different laws, as far as climate is concerned,—the influx of migratory species, for the purpose of rearing their young, being much more connected with the high summer temperature of those parallels than with the mean annual heat, which is very low, and affords no criterion of the number or variety of the summer visitants. In fact, the mean annual temperature decreases, as we advance northwards $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ F. for each degree of latitude, while the decrease of mean heat in July does not exceed 1° . There is no perpetual snow on any part of the fur countries, with the exception of the more elevated portions of the Rocky Mountains.||

To the two expeditions under the command of Sir John Franklin we owe almost all that is authentic in our knowledge of the ornithology of the interior of the fur countries; and although the collecting of specimens in natural history formed, of course,

White-winged gull, *L. leucopterus*; Arctic silvery gull, *L. argentatoides*; Ivory gull, *L. eburneus*; Kittiwake, *L. tridactylus*; Fork-tailed gull, *L. Sabini*; Skua gull, *Lestris pomarina*; Arctic gull, *Lestris parasitica*; Fulmarpetrel, *Procellaria glacialis*; Brunnich's guillemot, *Uria Brunnichii*; Black guillemot, *U. grylle*; Little guillemot, *U. Alpe*; Red-throated diver, *Colymbus septentrionalis*; Wild swan, *Anas cygnus*; Brent goose, *Anser bernicla*; King duck, *Somateria spectabilis*; Eider duck, *L. mollissima*; long-tailed duck, *Harelda glacialis*.

* The Jerfalcon (*Falco islandicus*), though not observed in Melville Island, visits equally high latitudes. It has been seen in Baffin's Three Islands, on the west coast of Greenland, in lat. 74. Linn. Trans. vol. xii. p. 528.

† Fauna Grœnlandica.

‡ Viz. *Falco peregrinus*, *Tringa cinerea*, *Uria Brunnichii*, *Larus argentatus* (*L. leucopterus* of Faber), and *Larus Sabini*.

§ Memoir on the Birds of Greenland. Linn. Trans. vol. xii. p. 559.

|| Fauna Boreali-Americana, vol. ii. Introduction, p. xviii.

but

but a secondary object in comparison with those great geographical problems, the solution of which was looked forward to as the principal and more important result, yet it is delightful to know that in the performance of higher duties of difficult achievement, and frequently environed by the most appalling dangers, these intrepid men neglected nothing which could in any way conduce to our knowledge of the countries they explored. The work now under consideration contains two hundred and forty species, which, with twenty-seven from the north-west coast, (either formerly described by Pennant, or more recently observed by Captain Beechey, but which did not fall under the observation of our land expeditions,) make the total number of ascertained species inhabiting the fur-countries, as before defined, two hundred and sixty-seven.* In the introduction to the present volume, Dr. Richardson has presented, with his accustomed clearness and accuracy, various tabular views of the distribution of the species, both in relation to season and locality; and as it is only from *data* of that nature that a discovery of the laws which regulate the location of birds can be elicited, we view his contributions to ornithological geography as of great value. The subject, however, although one of the highest interest, involves too many matters of detail to admit of our entering at present upon its consideration.

It appears that, *essentially*, birds can scarcely be classed under the distinctive denominations of resident and migratory. Though many millions of a species may be observed to wing their way at certain seasons to or from particular countries, yet some portions of these vast assemblages travel through a much shorter space than others, while perhaps an equal number of the same species sojourn for ever in the districts where they had their birth. Thus, in the North Georgian islands, all the individuals of every species are driven southwards in autumn by the extreme rigour of that hyperborean region: there they are undoubtedly birds of passage. In the central and other portions of the fur-countries, again, we meet with species which occur there all the year round, and which, therefore, *in their totality*, cannot be regarded as migratory, but of which many individuals depart in summer to the polar shores both of continental America and of the North Georgian group; while others (of the same species), on the approach of winter, wing their flight to the United States.* So, also, in Pennsylvania we have several species which reside there throughout the year, but of which, at the same time, numerous individuals pass their summer in the fur-countries; while, in the former state,

* In addition to these, the M. Bonaparte enumerates thirty-six species which migrate northwards from or through Pennsylvania in the spring, and which, though not noticed by Dr. Richardson, may fairly be inferred to breed in the fur-countries.—*Specchio Comparativo delle Ornitologie di Roma e di Filadelfia*. Pisa, 1827.

many species occur during the winter season, which entirely disappear northwards in summer, and leave behind no remnant of their race. Several of the species which breed in the temperate and even northern parts of North America, either disappear from that continent altogether during the colder season of the year, or occur sparingly in the southern states of the Union. Others take a much wider range: the pigeon-hawk (*Falco palumbarius*), for example, resides in Mexico during the winter, and on the approach of spring sets off at once for Hudson's Bay and other high latitudes, and is, consequently, only known in most of the intermediate regions as a passenger in spring and autumn. The *Grallatores*, which feed by preference in moist and marshy lands, frequent the Saskatchewan prairies only in the spring; and as soon as the warm and comparatively early summer has rendered the soil too dry for their accustomed purposes, they retire to their breeding places in the arctic circle.

'There,' says Dr. Richardson, 'the frozen sub-soil, acted upon by the rays of a sun constantly above the horizon, keeps the surface wet and spongy during the two short summer months, which suffice these birds for rearing their young. This office performed, they depart to the southward, and halt in the autumn on the flat shores of Hudson's Bay, which, owing to accumulations of ice drifted into the bay from the northward, are kept in a low temperature all the summer, and are not thawed to the same extent with the more interior arctic lands before the beginning of autumn. They quit these haunts on the setting in of the September frosts, and passing along the coasts of the United States, retire within the tropics in the winter.'—*Introduction*, p. 19.

It is, of course, difficult to ascertain whether the individuals of the species which breed in the higher latitudes are the same that retire farthest southward during the winter season; and whether such as remain in the former latitudes throughout that season are those which had previously bred in the same localities in summer. Dr. Richardson seems to think that such is the case.

'Some species seem to claim a right of property within a certain beat, chasing away with great pertinacity all the other birds that they can master. In the instance, also, of the *Falconidæ*, and some other tribes, which present a marked difference in the plumage of the old and young, we observe that the latter are expelled by their parents from the breeding places, and appear, both in summer and winter, in districts which none of the old birds visit. From a consideration of these and similar facts, we are inclined to believe that, of the species which are found all the year within certain parallels, the younger individuals make the widest excursions in search of food or proper breeding places; and that, as their strength is matured by age, they fill up the casual vacancies which occur in the districts best adapted for their constant residence.'

It appears from the tenth table of this work (*Introduction*, p. 39), that as many birds breed in the sixty-fourth parallel as in the fortieth; and that the number of species which arrive from the north, merely to winter in Pennsylvania, exceeds the amount of such as migrate to that state from the southwards for the purpose of breeding. Indeed, the influence of the fine and continuous summer of the northern regions appears remarkable, and is well illustrated by the fact, that while M. Bonaparte enumerates only one hundred and four species as breeding in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, Dr. Richardson assigns one hundred and forty-one as the number of those that breed on the banks of the Saskatchewan, in lat. 54°.

It was our intention to have drawn a parallel between the feathered tribes of Europe and North America; but we find that our doing so at present would force us still further to transgress those prescribed limits which, in truth, we have already somewhat exceeded. In the meantime, we beg to refer the reader to the eleventh table of the present work, which contains a list of nearly one hundred species common to the Old World and the fur-countries.

ART. III.—*The Life of Archbishop Cranmer*. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1831.

GIVE me my liar,' was the phrase in which Charles the Fifth was used to call for a volume of history; and certainly no man can attentively examine any important period of our annals without remarking, that almost every incident admits of two handles, almost every character of two interpretations; and that, by a judicious packing of facts, the historian may make his picture assume nearly what form he pleases, without any direct violation of truth.

To the characters which distinguished the period of the reformation, this remark is particularly applicable. It is with almost all of them as with Wolsey in the play. A Catharine's version of him is, that he was a man who ranked himself with princes; who held simony fair; whose own opinion was his law; double in his words and meaning; never pitiful, but when he meant to ruin; mighty in his promises, in his performance mean; unchaste in his morals—pernicious in his example. A Griffith's version of the same Wolsey is, that though certainly of an humble stock, he was stamped for honour; that if he was lofty, it was only to those who loved him not; that if he was unsatisfied in getting, he was most princely in bestowing; that he was a scholar, and the friend and patron of scholars; great in prosperity, greater in misfortune, and that he crowned the glories of his life by dying in
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the faith and fear of God. Sir Thomas More is another leader of those times presented to us in strangely conflicting aspects: the tender husband and parent; pleasant in his household; sportive with his friends; simple in his pursuits; fond of animals (a taste rarely connected with a harsh nature); tolerant in his principles; enlightened in his creed. And again, the inveterate bigot; the cruel inquisitor; the calm spectator of the conscientious martyr's pains, as he struggled under the scourge in his garden at Chelsea, or writhed upon the rack which he had prepared for him in the Tower. Cromwell, Earl of Essex, is a worthy, according to some chroniclers, almost without a fault; wise in counsel; resolute in execution; or, like Cæsar, if doing wrong, 'never doing it but in just cause.' According to others again, he conducts his intrepid attempts at ecclesiastical reformation, with one eye to the interests of religion, with another to his own interest; and orders, without scruple, abbots to be 'tried and executed,' *castigatque auditque*, or the torture to be applied by way of experiment. Pole is exhibited in as many cross lights as there are authors who have described him. His historical character ranges from the sanguinary persecutor to the lenient counsellor of mercy, and the chivalrous friend, leaving Burnet to recant in his third volume what he had said of him in his second. Gardiner is the man of blood—he is the man who abstained from blood, suffering Bonner to shed it, who loved it;—he is the betrayer of the great interests of the nation in his embassy at Paris—he is the assertor of its rights and liberties, in his negotiations with Philip before his marriage.

But all this is natural. The epoch which saw these distinguished persons acting their momentous parts on the stage of life was one of extreme exasperation, and friends and foes did not leave, in those times, cause for the wistful sigh, that they would be either cold or hot. Cranmer was not likely to fare better than his less conspicuous contemporaries. With respect to him, above all, there has been, from his own day to ours, the forward voice to speak him well, and the backward voice to utter foul speeches, and to detract, till it is hard to believe the subject of so much praise and vituperation to be one and the same. Mr. Todd, in his recent life of him, has produced some new documents, and investigated some old accusations, in a manner which will tend to establish the truth concerning him; more than this, Cranmer would not ask—'Speak of me as I am.' We shall take for granted, that our readers are acquainted with the leading circumstances of the Archbishop's history, and shall merely touch upon such passages in it as may seem to require a remark.

Cranmer received his early education from a parish-clerk.

This may seem singular, for he was of gentle blood, and was entered at Cambridge amongst 'the better sort of students.' But probably such shifts were not unusual before the Reformation. The monasteries indeed had schools attached to them in many instances. In Elizabeth's time a complaint is made by the Speaker of the Commons, that the number of such places of education had been reduced by a hundred, in consequence of the suppression of the religious houses. Still it must often have happened (thickly scattered as the monasteries were) that the child lived at an inconvenient distance from any one of them; mothers, too, might not have liked to trust less robust children to the clumsy care of a fraternity; and probably little was learned in these academies after all. Erasmus makes himself merry with the studies pursued in them; and it is remarkable that no sooner did the love of learning revive, than the popularity of the monasteries declined. For thirty years before the Reformation, there were few or no new religious foundations, whilst schools, on the other hand, began to multiply in their stead; a fact which sufficiently marks the state of public opinion with regard to the monasteries as places of education—for education began now to be the desire of the day. Schools, therefore, in the present acceptation of the term, in Cranmer's boyhood there were scarcely any; and it was the crying want of them in London that induced Dean Colet to establish that of St. Paul's, which, under the fostering care of Lily, the first master, not only became so distinguished in itself, but set the example, and prepared the way, by its rules and its grammar, for so many others which followed in its wake. Edward VI., with the natural feeling of a boy fond of knowledge, and himself a proficient for his years, was aware of the evil, and projected the remedy. Colet might be his model—but he was embarrassed in his means by courtiers, who were for ever uttering the cry of the horse-leech's daughters; and, besides, his days were soon numbered. Cranmer, who perhaps remembered the obstacles in his own way, and who certainly foresaw the great calamity of an ignorant clergy, pressed for the establishment of a school in connexion with every cathedral—a school, as it were, of the prophets—where boys intended for holy orders might be brought up suitably to the profession they were about to adopt, and where the bishops might ever find persons duly qualified to serve God in the church. But Cranmer was overruled, and a measure, which might have helped to catch up the church before it fell into that abyss of ignorance which seems to have immediately succeeded the Reformation, (the natural consequence of a season of convulsion and violence,) was unhappily lost. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that the evil was at all adequately met, nor fully indeed

indeed then, as the deficiency of well-endowed schools at this day testifies. Still much was at that time done. The dignitaries and more wealthy ecclesiastics of the Reformed Church bestirred themselves and founded some schools. Many tradesmen, who had accumulated fortunes in London, (then the almost exclusive province of commercial enterprise,) retired in their later years to the country-town which had given them birth, and gratefully provided for the better education of their neighbours, by furnishing it with a grammar-school. And even the honest yeoman, a person who then appears to have appreciated learning, and often to have brought up his boy to the church, united in the same praiseworthy object. In such cases application was usually made to the Queen for a charter, which was granted with or without pecuniary assistance on her own part; and whoever will examine the dates of our foundation schools, will find a great proportion of them erected in that glorious reign.

Thus it came to pass (to revert to our text), that Cranmer was sent to college in his fourteenth year, Oxford and Cambridge being at that time the substitutes for the schools which have succeeded them, and being considered the two great national receptacles for all the boys in the country. There they were subjected to corporal punishment. The statutes were framed with a reference to the habits of mere boys; it is forbidden, for instance, in one of the Cambridge statutes, to play marbles on the senate-house steps; and the number of the students was so enormous (still for the same reason), that Latimer, in one of his sermons, speaks of a decrease in those of his own time, to the amount of no less than ten thousand.

Every passage in Cranmer's life tells a tale of other days. At the age of twenty-three he married, thereby vacating his fellowship at Jesus College, to which, however, upon the death of his wife, he was re-elected. This wife, says a modern Romish writer (Dr. Milner), was a woman of *low condition*. 'One Joan, surnamed Black or Brown, dwelling at the sign of the Dolphin in Cambridge,' are the words of Thomas Martin, a contemporary of Cranmer, unfriendly to the marriage of priests. 'She was the daughter of a *gentleman*,' writes Fox, who does not conceal, however, that Cranmer 'placed her at an inn called the Dolphin, the wife of the house being of affinity to her.' This is a curious feature of the day. There is probably nothing inconsistent in these two facts of Fox. The inn-keeper of those times seems to have been a person of less humble station than now—he shared his calling with the monastery and with the village-pastor. Travellers had to choose (as they still have in Roman Catholic countries) between the refectory of the monk, the parsonage of the minister, and

and the tavern of mine host—payment for the night's lodging, where he was in a condition to pay, being expected of him in one shape or other, at all. The keeper of the Tabard in the *Canterbury Tales* appears to be upon a level with his guests, both in rank and information, and to play the part of one who felt that he was receiving his equals, and no more, under his roof; yet his company was not of the lowest; and in those times it seems to have been usual for the landlord to preside at the common board, and act in every respect as the hospitable master of the house, save only in exacting the shot; as indeed is the custom in many parts of Germany at the present day. When the system of lay impropriations had begun to take effect, it was by no means an uncommon thing for the minister himself to be also the tavern-keeper; a circumstance, however, which, it must be confessed, may be thought to argue the extreme impoverishment of the church, which drove the clergy to such expedients for a living, rather than the respectability of the calling to which they thus betook themselves.

At Cambridge, Cranmer continued to pursue his studies with great severity and success, so that, in 1524, he was invited by Wolsey to his new college of Christ Church, which was to be filled with the choice spirits of the time. He, however, like Parker, his eventual successor in the metropolitan see, declined the offer, baited as it was with so much to recommend it to an ambitious churchman. Cranmer, however, was not such, though he has been charged with being so. This one fact is enough to disprove it;—for here was a man in the opening of life, with his fortune to make, a simple student, without a patron in the world, met more than half-way by the great favourite of the great king; yet his advances he declines, content with what he has, and by so doing risks, and, it is said, actually incurs his displeasure. This surely is not like ambition; and the circumstance deserves the consideration of those who insinuate, that Cranmer, eager for the mitre, was willing to expedite the king's divorce, as the unworthy price at which it was to be won; though nothing can be more certain than that he was against the lawfulness of the marriage with Catharine from the beginning; against the Pope's dispensing power, as exercised in that case, at the very first, when he was yet a private individual, known only as a learned member of his own University; that herein, too, he did but follow in the steps of Warham, then archbishop; and what is more, that Gardiner himself held the same opinion, and avowed it.

Such indifference to the favour of the favourite, we submit, perfectly coincides with his own protest before the commissioners at Oxford, 'that never man came more unwillingly to a bishopric than

than he did—inso much, that when King Henry did send for him, in post, that he should come over, he prolonged his journey by seven weeks at least, thinking that he would be forgetful of him in the mean time.

Here, however, his sincerity is called in question. Yet facts are stubborn things, and it is a fact that the see was not filled up for six months, Warham dying in August, 1532, and Cranmer's consecration not taking place till the March of the year following. But, rejoins an objector, there are few instances of the see of Canterbury being filled up so soon; yet the cases of Islip, and Clichelè, and Stafford, and Kemp, and Bouchier, and Dean, from 1349 to 1501, are all within that time, and some considerably within it. Besides, no one can review Cranmer's character without being persuaded that he was much too cautious, much too diffident, not to say much too timid a man, to rush upon such an office as that of Primate, in such times, hand over head. The mitre was likely to prove to the brow that wore it but a 'crown of thorns.' Of that there were ample signs around him: he had seen enough of Henry to discover that he would have in him a master of 'a right royal stomach;' and he could have wanted no seer to tell him that, independently of this embarrassment, a storm was at hand which was likely to smite the high places. He was a man, like Sir Thomas More, to see a lion in the way at some distance; and like him, rather of a temper to lay down what honours he might already enjoy, than cumber himself with more. Moreover, he had scruples. Who can read the two oaths—the one taken by the bishop elect to the Pope, the other to the King—and doubt that scruples must have been entertained by any man who was required to swear allegiance so devoted to two masters whose interests were so entirely at variance? The wonder is, that so tyrannous a demand upon the consciences of men was tolerated so long. Cranmer might be the first who expressed his misgivings; but he could not be the first, by many, who had felt them; and though at last he did take the oath to the Pope, it was not till he had previously made a *public* protestation of the sense in which he understood it—thereby reconciling it with the other to the King. But this has been pronounced a mere equivocation; yet the Bishops of Lincoln, Exeter, and St. Asaph, who acted on this occasion for the Pope—the last of them, too, Dr. Standish, a very zealous Catholic—must have heard the protestation; and still they expressed no dissatisfaction at the manner in which he thus qualified, but completed his consecration, nothing wavering. We say these prelates must have heard his protestation: the minute account of it given by Watkins, the Prothonotary, of which the record is still preserved amongst the Lambeth manuscripts, and
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from which an extract is published by Mr. Todd, puts this question beyond all doubt. It there appears that he first protested in the Chapter-house of Westminster, in the presence of Watkins himself, of John Tregonwell, of Thomas Bedyll, of Richard Gwent, and of John Cocks, all official persons; that he then went out of the Chapter-house, advanced to the high altar, there to receive the pontifical dress and consecration; that then the oath of obedience to the Pope he took, qualified, however, as before, in the Chapter-house; that he took it a third time before the acceptance of the pall, but still after the same manner—a proceeding utterly incompatible with any reserve towards the three bishops actively engaged in administering the rite. It was their business, therefore, as representatives of the Pope, if they were not satisfied, to object; and the *publicity* of the transaction is of importance, as establishing the conclusion that an opportunity of objecting was afforded them; otherwise, we should agree with Mr. Hallam, that it was a matter of no consequence with regard to the morality of the act, whether it was public or not. These commissioners, however, waived all objection, if they felt any; and the Pope, by taking no steps afterwards to suspend the archbishop, must be understood to have sanctioned their connivance. Doubtless, all the parties felt that the papal power in England hung by a thread, and so were prepared to concede, with as good a grace as they knew how, that which perhaps it was an agreeable surprise to find was even asked.

But if Cranmer was blameless in this part of the affair, which was, after all, the most material part, it is difficult to acquit him of all duplicity in previously allowing a proxy to take the oath at Rome, subject, as it should seem, to no such limitations as were afterwards annexed to it in England. It was an expedient invented by the canonists, and forced upon him by the king; and if Cranmer had not yet emancipated himself from the influence of those casuistical refinements, amongst which he had been born and bred, who can be surprised? This must be his apology, and no compromise must be attempted, even for his sake, between right and wrong. To the same cause must be ascribed the cases of persecution to which Cranmer was a party; few, indeed: but how humiliating is it that there should be even one!

Early prejudices here, too, still cleaved to him. Things, however, which he knew not, have in this instance also been laid to his charge. Of the blood of Lambert, who was condemned for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, he appears to have been guiltless. He neither sought him out as his inquisitor, nor arraigned him as his accuser, nor condemned him as his judge. He disputed against him in the presence of the king it is true; such

such was the hard tax of his office; but it was meekly, and, as it should seem, mercifully. It was Gardiner who baited him: it was the king who judged him; it was Cromwell who read his sentence. Neither does the sin of Ann Askew's death lie at Cranmer's door, though it has been laid there: Gardiner and Bonner were her judges, not Cranmer; and accordingly a vindication of her at the time was diligently circulated at *Winchester*, that being the seat of Gardiner's see. Besides, if she was condemned under the act of the Six Articles (as we presume she was), it should be remembered that this was an act hateful to Cranmer; an act which he had opposed, day after day, at the hazard of the king's displeasure; and which he was therefore more likely to wash his hands of altogether, than to acknowledge, by bathing them in the blood which it was shedding; nay, it was actually made one of the charges against him by the prebendaries of Canterbury, at the instigation, as it was thought, of Gardiner, that under him the law of the Six Articles was unexecuted. The strong case against Cranmer is, that of Joan of Kent; for with regard to Van Paris, whose fate is usually coupled with hers, no contemporary evidence inculcates Cranmer; he might not perhaps intercede for his pardon, but this is a different thing from soliciting his death. To the capital punishment of Joan Bocher, however, he is said to have been more than consenting: yet, if the importunity which he is reported to have exercised in order to persuade the tender-hearted monarch to sign her death-warrant had been such as Fox describes, it seems strange that Edward should have been content to enter the tragical incident in his journal with so frigid an adherence to bare matter of fact.

'On the 2d of May (so the young king writes) she was burned for holding that Christ was not incarnate of the Virgin Mary; being condemned the year before, but kept in hope of conversion; and on the 30th of April, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Ely were to persuade her, but she withstood them, and reviled the preacher at her death.'

This is scarcely the language of a youth who was speaking of a transaction wherein his conscience had been violated by the too earnest solicitations of another, and which now, it might have been expected, in his privacy, would have risen in arms, and dictated terms at once of self-reproach, and disgust at an evil adviser. Alas! that Cranmer, so wise and so humane a man, should be even suspected of having thus acted towards a poor fanatic, and a woman too! It is vain however to deny, that toleration of religious opinion was a principle little understood even by the wisest and most humane in those days—for it was not a principle which had obtained in the Church of Rome.

Cranmer,

Cranmer, if he sinned, as Fox asserts, sinned ignorantly: he was guilty of one of those secret sins of which the Psalmist speaks,—his own nature full of tenderness soured by a persecuting creed. And it is remarkable, that in his penitent prayers and confessions before his death, no allusion is found to this sad misdeed. Doubtless he maintained, in common with all the world at the time, that death might as righteously be inflicted in some cases of heterodoxy as in all cases of murder; he has the merit however of limiting the number of such cases, by drawing a distinction, more explicitly than had been hitherto done, between the essential and non-essential doctrines of the Gospel; and whilst, in his ‘Reformation of the Ecclesiastical Laws,’ a code of discipline intended for the reformed church, he proposed that capital punishment should be inflicted on atheists and such as opposed Christianity in general, he confined this extreme severity of the law to them. This was a step in the path of mercy. The day of small things must not be altogether despised. Let us scan this code by notions now prevalent, and no doubt it will seem harsh and sanguinary; but it may be very well questioned whether Cranmer’s own age was prepared to quarrel with it on the same score. Still the distinction is not admitted by all. Dr. Lingard would have it, that the heretic is condemned to death in the third chapter of the code, as the atheist and unbeliever certainly are in the first; and, what is more singular, Mr. Hallam doubts about it. Yet surely doubt there can be none,—‘*Consumptis omnibus aliis remediis, ad extremum ad civiles magistratus ablegetur puniendus*’ are the words of the clause—‘when all other remedies shall have been tried without effect, last of all, let him be sent to the civil magistrate to be punished’—but not to be punished with death. Such a punishment would not have been left to inference, especially when it had been denounced in express terms with regard to other delinquents. Besides, how could such a punishment of the heretic be consistent with those civil disabilities which are afterwards imposed upon him,—that he should be incapable, for instance, of being a witness or of making a will? ‘I rather wonder,’ says Sir J. Mackintosh, ‘at my friend Mr. Hallam’s hesitation, in a case which seems to me to allow none.’ But if more light upon this subject were needed, Mr. Todd would supply more. Cranmer’s own copy of this code is in the British Museum. It appears to contain his last revisions. Now in this copy, after ‘*puniendus*,’ is added, ‘*exilio vel æterno carcere*’; but the pen is drawn through these words, and the following substituted for them;—‘*vel ut in perpetuum pellatur exilium, vel ad æternas carceris deprimatur tenebras, aut alioquin magistratui prudenti consideratione plectendus, ut maximè illius conversioni expedire videbitur.*’

videbitor.'—So that the question of capital punishment, at least, is surely set at rest. In truth, *moderation* was the key of Cranmer's character and conduct. It shows itself in great things and in small. He was not for pushing matters to extremities with More and Fisher: he would be satisfied with their oath to the succession, and waive the rest, having respect to their scruples, and wisely considering the weight of their example; to that effect he writes to Cromwell. He was for winking at the use of the mass by the Princess Mary. He has occasion to write to Latimer, whom he had recommended as a preacher to the court, and who was evidently considered a humourist even in his own day, hardly to be trusted to go alone by reason of his singularity: it is still in the same vein that he writes—He would not have him personal in his sermons. 'What might sound suspiciously against any *special* man's facts, acts, or sayings,' he would have him avoid. Of the mysteries and moralities, respecting the lawfulness of which there was soon much controversy, he seems to have pronounced no opinion. Gardiner and his party denounced them as hateful. Fox, a puritan, ranks players with printers and preachers, being, altogether, the 'three things set up of God, as a triple bulwark against the triple crown of the pope, to bring him down.' Cranmer seems to evade the question, neither blessing them at all, nor cursing them at all; and a passage in the Latin Catechism, where they are reflected upon as 'ridiculous, licentious, and unworthy fables, having religion for their pretence,' is studiously omitted in the translation done under his inspection. Indeed, in general, Cranmer took his stand on ground between the two parties—the Roman Catholics and the Puritans; for the attempts which have been made to identify him with the latter are abortive; and a matter of wonder it is that he could avoid rushing into that extreme, driven as he was by the gross corruptions of the established church. Puritan, however, he was not. It was said, indeed, amongst the exiles at Frankfort, that he would have gone further in the Prayer-book had he not been hampered by a wicked convocation and clergy; but there is no sufficient evidence of this being his disposition. On the contrary, in adapting the prayers of foreign churches to our own, (as in the two confessions of the liturgy and communion service,) strong expressions, and those coincident with some of the tenets of the Puritans, are designedly moderated or withheld; and, in general, Cranmer's own opinion of his Prayer-book is best conveyed in his own words, of which we know not what cause there is to question the sincerity, that 'no one could object to that godly book,' (we quote from memory, but the passage occurs somewhere in Strype's life of him,) 'who had any godliness in him, coupled with knowledge.' The

sermon

sermon on the Keys, annexed to the catechism published under his sanction, is not written in a spirit to please the Puritans, but the reverse. It must have offended them, being much too emphatic an assertion of the privileges and authority of the church to meet with their concurrence. His controversy with Hooper on the episcopal habits argues the same moderation in his views. Surely, had Cranmer been so inclined, he might have here conceded to the precisians with a very good grace; for he had the king's warrant, nay, his recommendation, to come to a compromise with Hooper—yet he refused.

In framing the articles of his church, moderation was still his principle: he consulted no party exclusively; they are, as they ought to be, comprehensive; allowing some debateable ground, some latitude of opinion in matters unessential. It was his original intention to draw up, with the help of a convocation of learned men, a set of articles which should embrace all the reformed part of Christendom. Melancthon suggested and promoted this plan; nevertheless Calvin was consulted too: the leading reformers, in short, whether of one party or another, were made acquainted with it. But it failed as to Christendom in general—which was not to be wondered at; and then Cranmer contracted his views, and limited himself to England. The mere announcement of this their origin is enough to show the *animus* with which our articles were compiled—that it was not narrow or sectarian. There was, indeed, a party amongst the reformers who were more exclusive in their notions, and who, like the divines of Westminster and of the Savoy at a later period, advocated the adoption of the Predestinarian doctrines—Bradford was of this sect; and accordingly he drew up a treatise on the subject, which was supposed by Dr. Winchester and Mr. Hey, and indeed by most modern divines, to be no longer extant; Archbishop Laurence, however, was happy enough to discover it some years ago amongst the Bodleian manuscripts, and published it with a valuable introduction. It was addressed in Bradford's own name and in that of his fellow-prisoners to Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, as the 'chief captains of Christ's church.' It manifests some misgiving on the part of the writer as to how far it would be acceptable to those distinguished leaders. They were to approve '*as they might think good.*'—His companions in bonds were ready and willing to signify their concurrence in the positions he had advanced, '*as they should see them (Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley) give the example.*' And what was its object? It was to procure some specific declaration from authority against the Free-willers, whom he chooses to call plain 'Papists, yea, Pelagians.' 'I must complain of you unto God in the last day,' says he, 'if ye will not, as ye can, help something,

something, ut veritas doctrinæ maneat apud posteros in this behalf, as ye have done in behalf of matters expunged by the Papists.' Now, be it remembered that the articles of our church had been settled some two years before this letter was written, which was in February, 1555,—articles, in which the extinction of Papal errors had indeed been effected, but which, it should seem, according to Bradford's notions, were defective, in that the question of Predestination had not been determined too. What answer then does he get to this communication? From Cranmer and Latimer none at all, as far as we know,—but, from Ridley, that 'he will think of the matter, as he can and may for his tardity and dulness,'—that he will do that he might do 'conveniently in the matter.' Ridley's first impressions therefore are clearly not favourable to Bradford's application, and so it was understood by Bradford; for, in a second letter, which Ridley addresses to him in answer, it should seem, to one of Bradford's which is lost, we learn that the latter had resented the neglect or rejection of his proposition, and we learn, at the same time, the wise and liberal principles by which this great reformer was governed—

'Where you say,' writes Ridley, 'that if your request had been heard, things, you think, had been in better case than they be; know you, that concerning the matters you mean, I have in Latin drawn out the places of the Scriptures, and upon the same have noted what I can for the time—Sir, in these matters I am so fearful, that I dare not speak farther, yea almost none otherwise than the text doth, as it were, lead me by the hand.'

We think, therefore, that nothing can be clearer than that our articles were framed upon a principle of comprehension rather than of exclusion; and that if the pugnacious controversialists, whether Calvinist or Arminian, who, from time to time, have asserted their own special right to the articles, could have appealed to the spirit of Cranmer or of Ridley, the answer, had there been one, would have run in no form of words so likely as in that voice from the tomb, of which Lord Byron speaks with so much emotion, '*Imploro pace.*'

But it has been thought, that the moderation which governed Cranmer in all other things, forsook him in the composition of our liturgy. Gibbon, more enamoured of Mahometanism than was seemly in a philosopher, fails not to remark, amongst its other merits, the brevity of its prayers—'the measure of zeal was not exhausted by a tedious liturgy.' We should be curious to know what might be the limits of a liturgy which should not exhaust the measure of zeal that fell to the lot of the historian of the Decline and Fall. The same objection, however, is urged by many in a far more honest heart than his.—Alas! for the fastidiousness

fastidiousness of the times! But the fault, it is said, is not in Cranmer; it is in ourselves. We have combined three services into one, and then complain of its length. We have taken other opportunities of exposing this mistake, for such we believe it to be, and shall not here recapitulate all our reasons for thinking it so,—suffice it to say, that whilst it appears by a passage in the '*Life of Grindal*,' that the morning-service—strictly so called—succeeded to the matins of the Roman Catholic church, five o'clock in the forenoon being the time at which it was appointed in the first instance to begin,—so does it appear no less clearly by a comparison of the Injunctions of Edward and of Elizabeth, that the litany and communion-service, taken together, succeeded to the high mass; and accordingly that, as there had been an interval between matins and mass, so did there continue to be an interval between morning-service and the litany and communion-service; but none whatever between these two last; and the other only for a very few years,—morning-service, litany, and communion-service being apparently united as now, so early as in Hooker's time, who, in combating the objections made to the length of the liturgy, incidentally admits it to occupy an hour and a half. If the original practice could be again restored doubtless it would be well, and some trifling objections on the score of the repetitions incident to the service as at present conducted would be removed; but the difficulty of collecting an early congregation, which at first caused the evil, such as it is, would still prevent the remedy such as we propose. And, after all, the frequent repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and, indeed, the same may be said of other repetitions, has this advantage, that as the attention is apt to wander and return, it may be arrested in one instance, where it had been suffered to escape in another; and it has this defence, that real importunity manifests itself in iteration of language, and that our Lord himself, in the hour of his most urgent supplication, thrice 'said the same words.' With regard to the absolute length of our service, is it greater than suffices to impress the minds of a congregation with a sense of the share which religion ought to have of their time and thoughts? We think not. High mass was perhaps as long; and when we consider that it was in contemplation of our reformers that baptism should be administered after the second lesson,—moreover, that marriages should be solemnized in the face of the congregation too,—it should seem that they did not look upon these supplements to the regular morning prayer as adding extravagantly to its length, which, nevertheless, in such cases, would be nearly or quite as great as now, when in deference to the wishes of the people, these occasional services are postponed. Neither do
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those who advocate an abridgment of the service upon the ground that the reformers never intended one so long as our own, take into consideration the curtailment which sermons have undergone since the days of Cranmer, which, from an hour or an hour and half, are now 'dwindled to the shortest span.' Our services have been constructed advisedly; their several component parts are in strict relation to one another; and we confess that we should witness any attempt at fusing them into another liturgy with unfeigned regret, both because we think that the harmony of the several portions would be impaired, and because we feel that we should thereby weaken the loyalty of many to the church, and give up at once for 'some new thing,' the reverential associations of nearly three hundred years.

But we must on. Mr. Todd copies the several recantations of Cranmer, as they were published by Bonner, six in number, each rising above the other in its demands upon the spirit-broken victim. These he submits to a jealous examination, having no faith in the honesty of the original publisher; and, finally, he bestows a few words on the notion of the modern Roman Catholic historian, that there was yet a seventh. Whether, however, they were printed in perfect good faith, and whether they were more or fewer in number, is not a matter of any great importance: that the recantation was ample there can be no question, and there needs no evidence beyond the affecting penance of Cranmer himself. Of him it must be confessed, that his physical courage was not equal to his moral; and it must have been the torment of his life to find himself constantly drifted into positions by force of circumstances which put him to the proof precisely in a point where only he could be found wanting. In such situations he sometimes behaved with the spirit and constancy of the martyr, who could thrust the hand by which he had offended into the flames, and, at other times, with the weakness of the man who could set that hand to 'the little leaf.'

Henry was as dangerous to approach as a sleeping lion, and Cranmer was forbidden the Court; yet he ventured to write to him in behalf of Anne, imploring the King's mercy towards her, (to adopt the happy quotation of Sir James Mackintosh,) 'his life so late and dear delight.' The stand which he made against passing the Act of the Six Articles was that of a bold as well as a benevolent man; insomuch that Cromwell observed, 'Do or say what you will, the King doth always take it well at your hands;' for at that time Henry was not in love with the reformers. When the same Cromwell lay under the displeasure of his capricious master, and was deserted 'in his utmost need' by all his false and fleeting friends, Cranmer had the spirit to write to the tyrant
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in favour of a fallen man, generously asserting that 'he had always loved the King above all things, and served him with great fidelity and success.' His answer to the Devonshire rebels, a formidable body at the time, was valiant as well as wise. His intercession to the Council in behalf of the Protector Somerset, his fast friend, when the lords were now pursuing him to the death, though fruitless, was honest and manly. His conduct on the accession of Mary, when he was advised to fly, and had the opportunity to do so, was worthy of a Christian hero; whilst he recommended others to take care of themselves, urging the example of our Lord, who retired into Samaria to avoid the malice of the Jews, and commanded his Apostles, if persecuted in one place to flee unto another; and whilst he further exhorted them not to detract from the number of Christ's little flock by an unnecessary surrender of their lives, he added, on his own part, that 'it would be no way fitting for him to go away, considering the post in which he was, but rather to show that he was not afraid to own all the changes that were by his means made in religion in the last reign.' But then, through that frailty in our nature, by reason of which we cannot always stand upright, the same Cranmer pronounces the divorce of Queen Anne, for whom he had just before so eloquently and so honourably pleaded; lends himself a second time to the same humiliating office in the case of Anne of Cleves, afraid, as it should seem, that this hasty and hapless match should involve himself, as well as Cromwell, in ruin; suffers himself to be overruled in his sounder judgment by the persuasions of a boy, aided, perhaps, by secret misgivings of his own, and thus to be made a party to the unjust exclusion of Mary from the throne; and finally sacrifices his conscience to the ignoble love of a life of which he had once prepared himself to be prodigal, and which he did at last lay down (rebuking, as it were, the 'foul fiend' that had possessed his better self for a moment), with the dignity of a dauntless soldier and servant of Christ. The touching particulars of the last sad scene are given in that equally authentic and picturesque narration from the hand of a generous enemy, 'which,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of ancient English' we possess. With this document, which Mr. Todd very properly extracts from Strype, he would have done well to close the mournful history; but the taste of the antiquary,—a taste which, it is fair to say, occasionally lends great interest to these pages,—gets the better of the biographer, and he adds the bill for the Archbishop's burning.

The reflections which the martyr's end, his fear and his firmness, might raise in the mind of a candid man, shall be given in the eloquent words of the distinguished writer to whom we have already alluded

alluded more than once; whose sketch of the Reformation, contained in the second volume of his '*History of England*,' if it does not dwell on Cranmer's talents with the emphasis we could have desired, bears abundant testimony to his virtues, and, on the whole, will serve, if we mistake not, to befriend his memory in quarters where it may have suffered, and to suggest a kindly feeling towards the church itself.

'The language of Cranmer,' says he, in a spirit which knows how to make allowance for the occasional backslidings of the great and good, and has no pleasure in pointing out a dead fly in a sweet ointment,—

'the language of Cranmer speaks his sincerity, and demonstrates that the love of truth still prevailed in his inmost heart. It gushed forth at the sight of death, full of healing power, which engendered a purifying and ennobling penitence, and restored the mind to its own esteem, after a departure from the onward path of sincerity; courage survived a public avowal of dishonour—the hardest test to which that virtue can be exposed; and if he once fatally failed in fortitude, he, in his last moments, atoned for his failure by a magnanimity equal to his transgression.—Let those,' it is added, 'who require unbending virtue in the most tempestuous times, condemn the amiable and faulty primate; others, who are not so certain of their own steadiness, will consider his fate as, perhaps, the most memorable example in history of a soul which, though debased, is not depraved by an act of weakness, and preserved an heroic courage after the forfeiture of honour, its natural spur, and, in general, its inseparable companion.'

Such was the principal founder of our church,—a church for which we will crave leave to say a few words at parting, under the shelter of the name of this illustrious martyr.

There was a custom in Abyssinia, when factions were violent and ready to tear each other in pieces for mutual wrongs, to compromise the quarrel by means of a camel. It was agreed that nobody in all Abyssinia had been to blame on either side, but the whole mischief, be it what it might, was the work of the camel. The camel had set the town on fire; the camel had threatened to burn the aga's house and the castle; the camel had cursed the grand signior and the sheriff of Mecca;—in short, whatever evil had befallen the state was all the doing of this luckless camel. Accordingly the poor animal, though actually the most useful thing in the whole country, was dispatched, each man transfixing him with his javelin, and so going his way in peace. The church seems to be just now the camel of England;—Infidels, Catholics, Dissenters, Whigs, Radicals, however much they may have heretofore quarrelled amongst themselves, seem to have agreed to forgive and forget, and lay all the fault upon the camel.

The church of England is not an Apostolical church, cries one, with the puritans of old time. Square it by the model of the Acts and of the Epistles, and it will be found out of all compass. St. Paul and St. Peter had neither livings nor tithes; for here lies the gravamen of the charge, as it did in the days of Cromwell—when the presbyterians urged it till they had dispossessed the episcopalian, and then found it convenient to be silent, having entered into their possessions. But what if the apostles did not receive tithes? Does not a change of circumstances warrant a change of practice in things indifferent? Greet one another with an holy kiss, says St. Paul. Such was the custom of the country in which that apostle lived and the age in which he wrote;—but may not we shake hands? The first apostles, perhaps, had no districts assigned them, and no funds appropriated to their use; but even by the time of St. Paul some alteration appears to have been effected in both these particulars, for we find him unwilling ‘to build upon another’s foundation’ (Rom. xv. 20.), refusing ‘to stretch himself beyond his measure,’ or ‘to boast in another man’s line of things made ready to his hand’ (2 Cor. x. 14. 16); as though, even at that early period, the small portion of the world then Christian was gradually assuming the shape of parishes, assigned to their several teachers, and as though the arrangement was considered convenient by the apostle himself. In like manner, though the twelve disciples are sent forth into the world without purse or payment, by the time of St. Paul’s ministry, a change had been wrought here also; for however he himself worked with his own hands, in order that he might not be burdensome to a community then consisting almost exclusively of the poorest of the people, he did not waive the right of a maintenance as an *Apostle of Christ* (1 Thess. ii. 6.), but, on the contrary, expressly challenged it for himself, in case he chose ‘to forbear working,’ as well as for a sister, a wife, if he thought fit to have one,—a right which other apostles not only challenged but exacted. (1 Cor. ix. 5.) In both these instances, therefore, the mere mechanism of the church was allowed to adapt itself to the actual circumstances of the church, the principle being still the same as that which had before obtained under the law, for the ambulatory church in the wilderness differed in many respects, and in some important respects, from the stationary church afterwards established at Jerusalem. Besides, those who would tie down our own church to the rigid observance of primitive usage in things indifferent, would do well to remember that, if the rule is good for the clergy, it is equally good for the laity, and that it was the primitive usage of these latter, a usage approved by the apostles too, to sell their lands and houses, as many as possessed them,

them, in order that distribution might be made to every man according as he had need, all things being held in common; so that if the representatives of the apostles are to be unbeneficed, it is only fair that the representatives of the hearers of the apostles should be un-squired. It is no doubt a very pleasant thing to talk about St. Paul as a rector of Rome or of Thessalonica, or a prebendary of Philippi, or a dean of Corinth; but it would be equally pleasant to represent him as wearing a black coat, a pair of quarter-boots, and walking with an umbrella through his parish; yet there would certainly be no reason why he should not do these things were he now sojourning amongst us, or why he should still confine himself to the use of sandals and to the cloak which he left at Troas. The discordance of the ideas brought into near relation in either case, proves nothing as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the propositions they involve; nor, indeed, proves anything at all, but that ridicule is a poor test of truth. That parishes, therefore, should be set apart for the clergy, or that stipends, consisting of tithes, should be paid them, is not contrary to apostolic intentions, but rather in accordance with them; such parochial divisions securing to every part of a country a pastor of its own, whereas, in a system of itinerancy, many parts might be unserved; such a method of payment, besides, having the sanction of the Mosaical law, providing that pastor with an income which rises and falls with the prices of the times, and is for a perpetual generation.

But I do not quarrel with the principle of a parochial, or a paid ministry, says another, but with the amount of the payment. And if livings of Succoth, worth 8,000*l.* a year, and episcopal savings to the amount of 1,200,000*l.* in the three per cent. consols, were fair samples of ecclesiastical portions, there might be some cause for quarrel; but this being a case of facts and figures, we are compelled to have recourse to less facetious authority. We have lying upon our table the last charge of the Bishop of Peterborough, in which his lordship enters into the statistics of his diocese in complete detail, and with his wonted perspicuity. Having remarked that the revenues of the bishoprics have been most grossly exaggerated; and that, with respect to his own, (which we may observe equals or exceeds in value twelve out of the twenty-four,) it is so far from enriching its possessor, that it falls considerably short of the expenses which it unavoidably occasions, his lordship proceeds to a particular description of the diocese of Peterborough according to the data which he has been able to collect, and which have occupied some of his attention during twelve years.

* The benefices in this diocese are in number not quite 300, though the churches and chapels, with a consequent increase of duty, exceed

that number. Of these benefices there are 120, that is, more than two-fifths of the whole, which do not exceed 200*l.* a year. This is the maximum, which few of them attain, and not less than twenty-six of them are under 100*l.* We cannot, therefore, reckon the average value of those 120 livings so high as 150*l.* Of livings exceeding 200*l.*, but not exceeding 300*l.*, the number is seventy-four. But as few of them amount to the latter sum, and most of them are much below it, we cannot take the average value so high as 250*l.* Since, then, 120 livings average only 150*l.*, and seventy-four other livings average less than 250*l.*, the two sets taken together cannot average more than 200*l.*, because the number in the former set exceeds the number in the latter set in the proportion of 120 to 74, or more than three to two. Here, then, we have 194 livings out of less than 300, that is, nearly two-thirds of the whole, of which the annual average value does not exceed 200*l.*

‘But if such is the case with two-thirds of the livings in this diocese, it may be urged, that they find an equipoise in the remaining third. Let us see, therefore, whether the average of the remaining third exhibits such enormous wealth as to afford just matter of reproach to those who, in general, are so educated as to qualify them for the society of the highest orders in the state. Seventy-three livings out of the remaining third vary, as far as I have been able to obtain information, from 300*l.* to 500*l.* a year; but as the greater part of them are under 400*l.*, we cannot take them all together at a higher average. There are fifteen livings which average about 550*l.* a year; and the average of the few remaining livings cannot be taken at so high an average as 800*l.*, though two or three of them exceed that amount.

‘I have thus given,’ adds the bishop, ‘a faithful description of the incomes possessed by the parochial clergy in this diocese; and, if we take the poor livings with the good livings, I am sure there is no reason to complain that the clergy of this diocese are overloaded with wealth; and there will appear still less reason to complain when the unavoidable outgoings are taken into the account?’

Here then is a clear, candid, and particular account of the livings in a single diocese; and, on taking an average of them all, we shall find that, one with another, they are worth about 290*l.* a year. Now the livings of this diocese are considerably above the average of the livings generally throughout England, as appears from the returns of tithes made to the tax-office, and published by the House of Commons in the estimates and accounts of 1813. For an abstract of these latter we refer our readers to a sheet, entitled ‘Awkward Facts,’ recently published at Cambridge; for the church has no interest in concealing her means, but she has an interest in exposing to the uttermost those shameless misrepresentations of ecclesiastical property which are put forth every day for the purpose of exciting the cupidity or the disgust of the nation.

lion. We have selected the case of an individual diocese, however, rather than taken the whole kingdom, because it is carefully investigated and clearly put; because a single case is more open to refutation if there be any error in the reckoning; and because we would give the enemies of the establishment every advantage which an over-estimate of its revenues (for such it is) may afford them, feeling that our argument can well bear it. It seems, therefore, after all, that the average value of English livings is about the same as that of Scotch livings, which is 278*l.* per annum, exclusive of the glebes, the number of clergy in Scotland being nine hundred and thirty-six, and the whole income of the church to which they belong being made up by parliament to 260,000*l.* Is it the nation's pleasure to reduce the income of the clergy to a sum lower than this; to make mendicants of them, like the friars, and so to have them like the friars, exclusively of the lowest of the people, unlettered, ill-bred, time-serving, sly, and expert in all the arts of petty and often of vicious intrigue?

To say the truth, however, we do not see what right the nation has to interfere with church property, be the amount what it may, except in the way of trusteeship. Tithes are not a tax imposed by the state for the maintenance of the clergy, and, therefore, to be submitted to parliament with the army and navy estimates;—they are a rent-charge laid by lords of manors upon their own proper estates generations ago, for the support of ministers upon those estates for ever. This is matter of history, of which any man may satisfy himself who will turn to Dugdale's '*Monasticon Anglicanum*,' or to '*Selden on Tithes*.' Archdeacon Lyall, in a charge recently delivered to the clergy of Colchester, gives a few instances of such endowments of livings within his own archdeaconry. They are found in '*Newcourt's Repertorium*.'

'Audley, endowed by Robert de Ram, in the reign of King Stephen; Ashdon, endowed in the reign of William the First, by Gaufridus and Radulphus Baynard; Great Badfield, in 1090, by Gilbert de Clare; Great Bentley, about the same time, by Alberic de Vere; Great Clacton, by Richard de Beauvys, or de Belmeis; Coggeshall, by Earl Godwin (with the tithes of Stisted), in the time of Edward the Confessor; Elsenham, by Beatrix de Say, in 1200; White Notley, by Roger Bigod, in the reign of William the First; Black Notley, by Walter de Mandeville, in 1218; Rickling, by Geoffry de Say, in the reign of Henry the Second; Weeley, by Elgiva, a noble Saxon lady, in the time of Edward the Confessor. It would be easy,' adds the archdeacon, 'to extend the number of examples; and even to produce the very words of the endowments, many of which are given at length by Newcourt.'

Estates have been inherited,—have been bought and sold,—wherever they have been bought and sold, subject to this rent-charge; or, in other words, nine-tenths of such estates have been
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the object of transfer, and not ten-tenths ; and we know not how the possessor of a titheable property can reconcile it to his own sense of common honesty to clamour (as he very often does) for the abolition of tithes, seeing that it is neither more nor less than to declare his fixed purpose to augment a lawful inheritance or purchase by a mere lawless seizure,—to claim so much as his own by right, and so much more as his own by might ;—to admit, that whilst he holds his own possessions, freely to enjoy, his heart is sick because he happens not to have Naboth's vineyard too. That is the truth. But even allowing that the people might lawfully interfere with tithes to their alienation, would it be their wisdom so to do ? What property is so accessible to the people at large as church property ? In what other have they the same chance of being partakers in the same degree ? And do they wish to tie themselves up from this fair field of adventure by appropriating the revenues of the church to individuals, or to the state ? The case is somewhat analogous to that of a common, which, so long as it is uninclosed, is a treasure to all the peasantry who live upon its borders ; but let the act of inclosure be passed, and the cottager's cow-gate or sheep-gate (as they call it in the north) is at an end. So it is with the church,—it is *open territory*. A poor man's son may be bishop of Durham. Butler was a younger child of a small shopkeeper in a country town, and he a dissenter ; but if the property annexed to that see had belonged to a dukedom instead of a bishopric, where would have been the dissenting tradesman's boy ? This is no extravagant case. The bench of bishops at this moment, though never more respectable, is, on the whole, a plebeian bench. On that bench there will be found splendid instances of individuals, having no pretensions to distinction in society beyond those of high talent and spotless character, placed on a level with the most ancient blood of the land, and entitled to lift up a fearless voice in its most august assembly. Nay, the author of the *Six Letters to the Farmers*,* of which we wish the circulation were as wide as it deserves to be, was told many years ago by a prime minister's daughter, that her mother's maid was a bishop's sister, and he moreover the head of a college ; so that here we have a peer and a premier going down to the House of Lords to encounter, in equal debate, the brother of his wife's tire-woman. Do we say this in disparagement of

* We have, we believe, mentioned this admirable tract before. It is generally ascribed to the Rev. Hugh James Rose, the present Christian Advocate of Cambridge ; and we hope rightly so : for it certainly does the author, whoever he may be, infinite honour. A more happy specimen of condensed information, plain manly sense, and native vigorous English we have not met with ; and the whole is lightened up with a vein of exquisite humour. Such a work is more likely to do good at present than a hundred laboured dissertations. The *Dropier* himself could hardly have struck the tone for the times more skilfully.

the bishop? No; but in commendation of the system which made him; and we cannot but wonder that when the rage is for popular rights, as it now is, objections should be started against an institution so popular in its very nature as an endowed church.

But it is not of the sum total of the revenues of the church that I complain, says another, but of the unequal distribution of them—for it is singular with what kindness the cause of the poorer clergy, or the *working* clergy, that is the phrase, who are, of course, unable to state their own grievances, is advocated just now by 'the friend of humanity.'—Unequal, no doubt, the distribution of church property is, which is the case with other property besides that of the church, and in the latter instance too a similar objection is often heard from a similar quarter,—though, we believe, that many who feel its force as regards the church, feel no force at all in it as regards the laity. Let the question have fair play. Such inequality, up to a certain point, is, in neither case, an evil, but a good, in the church a great good—one wool-sack makes many men fit to sit upon it who never do—one dukedom makes many men try to fight their way to it, whose services would otherwise have been lost to their country—and so, one mitre, or stall, or goodly rectory makes many scholars fit to adorn either, and embark their talents in a profession which has prizes to give, though they may not be the parties to get them. The spirits of men, like other spirits, will not stir upon a dead level; and the mischief of such an order of things is manifested in our labourers, who have lost all heart and activity, simply because they cannot rise; there is no scale of holdings for them as there once was, one or other of which they might successively occupy as their means increased; they are on a tread mill, ever climbing and never mounting an inch, till at last, in sheer despondency, they stagnate, or study mischief. It would be with the labourers of the vineyard, as it is with the labourers of the field, if their portions were all alike. The zeal of the church would cool; for it is visionary to suppose that a body of clergymen will not be acted upon by feelings common to all men,—they would be above or below their nature were it otherwise. The literature of the church would languish; 'for though many look with an evil eye on the endowments of the English church, to that church,' says Dr. Chalmers, (himself, be it remembered, one of the brightest ornaments of the church of Scotland,) 'the theological literature of our nation stands indebted for her best acquisitions; and we hold it a refreshing spectacle,' he continues, 'at any time that meagre Socinianism pours forth a new supply of flippancy and errors, when we behold, as we have often done, an armed champion come forth, in full equipment, from some high and lettered retreat of that noble hierarchy; nor can we grudge her the wealth of her endowments,

ments, when we think how well, under her venerable auspices, the battles of orthodoxy have been fought—that in this holy warfare they are her sons and her scholars who are foremost in the field—ready at all times to face the threatening mischief, and by the might of their ponderous erudition, to overbear it.’ So that a church, and a most estimable one, of which the revenues are equally diffused, has to seek its *theology*, it seems, from a church of which the portions are some ample and some scanty. The character of the clergy would sink in the eyes of the people; for, as it is, even the lowest amongst them derive a dignity, not a false dignity, but such as renders them more efficient in their callings, from the scholarship, the intelligence, the social rank of their more exalted brethren. It would be indeed an anomaly in the system upon which society is constructed in England, to say that one stratum of it, and only one, should be perfectly horizontal, and that men whose profession closes every avenue to a competency but one, shall be vexatiously impeded in that also. You have surgeons who ride in their carriages, and see the first people in the land at their own houses, and you have surgeons who breathe a vein, draw a tooth, and farm a club—you have booksellers who mix with the best literary men of the time, and you have booksellers who deal in quills and Jack the Giant Killer—you have brewers and mercers who are members of Parliament and men of note upon the Rialto, and you have some of the same calling, too glad to supply the Lion with a barrel of porter, or to measure out a yard of tape to a maiden on a market-day. Is not this as it should be? We think it is; and that by this diversity of ranks, all parties have a chance of being shuffled into their right places; a whole class is made satisfied with its lot by the distinction of a few individuals in it; and a spring is communicated to it throughout, which renders all its movements spirited, vigorous, and elastic. So it is with the church. Its clergy would be but a *tame* body were they all provided for alike, be the provision what it might. If, indeed, the talents and acquirements of the clergy were all alike, no man amongst them could reasonably feel aggrieved at such a system; but that not being the case, the more highly gifted would naturally fret at the conditions of a profession which rendered these their gifts unavailing, and it would soon be found that parents would abstain from sending a hopeful boy into a calling which afforded him no field for distinction, and the church would be filled with the refuse of our schools and universities, and with none other; meanwhile those universities and schools, of which the tutors and teachers would be still in all probability ecclesiastics, would decay under a generation of men no longer the flower of the scholars of the time, and the light which is amongst us becoming darkness, how great would be that darkness!

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Some inequality therefore, and, indeed, a considerable inequality, in the portions which the church has to dispense is much to be desired;—still the principle may be pushed too far, and should the inequality be such as to imply an absolute want of subsistence for the incumbents of the smallest livings of all, and thereby to afford not a pretext, but almost a necessity, for non-residence, it is pushed too far,—for, after all, this must be never lost sight of, that the church of England is an instrument meant for the effectual diffusion of religious knowledge throughout England, and that whatever seriously obstructs this, its very end and object, its best friends would wish removed—the life is more than the meat and the body than the raiment. Now, by returns made to Parliament in 1815, and published in the Parliamentary papers of 1818, returns made when prices were very high, it appears that 2273 livings were under a 100*l.* a-year; nearly a third of that number under 50*l.* a-year; and that 4809 livings were without any parsonage house, (more than half this number actually were so,) or with such a one as was quite unfit for a clergyman's residence, and did not let for more than two or three pounds a-year. It cannot, therefore, be denied that a very large division of our livings are thoroughly poverty-stricken, and that until some remedy can be found for this disease, non-residence, which so frequently is as rottenness of the bones to the church, must, to a great extent, be tolerated. How then is the evil to be redressed? Let the church property be fused, says the reformer with great self-complacency, and a new and a better division of it be made. Now, to many who advocate this doctrine, we have nothing on the present occasion to offer, because they are consistent reformers, and would make thoroughpace work of all property both in church and state; but really to hear men who cling to their own broad acres with the tenacity of their own timber—and, above all, men who are actually perhaps holding tithes themselves to a vast amount as sinecurists,—to hear these preach the same doctrines, is something too bad. What has occasioned this extreme inequality in the value of livings, these pluralities, this non-residence, but the system of impropriations?—a system, by which it happens that in about half the benefices of England not a sheaf of the great tithe goes to the garner of the clergyman, but is all swept away to the squire, who forthwith puts his horses to his carriage, the very tithes making them to go, and having lodged himself on one of the benches of St. Stephen's chapel (the only ecclesiastical duty he does), lifts up his voice there against pluralists, non-residents, the indolence and rapacity of priests. Yet indolent as they are said to be, we observe that when functionaries are wanted by these same legislators for carrying any useful measure into effect, the clergy are invited to the work without much scruple or misgiving, and that
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in their projects, for instance, for the gratuitous education of the poor; for the effectual management of savings-banks; for the organisation of friendly societies upon sound principles; for the adjustment of the census of the population, and a satisfactory answer to the statistical questions connected with that census; for the establishment of boards of health in the case of dangerous visitations of sickness, and the like, the active assistance of the clergy is apt to be counted upon, nor is it counted upon, we imagine, in vain. Neither have the clergy been such idle observers of the times, as not to be the first to open the eyes of landlords to the disaffection that has been gradually introducing itself amongst the peasantry, and to suggest the wisdom of giving them some interest in the soil, by letting out to them small allotments of it, and so tying them by the tooth. This hint has been taken, and with the happiest effects; and had another of their suggestions been also listened to as it deserved, a suggestion founded, like the former, on a more intimate knowledge of the habits and dispositions of the lower classes, than commonly falls to the lot of those who make our laws, the bill for the beer-houses would never have seen the light; places, we firmly believe, where much of the mischief which is now afloat in the country has been brewed, besides the beer. Rapacious again as are the clergy when compared with laymen, but a few years ago almost two-fifths of the subscriptions to the county hospital of Durham (we are told) came from the clergy; and at this moment, in the county where we happen to write, that of Salop, where the church is much less splendidly endowed than in Durham, we discover that one-sixth of the subscribers to a similar institution are clergymen; many of them, very many of them, men of extremely limited incomes, with large families, and, like all of their profession, having a life-interest only in their possessions, and too often destined to carry along with them the cupboard-key when they die; and, indeed, if the accusers of the clergy will have the candour to look over any list of charitable contributions, we care not what, whether for the relief of the spiritual or temporal wants of the people and observe the proportion of clerical names which it contains, we do not think it will be such as to make the church ashamed. On casting our eye, for instance, over the last Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and taking a couple of letters at random in the alphabetical list of subscribers' names, we perceive that out of 1348, (which is the amount of those two letters,) 677, or somewhat more than one-half, are clergymen. To whatever slanders the church may be exposed, whilst it stands, of this we are sure, from an intimate knowledge of its quiet operations among the poorer part of our population, that justice will be done it one day by them when it is fallen, and that the worth of
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the well will be known and acknowledged when it is dry, if not till then.

There are others and real well-wishers to the church, who, without going the length of re-casting ecclesiastical property, hope to mitigate, and by degrees remove, the evil of small and houseless livings, by taking a fresh valuation of undischarged benefices, and paying over the actual instead of the nominal first-fruits or tenths, or both, to Queen Anne's bounty, and so to make that fund effectual to the more rapid improvement of the poorest livings of all. Of this class of reformers is the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, whose opinion, always worthy of respect, is not the less so in the present instance, as, if it were carried into effect in the manner he proposes, it would be much to his own damage. That such a plan presents difficulties there can be no doubt; still it deserves consideration whether, if not the scheme itself, some modification of it might not be adopted. Two-thirds of the livings in England and Wales are in the gift of laymen—they, no doubt, would be often found unwilling to relinquish a portion of property at the disposal of them and of their heirs for ever. Some persons have bought advowsons, and it may be said to be hard upon them to load them with a payment which was not considered in the purchase money. There are those who have an objection, and a fair objection, to the principle, which certainly is of a levelling tendency, and might be urged farther than was intended. Some may argue, and justly argue, that the church establishment is for the general benefit of the public, not for the exclusive benefit of the individual minister, and therefore that the public ought to take their share in the sacrifice thus demanded for the public service; and some again may contend that though there are many livings so small as to call loudly for augmentation, there are very few livings so large as to bear a reduction for such a purpose. There is much reason in all these objections; and some of them, particularly the equalizing tendency of the principle, have caused many of the most sincere friends of the church to withhold their support from the plan, Lord Harrowby, the discreet and zealous benefactor of the inferior clergy, amongst the rest. He, therefore, limiting his views to the augmentation of one division only of small livings, those belonging to cathedrals and collegiate bodies (the universities excepted), suggested, in a recent republication of a Letter addressed to the late Mr. Perceval, the revival of a measure of the date of Charles II., when deans and chapters and other dignitaries were commanded by an injunction of that monarch, (being the repetition of a similar injunction of his father,) on renewing the leases of tithes impropriate, to make provision for the augmentation of the poor vicarages and curacies in their gift; an injunction of
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which the authority was recognised by act of parliament, and the augmentations made in obedience to it secured to the parties for ever. But the injunctions and the act having fallen into entire desuetude, Lord Harrowby, as we have said, brought them again before the notice of the country; and thus originated, we suppose, the Bill of last year introduced into the Upper House; a bill, if we remember, not compulsory upon these ecclesiastical bodies, but hortatory, and at the same time having for its object, to make valid and perpetuate any such appropriation of their revenues as they might deem expedient. We believe that this, like other practical measures, is for the present suspended. Of its great value there can be no question; for the number of small livings in the presentation of cathedrals and other ecclesiastical corporations is very considerable. The only question is, whether the remedy is commensurate with the disease—the case is urgent; the church rides, and is long likely to ride, in a very tempestuous sea, and if she could throw out an anchor in every parish in the land, which she would do had she a resident minister in every parish in the land, persuaded we are, that she would weather it all without damage.

To be convinced of this, we have only to look at the honest testimony of regard, which any clergyman of common conduct, who has resided a few years in his parish, is sure to receive if circumstances happen to remove him—the reluctance expressed at the separation—the cordial wishes for his future welfare—the parting presents—the unaffected sorrow at the thought that they shall see his face no more—the strength of the bands which kindly intercourse had knit between the parties, never, perhaps, known to either till then. Let all this be witnessed, and we shall soon be satisfied that nothing is wanted but a clergyman in every parish to walk ‘not unseen’ amongst his people, in order to fix the church to which he belongs in the hearts and affections of them all. It is not in human nature that it should be otherwise. Some remember that he taught them when children—some that he visited them when sick—some that he pleaded their cause with the landlord, the agent, or the overseer—some that he was the man to see the last of their friends dead and gone—some that he had rebuked them friendly—some that he had relieved them in want, cheered them in sorrow, and saved them from despair. Let the church of England, we repeat, establish a resident minister in every parish, at whatever cost, and then we boldly say, let her enemies do their worst—she will have no cause to fear. For so great a good, therefore, should not a point be strained? and is not such an appropriation of some greater share of the first-fruits or tithes than is at present exacted, the least violent remedy that can be applied?

Stare super antiquas vias, is still a good maxim, let a conceited age say of it what it will; and it would be the maxim here,—for such a reform would be only a recurrence to a primitive practice, which the revolution of years and of money-values has rendered obsolete. In carrying, however, such a measure into effect, it would be for future consideration what should be the details—what should be the value, for instance, of the livings, which should subject them to the action of this additional impost—what the amount to which it should be proposed to raise the smaller benefices before it should cease altogether—whether, in levying the tax, some regard should not be had to the residence or non-residence of the incumbent, as is the case in the Gilbert act—whether a living mortgaged under that act for the building of a parsonage should not find favour in the eyes of the law, at least till the mortgage had expired—whether the first-fruits should be levied at all, or at least upon residents; the year in which a man takes possession being usually the poorest of his life, and so esteemed in all college preferment, where a year of grace is allowed for this very reason. We observe, indeed, that Dr. Burton confines his proposition to the tenths, and we think he is right;—whether some portion, as we have already hinted, less than a tenth might not suffice, or whether some graduated scale might not be adopted in reference to the value of the benefice, it being obvious that a living of a thousand a-year could afford to pay a hundred pounds better than one of half the sum to pay fifty; but these are all matters which this is not the season for discussing. At all events, the law, whatever it is, must not attach to present incumbents, (even a Lord King would hardly propose this,) but should come gradually into operation as a new generation succeeds them. When all the benefices throughout the country shall, by this means, have been raised to a sum competent to the respectable maintenance of a clergyman, then might the legislature, by degrees, throw more and more impediments in the way of pluralities till that great, but as matters now stand necessary, evil should at last cease. So would the dues of the church be more cheerfully rendered when they are paid to one who strows where he gathers,—tithes being, in such cases, seldom resisted, or (as far as our experience has gone) grudged;—so would church preferment be more widely dispersed when it was no longer accumulated upon individuals, and many meritorious men, who live and die in the harness of a curacy, would come in for their portions;—so would some unseemly expedients, to which recourse must now be had for the creation of a pluralist, be annihilated, and much obloquy on this score be removed from the establishment;—so, above all, would every

every parish have its own proper spiritual guardian, poor indeed still in very many cases, but yet with less limited means of exercising charity and hospitality than the still poorer curate; and though in many instances it might happen that the parish would be no gainer by the exchange, (for curates are allowed by the country to be, in general, in these days no drones,) still it would be something to meet the reproach now so often cast upon the church, that one man feeds the sheep whilst another shears them—not to say that the rector would be no longer brought into invidious comparison, as at present, with his curate, in the eyes of his parishioners;—with his curate, who enjoys an unwholesome popularity, founded often, if the truth were known, rather upon the covetousness of the people than upon his own worth;—and the church at large would not be left to suffer by the notion thus naturally put into the heads of tithe-payers, that the services required of the minister may be done (for, in fact, they see them done in a manner) at far less cost perhaps than the amount of their tithes.

We have ventured upon these remarks chiefly with a view to ascertain the feeling of the clergy, conscious that the question is one of great difficulty and delicacy; persuaded that even the incumbents of our best livings are, for the most part, so burdened with parochial and other claims upon them, (for the clergy are generally of a rank to have poor relations,) that they can afford as ill as any men to have an additional tax laid upon their incomes; but, withal, utterly hopeless, from the temper of the times, (unless it should please God, by some scourge of his own, to create a stronger interest for religion in the hearts of the people,) utterly hopeless, we say, that the wants of the church, however crying, will be relieved by any other class than the ministers of the church themselves.

ART. IV.—*The Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a Long Life.* By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., F.S.S., M.R.I., &c., &c., &c. Fourth Edition, with Additions. London. 1832.

THIS is a severe, though covert, satire on the tribe of book-makers in general, and especially on the medical portion of that tribe. It has been remarked, (by J. Warton, we believe,) that the keenest ridicule of the abuses or absurdities of the medical art has proceeded from physicians; and the classical names of Garth, Arbuthnot, and Smollett verify the observation. The little work now before us is another proof of this disposition; and without venturing to place Dr. Granville in the literary scale, by the side of the three great authors we have just mentioned, we

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must say that his work appears to us to be a more caustic exposure of the self-sufficiency, inanity, and impudence of a certain class of medical writers, than anything which we can remember in Smollett, Arbuthnot, or Garth.

It has been suspected, and we believe with justice, that these great men in their pleasantries upon others did not spare themselves; and some of the anecdotes and adventures with which they have amused the world are said to have happened to them individually. Such a superiority over personal vanity, as well as over professional prejudices, does honour to the mind that is capable of it; and although we cannot presume to say how far Dr. Granville may have derived from his own experience some of the very laughable traits with which his book is replete, we cannot be blind to the many instances in which he exposes with great pleasantry and effect the compliances which he has himself been obliged to make with the fashion of the day; for instance, the enunciation of his name on the title-page:—

A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., F.S.S., M.R.I.,
&c. ! &c. !! &c. !!!

is, to our taste, a very happy exposure of the vanity which some people, who have little other claim to be thought *men of letters*, derive from adding to their names a string of initials, some with, but many more, we believe, without a meaning. A semi-savant of the present day seems, like a Highland chief, to think it derogatory to appear in public without his *tail on*.* M.R.I. mean, we suppose, if they mean anything, *Member of the Royal Institution*—a kind of reading club to which, we believe, any one may become a subscriber, without even a ballot; and, when after *Member of the Royal Institution*, Dr. Granville adds, *et cetera ! et cetera !! et cetera !!!* the climax is perfect, and the ridicule complete; and we venture to believe that we shall never again see '*M.R.I., &c., &c., &c.*' in the train of any, however superficial, pretenders to literary distinction. *M.R.I.* are henceforth, and for ever, *dead letters*—thanks to the exemplary pleasantry of Dr. Granville.

The next point of ridicule which the Doctor seizes, is another of the title-page frauds of the day. He designates his work as

'THE FOURTH EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONS.'

The reader, unless he has met with the literary *cause celebre*

* Dr. Granville is really the *Homo caudatus* of Monboddo. If the reader has any curiosity to see the whole length of his *tail*, he will find it occupying half a page of the '*Quarterly Review*,' vol. xxxix. p. 1. We are apprehensive that our observations on that occasion may have induced the Doctor to *dock his tail* as he has now done; we are sorry for it. In the former work, which affected to be serious, the *étologie* of insignificant titles was misplaced; but the present little book being, throughout, what we may call '*broad farce*,' would have been all the better for such an absurd prologue: yet, after all, perhaps the ingenious detection of vanity veiled under three *et ceteras* is more effective than even the enumeration would have been.

of *Leslie v. Blackwood*, may not be aware, that when a book is so heavy as to afford little prospect of selling even one edition, it sometimes appears to run rapidly through second, third, and fourth editions, by the mere operation of stitching up the identical sheets of the first and *only* impression, with no other change or addition than a new title-page, bearing the words 'second,' 'third,' or 'fourth' edition, as the case may be.

This trick Dr. Granville has fully elucidated. His '*fourth edition with additions*' has *NO additions*, and is *NOT* a fourth edition. We have before us the *soi-disant* 'third' and 'fourth' editions, and we find, first, as to *additions*, that there is not one page, one line, one word, one letter in the 'fourth' edition, which is not in the third; and, secondly, we see that every sheet (always excepting the title-page) of 'edition the fourth' was printed from the *same types* and at the *same time* as the sheets which are designated as 'edition the third.' This is proved by various little circumstances obvious to those who are acquainted with the practice of printing; we need give the common reader but one, which is as good as a hundred:—in page vii. of the preface these words occur, '*who, from his official situation;*' but, in the third edition, the letter *f* had, by accident, dropped out, and the line appears, '*who, rom his official situation;*' now if there had been a reprint, this *accident* must have disappeared, and the word would have stood in its proper shape; but no,—in the *fourth* edition we have just the same '*who, rom*' that we had in the *third*. Our readers see at once, that an *error* of the press may be repeated in subsequent editions, but an *accident* never can; thus, if in the title-page Dr. Granville had been, instead of an F.A.S., designated as an A.S.S., that *error* might have been reprinted; but an *accident*,—a blot,—a letter inverted,—a letter dropped out, can only happen in one impression; and if there were an hundred editions, it would be a hundred millions to one that such an accident did not occur in the same place in any two editions; but when we add that there are a hundred of such accidents occurring in the same places in these two (so called) editions, it follows to an absolute certainty that there has been no reprint, and that in this point also the doctor's title-page is *jocose*.

But we almost doubt whether Dr. Granville has not pushed his satirical imitation of this mal-practice rather too far. We have shown that there was no *fourth* edition; but, still stranger to say, we suspect that there was not even a *third*, nor even a *second*. We are aware that satirists have a license to exaggerate, and that a parody, to make one laugh, is sometimes urged beyond the exact verge of truth; but we really doubt whether, in this instance, Dr. Granville has not pushed the pleasantry rather too far, and blunted a little the force of his ridicule, by using it too extravagantly.

vagantly. In his preface to the 'third edition,' in the true cant of those authors whom he holds up to public ridicule, he says, that within exactly one month after the publication of his first edition

* He is called upon to announce, in a *second* preface, the appearance of a *third* edition. However *flattering to his feelings* this simple FACT might be, as showing the degree of kindness with which his humble effort has been received by that public for whose *sole benefit* the Catechism was produced, the author would not have ventured to intrude himself anew on their notice were it not for certain additional remarks which the nature of the work and its reception seem to authorise. *A few corrections and some additions* have been made to the first and second parts of the work; these are intended either to render the language, already plain, *still plainer*, or to enforce, with *greater effect*, certain principles or doctrines laid down in the text.—Second Preface, p. 14.

Now, all this seems to us *un peu fort*, as, we think, it will appear to our readers, when we inform them that the first edition of the Catechism of Health contained three hundred and thirty-six pages, comprising the *first and second parts*, and a considerable portion of the *third*, of the work. The *second* edition we have never been able to discover; but if it ever existed, it was, no doubt, a mere re-issue with a new title-page of the original impression. The *third* edition, as it calls itself, contains a new title-page, an additional preface, and some pages added at the conclusion of part the third; but the whole of the *first and second parts*, which the Doctor assures the indulgent public have been *corrected and enlarged*, are exactly, *verbatim, literatim*, and down even to the *typographical defects*, the *very SAME* as they were in the *first* edition, and, as they finally appear in the *fourth*; so that, as far as regards the great body of the work, there appears to have been, up to this hour, but one single edition; and the alleged *corrections and additions* to the *first and second parts* are mere merry fictions. This seems extravagant, even as satire, and we confess that we know no author to whom Dr. Granville's censure can fairly be applied; but if the doctor will, in '*another*' edition, more clearly point out the culprit, he will, we fancy, look very foolish at the bar of the *no longer indulgent public*.

The next point of the literary *charlatanerie* which Dr. Granville exemplifies, and successfully ridicules, is the pretended rapidity—the kind of steam-engine velocity with which the gifted geniuses of the modern school achieve, what would have been to their ancestors works of long consideration and arduous labour. He tells us, in both his prefaces, that his original work was completed, *within a fortnight* from the day on which the idea was suggested to him,—three hundred and thirty-six closely

printed pages, taking so universal range over so extensive and complex a science in fourteen days,—just twenty-four printed pages *per diem*! This is an admirable ridicule of such hyperboles; and the wonder is laughably heightened by the sly observation, that they are the miraculous product of the '*leisure hours*' of a physician in great public and private practice. It is obvious that the mere manual operation of the penmanship could hardly have been performed within the time; and what a bitter satire it is, both on pretenders and dupes, to represent the public as greedily buying up four editions of a work on the most various, difficult, and important of all earthly subjects, which professes to have been composed faster than any ordinary clerk could copy it.

But the doctor has not yet expended his practical satire on the journeymen authors of the day—he follows up his blows rapidly and effectively.

'The same individual,' he says, who suggested the work to him, 'placed into the hands of the author a small volume of *foreign importation*, bearing the title of the "*Catechism of Health*," without any author's name, and apparently written without any care or attention either to the facts or to the language in which they were conveyed'—p. viii.

Here is a clear and precise statement, that the work alluded to was *foreign* and *anonymous*, and that Dr. Granville, who admits that 'he pressed a certain portion of its contents into his service,' was, as to such portion, only to be considered as a *translator*, but that as to all the rest, both facts and language, it was unfit for the Doctor's use. The Doctor here very pleasantly exemplifies the art of acknowledging an obligation in such an obscure and unsatisfactory manner, that it shall seem no obligation at all—the foreign language in which the little work is written is not even mentioned, and the extent to which the translator or compiler is indebted to the original is left delightfully vague. But this is not half the merit of this admirable parody of the confessions of a plagiarist. We have hunted after this original '*Catechism of Health*,' and we have found, and are able to prove to our readers, that it is *not anonymous*—that it even exists, and has for forty years existed, in the *English* language—and that Dr. Granville is, in some instances at least, not even a *translator*, but the servile *copyist*, of a former translator.

The '*Catechism of Health*' was originally published in German in 1792, by Dr. Faust, one of the most eminent physicians in Germany, and who is we believe still alive. It was translated immediately into most European languages, and specially into English by Mr. Basse, whose version was printed in London in 1794, and republished in Edinburgh in 1797, by Mr. Creech, at the recommendation and under the inspection of Dr. Gregory,

and has been since frequently reprinted, and is, in fact, a work as well known as any medical manual whatsoever. We have now on our table an edition, published in 1828 by Messrs. Stirling and Kenny of Edinburgh; and it has been recently republished in London by an editor who signs himself H. H., and who, mistaking Dr. Granville's purpose as well as his name, (for he calls him *Grenville*;) expresses some regret at his conduct in this matter, and particularly at the ungrateful manner in which he speaks of the original work and its author. But this writer, H. H. should recollect, that Dr. Granville is not serious; that his real object is to expose to ridicule and contempt the practices of which H. H. complains; that Dr. Granville only *affects* not to know who the venerable author was, and that when he *appears* as if he was editing a work in such total ignorance of the subject, as not to know that it had been already translated into all European languages—this is merely another flourish of the doctor's ingenious sarcasm. Some readers may perhaps imagine, that in thus suppressing the well-known name of the author, and representing that as a recent foreign importation which has been for near forty years printed in England, Dr. Granville again exceeds the license even of a satirist; and others may, perhaps, believe that Dr. Granville could never have seen the English work which we have before us, and was, therefore, in this passage writing in sober seriousness, and without any design of ridiculing the malpractices of ordinary book-makers: but this latter opinion is certainly erroneous, and does the Doctor injustice. It is certain that he *must* have seen the identical volume to which we refer, and his statements and observations must, therefore, be mere pleasantries, and should not be mistaken for anything like reality. We shall exhibit a few comparative extracts from both works, which, we think, will put this point out of all doubt.

Dr. Faust's Catechism.
Edin. Ed. 1828.

Q. How does he feel who enjoys health?

A. Strong, full of vigour, he relishes his meals, is not affected by wind or weather, goes through exercise and labour with ease, and feels himself always happy.—p. 2.

Q. By what means is the getting of teeth rendered difficult or dangerous?

Dr. Granville's Catechism.
London Ed. 1832.

Q. What feelings does the individual experience who is in the enjoyment of perfect health?

A. He feels strong, full of vigour and power; he relishes his meals, is unaffected by either wind or weather, goes through his exercise and labour with ease, and appears ever cheerful and contented.—p. 4.

Q. By what means is the cutting of teeth in infants rendered difficult and dangerous?

Dr. Faust's Catechism.

Edin. Ed. 1828.

A. By caps, by keeping the head too warm, by uncleanness and improper food, over feeding, bad air, and want of exercise.—p. 14.

Q. What is to be observed with regard to making children walk?

A. They ought not to be taught to walk in strings or chairs, or go-carts, or be led by the arm, &c.—p. 15.

Q. What are the principal reasons why one-fourth of the number of children that come into the world die in the course of the two first years?

A. Want of fresh, pure air, &c. The anxiety and misery of parents are also among the causes of the death of so many children.—p. 16.

Q. How often is it necessary to wash the hands and face?

A. In the morning, and at going to rest,—before and after dinner and supper, and as often as they are by any means soiled.—p. 34.

Dr. Granville's Catechism.

London Ed. 1832.

A. By keeping the head too warm, by impure air, by too much or improper food.—p. 21.

Q. What is to be observed with regard to making infants walk?

A. That all attempts to cause them to walk too soon, or by artificial means, as by a string or in chairs, or go-carts, or by leading them by the arms, should be avoided, &c.—p. 21.

Q. Can you enumerate some of the principal reasons why the majority of infants that are born die before they are two years old?

A. Want of fresh, pure air, &c. The intemperance, anxiety, and misery of parents are likewise to be ranked among the causes of the death of so many infants.—p. 23.

Q. How often is it necessary to wash the hands and face?

A. In the morning immediately after rising, and in the evening before retiring to rest, previously to every meal, and as often as they are by any means unusually soiled.—p. 27.

We fancy we have now quoted enough to satisfy our readers that Dr. Granville must have had the former translation before his eyes—no two persons, translating from an original work, could possibly hit on such identical phraseology. In such a case the meaning and the principal words would naturally be the same, but the construction of the sentences and the idiomatic choice and position of the particles and less important expressions could not possibly be the same. For instance, that simple question in the old translation, '*What is to be observed with regard to making children walk?*' which Dr. Granville so closely copies, might, and indeed must, have been rendered in as many different ways as there should be different translators. The literal version of the original is, '*When children begin to wish to walk what should be attended to with regard to this?*' (Wenn kinder anfangen

fangen wollen zu gehen, was sollte man dabei beobachten?*) It is obvious, that if Dr. Granville had translated this sentence from the original, he could not by any possibility have hit upon the exact same words, syllables, and letters which had been used by the former translator. Again, in the answer to this question, the original German says, they should be taught *by being led by the arms* (man führe sie ofters an beiden aermchen,†) and *not* by go-carts, &c. Dr. Granville here copies the former and erroneous English translation, and departs from the original by inverting the order of the directions, and changing the affirmative, that they *should be led* by the ARMS, into a negative, *that they should NOT* be led by the ARM. We, therefore, think we may safely revert to our original opinion that Dr. Granville, in describing the original as 'anonymous,' as 'foreign,' and as being by him translated without any knowledge of any previous version, was not acting in ignorance, but was following out his design of exposing to ridicule the practices of those uncandid and clumsy impostors who endeavour to make their reputation on other men's labours.

And then the criticism, that the original 'book was written with little care or attention either to the *facts* or the *language* in which they were conveyed,' is perfectly laughable, for there are certainly not ten *facts*, and we believe not one, in the *pseudo-catechism* of Dr. Granville which are not copied from Dr. Faust; and we have seen how closely even the *language* and even the *errors* of the former version have been imitated. In short, Dr. Granville has, with great industry and success, contrived to exhibit in his prefaces every possible instance and example of those egotistical, disingenuous, and disreputable practices which it seems to have been his object to render at once ludicrous and odious; though we must confess that he has painted rather with the heavy brush of the indignant Smollett, than with the lighter touches of the elegant Arbuthnot.

But his merit is not confined to his prefaces—(though, like those of Warburton and Parr, they are the most remarkable parts of his work;) he has contrived from the original publication, which, being meant for children, is in its essence sufficiently puerile, to make one of the most ridiculous collections of idle truisms that ever exercised the risible faculties of 'the laughing animal.' Some of the questions and answers we have already quoted are sufficiently droll, but there are hundreds still more so—for instance—

* Q. What is the proper food during early infancy?—A. The milk of the mother, or a healthy nurse.—p. 10.

* Der Gesundheit-Catechismus des herrn Dr. und Leibartzes Faust. Fünfte auflage: Leipz. 1830, p. 30.

† Ibid.

* Q. 18

'Q. Is it proper to scold or frighten an infant into sleep?—A. It is highly improper.'—p. 20.

The Doctor does not, however, tell us by what degree of scolding or terror an infant is to be set asleep—in common life such means are rather supposed to produce a contrary effect.

When the querist asks—

'What one should do on first coming out of a bath?'

the answer is—to dry oneself (p. 98); and, again, when he inquires,

'What should one do whose clothes become wet from a sudden shower of rain?'

he is gravely and truly informed, that he should change them as soon as he can. (p. 122).

'If,' says the querist, 'a person be obliged to pass the night in a damp chamber, what precautions should he take?'

'Light a fire,' quoth the Doctor. (p. 123.)

'At what period of a disease is it best to apply to a physician?'

'At the first attack of it.' (p. 177.)

But the Doctor's interrogator soon rises into higher regions, and becomes inquisitive as to the arcana of science. 'What,' says he, 'what have you to observe with regard to *beef*? 'The Doctor replies, with admirable caution and discrimination—

'To persons in health, *beef*—that is, the flesh of the ox—is a nourishing and wholesome food.' (p. 169.)

After some equally profound observations on mutton and lamb, the querist propounds the following theme: 'what *rank* does poultry hold as an article of food *after* meat?' The question implies, that the flesh of fowls is not only not *meat*, but that it is food of an inferior and suspicious *rank*. The Doctor answers this question with startling originality—

'The flesh of the common fowl affords very excellent nourishment, when properly cooked.' (p. 173.)

But the most difficult question of all is that which surprises us at the beginning of the 6th chapter of the 2d part: 'ought *bread* to form a proper addition to the other articles of food of which a dinner is composed?' The matter, we see, is deep and difficult, and might involve a doubt as to the mode in which large classes of mankind—the Indians and the Irish for instance—dine; but Dr. Granville solves the problem with admirable dexterity. 'Yes,' he says,

'*bread*, or some other wholesome *farinaceous matter*, should always constitute a part of this meal;' (p. 180)—

and thus all mankind may safely indulge in bread, rice, or potatoes as a part of their dinners: Prodigious! Then there is a certain polished civility of language, which, except in Dr. Darwin's

'Loves

'Loves of the Plants,' we have seldom heard applied to the vegetable kingdom.

'Are onions to be *ranked* amongst the articles of vegetable diet to be recommended?'

'Yes,' responds the oracle, 'IF WELL BOILED.' (p. 181.)

'What is the *character* of peas and beans?'

Their *character* is, we regret to find, rather bad: 'they contain little nourishment, and should *therefore* be refrained from by all except the strong and *laborious*;' (p. 182) — the laborious, it seems, being the class which may be content with little nourishment. But beet-root is, he thinks, not objectionable, though he 'can by no means *think as favourably* of cucumbers.' (p. 184.)

But it is in the chapter of Desserts that the doctor indulges in a vein of pleasantry quite peculiar. The definition of a dessert is itself a treat.

'Q. What is meant by a dessert?'

The querist, you might imagine, must have been sadly put to it for a question when he had recourse to this; but no, he knew very well what a dessert was, but the question is kindly suggested that his friend the doctor may gratify us with the answer, which is one of the liveliest retorts in the whole book.

'A. A dessert is an unnecessary display of twenty dishes of fruit, cakes, biscuits, and preserves, symmetrically arranged on a polished mahogany table or one covered with a damask table-cloth, after a profuse dinner.'—p. 189.

So a dessert is not a dessert if it consists of more or less than twenty dishes, or of more or less than the four specified articles; nor unless it be symmetrically arranged; nor unless the mahogany be polished; nor unless the table-cloth be damask; nor unless the previous dinner shall have been profuse. Admirable humour!

The details of the dessert are treated with almost equal felicity — 'I fear,' says the querist, with amiable diffidence, 'I fear to ask your opinion about *trifles*,'—which it seems in their circle is an article of the *dessert*. 'I should answer you,' replies his facetious adviser, drolling, as Sterne says, on the expression, 'I should answer you most *seriously*, that they are the most—INCENDIARY articles in the whole dessert.' (p. 193.) All this is charming, and the irony is so well maintained, that many a worthy person might read it as the grave advice of a learned physician; but Dr. Granville sometimes throws off the mask to a degree that almost betrays his real design, as when the simple querist asks, 'What is the most healthy situation in a city?' the answer is, 'A residence in a *wide and straight street, open at both ends, north and south.*' (p. 45.)

(p. 45.) Yet the doctor has before carefully informed us, that he himself resides at No. 16, Grafton Street; which happens to be one of the few streets in London which are not open at both ends, almost the only one which turns at a right angle, and which finally does not open north and south—nor even east and west, which we suppose would have been almost as salubrious. This is an excellent practical illustration of the utter contempt in which the doctor holds all the pompous absurdities with which he has so agreeably enlivened the matter-of-fact puerilities of old Faust.

But we must hasten to the third part, and to our conclusion.

The third part treats of 'contagion' and 'infection,' 'endemics,' 'epidemics,' and 'sporadics.' Its chief object seems to be to ridicule the doctrine of anti-contagion in the case of cholera, under an affected zeal for the contrary principle: this was rather difficult to manage, for Dr. Granville was, as he tells us, (we ourselves had never heard of it before,) a staunch advocate on the contagion side in the case of Plague, when that was some years ago questioned with as much violence and absurdity, as the contagion of cholera is now debated. The Doctor, we suppose, was then serious; he is now evidently jocose, but to carry on the farce the better, he affects to endeavour to reconcile his two contradictory opinions.

* As staunch an advocate as any physician who has seen the disease may be, for the doctrine of contagion in plague, which the author *successfully* supported in various writings when brought in question some years ago in this country; the author looked with almost personal jealousy on the attempt now made, of forcing into an unnatural marriage with that doctrine a disease which four-fifths of the people of Europe, and a large proportion of those of Asia and Africa, have, through dear-bought experience and personal observation, learned to view only as the *spontaneous* offspring of *celestial and terrestrial phenomena* acting on the animal system in each *geographical* district, independently of each other, and without the necessity of *intercommunication*.—Preface, p. x.

We really beg Dr. Granville's pardon, but it is hardly decent to be so droll on so serious a subject,—yet, *ridenti dicere verum quid vetat?* and though he treats the anti-contagionists rather too flipantly, no doubt but his irony is unanswerable. The disease, he ludicrously pretends, proceeds *geographically* and without intercommunication, and is the *spontaneous* offspring of 'celestial and terrestrial phenomena.' Our readers will smile at that kind of spontaneous birth, which (just like births that are not spontaneous) is produced by two parents. But the reader will perhaps ask what are the terrestrial and celestial *phenomena*, which four-fifths of Europe have, by dear-bought experience, discovered to be the causes of the disease? Dr. Granville relying, no doubt, on the notoriety

notoriety of a fact experienced by four-fifths of the European world, has not even hinted, nor are we able to guess. If he had said terrestrial and celestial *influences*, we could not expect that he should make mere *influences* tangible or visible, but *phenomena*—*visible facts*, must, *ex vi termini*, be perceptible to the senses, and we wish that some of those that support the opinion, which Dr. Granville makes so ridiculous, would enumerate any one or two of the visible, *terrestrial*, or *celestial* FACTS, which have, to the conviction of all the world, produced that *geographical disease*, called cholera. How adroitly, too, does the witty Doctor talk of celestial and terrestrial appearances, and of non-intercommunication in this country, where no *phenomena* of any kind have been visible, (except, indeed, the Doctor's own book, which is, we admit, a *phenomenon*;) and where the disease first appeared in the port nearest to Hamburg, and extended itself by degrees, first, in the neighbourhood where it first appeared, and next to the places which were most in communication with the infected parts. All the absurdities which have been for the last three months talked and written on this subject are, in this one sentence of Dr. Granville, condensed, and, by the very ingenious way in which he states them, refuted. After this we shall hear no more, we trust, of the non-contagion of cholera, and Dr. Granville may, in some future work, boast that he has now as '*successfully established*' the doctrine of contagion in cholera, as he did, he tells us, ten years ago, in the case of the plague.

We began by saying, that medical men were remarkably superior to professional prejudices; but still human nature is human nature, and there will now and then break out a little offended vanity and *amour propre blessé*. This Doctor Granville pleasantly, but politely, exhibits, by affecting to sneer at the Medical Board of Health, while he at the same moment with admirable candour gives us strong reason to infer that he sneers at it because he was not appointed one of its members. The humour of this turn is perfect. '*What*,' he asks, in the first question of the second section of his third part, (which we admit to be entirely *original*;) '*What is a Medical Board?*'—a curious question in a catechism of health; which he answers by saying, that it is an assembly 'of several eminent physicians appointed by direction of the king's most honourable privy council;' and then he proceeds to give the measures of these 'eminent men' a worse *character* than he had given even to peas and cucumbers: he calls them, '*precipitate*,' '*useless*,' '*impracticable*,' '*awkward scrapes*,' '*fatal errors*,' et cetera! et cetera!! et cetera!!!

But, then, on the other hand, there is ONE MAN who is skilled in all the arcana of the disease, and that man—we need not mention

his

his name—was excluded from the selected assembly of eminent physicians. He has, however, with that generous humanity which is not to be repressed by personal slights, invented a specific which he calls 'stimulating alkaline drops,' and which are to be had at that 'highly respectable chemist's, Mr. Garden, of Oxford-street.'

'Put no faith,' says Dr. Granville, 'in your cajeput oil, camphor, oil of peppermint, or cinnamon, your pure stimulants, and all the cholera drugs which the Board of Health suddenly raised into notoriety by their recommendation, and this notoriety into a high price, which has proved the means of making the fortune of some score of druggists—that which I recommend is simple and cheap,'—

namely, the aforesaid stimulant alkaline drops; and it will not be the fault of the ingenious editor of the '*Catechism of Health*,' if that 'highly respectable chemist, Mr. Garden, of Oxford-street,' does not make a fortune as well as the score of his brother druggists. We too wish to have our share in so good a work:

'Fortunati ambo si quid mea carmina possunt.

But in a matter so serious and important, Dr. Granville feels it necessary to throw off at last the mask of irony and the tone of *persiflage*, and to impart to the public his solid, serious, practical advice for the prevention and cure of the alarming scourge now inflicted upon us. We trust that our readers will perceive the advantages—the *especial* and *distinct* practical benefits, which must be derived from following his instructions—they are so pointedly directed to the peculiar and mysterious disease now afloat, that their appropriateness will strike the common sense of all mankind.

'Rise early,—devote an hour to personal cleanliness,—*take your breakfast and sally forth for a walk*, or proceed to your morning occupation; eat an early dinner at two or three o'clock,—again take some exercise on foot,—return for your evening meal early, and, *having enjoyed the society of your family circle or the luxury of reading and study, get into a comfortable bed and COURT SLEEP*!!!—p. 332.

With directions so accurate and practical even the old women of the village may undertake to cure cholera. But there is another direction which, as the doctor insists on it at some length and above all the rest, we must not in common humanity omit—that is, to furnish yourself with 'a smelling-bottle to be *kept to your nose*,' (we wonder to what other uses smelling-bottles are usually applied,) 'containing some liquid chloride of lime;' (p. 332)—which, again, is prepared by the aforesaid Mr. Garden of Oxford-street. But as it seems the 'keeping a smelling-bottle constantly to one's nose' might be somewhat inconvenient, Dr. Granville recommends an 'ingenious' contrivance for saving trouble in this matter, which is, that one should wear

'an apparatus made of light wire coming from the back of the head, projecting before the mouth and immediately under the nose. It is intended to hold a small open vessel, containing some chloride of soda or lime.'—p. 333.

Our anxiety for the health of our fellow-citizens induces us to indulge in the hope that we shall immediately have the pleasure of seeing not physicians only, but every one wearing, whether at home or abroad, this 'ingenious little wire-work fastened to the back of his head, but projecting before the mouth, and offering to the purified nostrils a little open vessel containing liquid chloride of lime:' such a precaution, besides its obvious convenience and superiority to the old fashioned and cumbrous smelling-bottle, will be a practical answer to all those who consider the disease as *geographical*, and as arising, not from intercommunication with one's fellow mortals, but from '*terrestrial and celestial phenomena*;' against which, we suppose that even this new-invented smelling-bottle could not be of much avail. It is invented, the Doctor tells us, by Mr. H. Belinage, an able surgeon in London, and we venture to say, that if Dr. Granville will only exhibit it on his own person—great as he tells us his present practice is—he will be more *followed* than any doctor since the days of Van Butchell.

We conclude this already too long article by expressing our cordial thanks to Dr. Granville for this admirable little volume, for the amusement we have derived from the ironical portion, and the instruction we have gathered from his more serious advice; and we beg leave to express our cordial concurrence, and, we think we may add, that of all our readers, in the opinion of M. Moreau de Jonnès, so modestly and so justly quoted by Dr. Granville in a note to his last chapter—'que le Docteur Granville est, dans mon (*quere, son*) opinion, l'un des médecins de l'Europe, les plus instruits dans la connoissance des phénomènes des contagions et dans celle des moyens employés pour en combattre le fléau.'

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- ART. V.—1. *The Rights of Industry*. Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 1831.
2. *England's Crisis: A Letter to the Members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute, and the Workmen in general*. By Samuel Roberts. Sheffield. 1832.
3. *An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals*. By William Jacob, Esq., F.R.S. London. 1831.
4. *What has the Currency to do with the present Discontents?* London. 1832.

5. *A Plain Statement of the Causes of, and Remedies for, the Present Distress.* 1832.
6. *Letter on the Currency, to Lord Althorp.* By H. Lambert, Esq., M.P. 1831.
7. *Historical Sketch of the Bank of England; with an Examination of the Question as to the Prolongation of the exclusive Privileges of that Establishment.* London. 1831.

THE devoutest believers in 'the march of intellect' must at intervals be almost driven to renounce their creed in despair. Errors which were supposed to have been exploded centuries ago, sometimes reappear on a sudden, and propagate themselves for a season with a rapidity which no reasoning can pursue, no ridicule arrest. Notions, worthy only of the dark ages, spring up in the glare of the supposed illumination of the present day, and resist all the efforts of the Briarean press itself to dispel them. At one time, it is a pious Hungarian prince who performs preternatural cures, at the request of the friends of the sick parties in Ireland, conveyed through that droll medium for a miracle, the Hamburgh letter-bag! At another, it is an old dropsical impostor, whom thousands of blaspheming dupes venerate as a second virgin quick of a new Messiah! A short time since animal magnetism was in vogue; and the strong will of certain gifted individuals was believed to have the power of entering into a mystical communication with the spirits of others, and of absolutely controlling their whole physical and mental being! To-day we are startled by the actual exhibition of a miracle, the 'unknown tongue,' on alternate Sundays, at the Caledonian Chapel in Regent Square, London! If at any time we are tempted to plume ourselves on the fact, that the belief in ghosts and witchcraft has disappeared, we are quickly humiliated by the recollection that there are yet thousands of devout believers in the prophecies of Francis Moore, physician; or by overhearing the rhapsodies of some millenarian dreamer, who as confidently gives us the date of the opening of the New Jerusalem as if he were speaking of the New London bridge!

Among these provoking instances of the unexpected revival of long-buried absurdity, one of the most disgraceful to the intellect of the age is the spread of opinions directly denying the advantages of a legal protection to individual acquisitions; and upholding a perfect community of property (some add also of women), as the true rule of society. We should have imagined, that if there were any one elementary truth more universally recognized than another, it is, that the fundamental principle of civilized society, the first and most indispensable step in the advancement of mankind, is the establishment

establishment of the right of private property. It is certain, that in the absence of this, no progress has ever been made from a condition of the lowest and most brutish barbarism. The very wandering savages of the wilds of America recognize it to a considerable extent: and, indeed, we are not aware of any portion of the human family having yet been observed in so debased a condition as not to be sensible of the necessity of a general combination for the protection of this right, as the only means of exciting the energies of individuals to the labour necessary for the acquisition of desirable objects, and of preventing the endless and destructive struggles that must otherwise ensue for their possession. But the fallacy, which even the instinctive sense of the naked cannibal of New Guinea has long since repudiated, is taken up and advocated by pretenders to reason, philosophy, and philanthropy, in civilized England, France, and America, in the nineteenth century! Alas! after all our vaunted acquisitions of knowledge, are we then brought back to the very starting-post of civilization—must we unlearn all we have hitherto believed certain, and seriously discuss the question whether there ought to be any distinction between *meum* and *tuum*—whether the *lex fortioris* ought not to be the law of the land—whether mankind have not, in every instance, and throughout all ages, been acting on a false principle, in sanctioning the appropriation of desirable objects by individuals, and enforcing that sanction by the common opinion, or, if need were, by the common strength? Such, however, is the humiliating fact. The sect of the Saint Simonites in France, and the Owenists in England and America, unite in maintaining, as the fundamental article of their doctrine, the abolition of individual right to property, and the substitution of a community of goods.

The enthusiasts, who propagate these visionary schemes for 'remodelling society on a new principle,' commit, to be sure, the trifling error of forgetting that for this they must first remodel man. Human society, since the creation, has hitherto, they freely acknowledge, in all its phases, in every situation, and under every variety of circumstances, proceeded on the principle of *competition*, that is to say, of individual exertion for individual gratification. And yet, because competition seems to them to produce some evil, (as what on earth is free from it?) they hesitate not to embrace the monstrous assumption, that it will be perfectly easy to substitute for that condemned principle another of their own invention, which has never yet been tried, never even been seen in action, but by means of which they declare their ability to carry on the whole business of society, with a very considerable improvement in its character and results!

Up to this time, whatever advance man has made in art, science, knowledge, wealth, civilization, or happiness, he has been actuated to make by the stimulus of competition—by the desire to better his individual circumstances, and distinguish himself from his fellows by superiority of some kind. But all this, it is now affirmed, and much more, might have been accomplished under the influence of the *co-operative*, in lieu of the competitive principle. How then is it, pray, that the co-operative principle has as yet done none of it—has never yet been found to lead man one step forward in the improvement of his condition and the enlargement of his faculties? Either this stimulant—this *vis motrix*—to which such power is attributed, and which is to banish want from the earth, is a principle of human nature, or it is not. If it is not, how are the Owenists and Saint Simonites to introduce it? If it is, how does it happen, with all its intrinsic strength and excellence, to have hitherto produced no effects? If man, indeed, were differently constituted from what he is—if Messrs. Owen and Saint Simon had the making of him—then, as the children phrase it, we should see what we should see; but, on the humble presumption that he will remain the same being he has hitherto been, we can conceive no argument more utterly baseless than that which assumes he would have accomplished all he has done, and a great deal more, if a different principle of action were substituted for that which, as yet, has always been the main-spring of his movements.

Moreover, not only is the efficacy of the co-operative principle, in urging forward the improvement of mankind, an absolutely groundless hypothesis, but nothing can be easier than to prove it to be directly at variance with all we know of the nature of man from his past history. Industry has been ever observed to languish when its returns are prevented from increasing in proportion to its exertions. Where the wages of the idle and industrious, the good and the bad workmen, are the same, the industrious is found soon to become idle, the good workman degenerates into the bad. We know, too, that there is a vast difference between the agreeableness and disagreeableness of particular employments, and that the natural repugnance felt towards some can only be got over by an increased reward. Were the produce of the common labour equally divided, who would undertake the drudgery of mining, for instance, or risk his health in any of the occupations which are known to be injurious to it? Will there be no *competition* for the most agreeable employments? And how is the fulfilment of the inferior and most irksome tasks to be enforced? Power must be lodged for this purpose somewhere; and what would this be but a renunciation of all freedom of labour, and the establishment of slavery

slavery in a system of professed equality? It is the principle of competition,—in other words, the readiness with which each individual seizes every opportunity of bettering his condition, and advancing his own individual fortune,—which is, and has ever been, the primary cause of production. It is this alone which originates and preserves the *division of labour*, with all its consequent benefits. It is this which equalizes the advantages and disadvantages of all employments. It is this which, in every branch of industry, proportions the supply to the demand. It is this, too, which, under a system of freedom and just institutions, regulates the distribution of commodities among the different classes of producers, by a fixed and certain rule, according to their share in the production. We should be glad to learn by what complicated machinery these benefits are to be obtained under the co-operative system. Who is to dictate to each individual the peculiar duty which devolves upon him for the common good? By what sanction, and under what penalty for disobedience, is its performance to be enforced? And, even if it were possible to devise and put in practice a scheme of management for this purpose—such as the ‘general system of banks’ of the Saint Simonites—yet, since every unnecessary interference of governments with the freedom of industry is found to be a proportionate check to its efforts, how great must be the discouraging influence of a form of government which would dictate to each individual in the community the precise nature and quantity of his labour! And who, above all, are to be the dictators, the ‘bankers,’ the leaders and captains in a system, which leaves everything to general direction—nothing to individual choice; and where, notwithstanding, by strange contradiction, all are declared to be equal in power, wealth, and authority? Will there be no rivalry or struggle for these posts of command?

Nature, moreover, we know, has established among men a great inequality in their physical and mental faculties. Could an equality of wealth and of the material means of enjoyment be provided by a new constitution of society, it would still be impossible to prevent the greatest inequality in other things which are, and always will be, equally desirable with wealth—such as beauty, grace, wit, wisdom, eloquence, strength, and the power and pleasure which these qualities confer on their possessors. Is it not then to be expected, that the putting an end to all competition for wealth, could it be effected, which we dispute, without putting an end, at the same time, to the production of wealth—would only occasion a keener rivalry in the pursuit of other objects of human ambition? If the mutual injuries which are now sometimes inflicted in the struggle for wealth were prevented, there would still remain the

‘envy,

'envy, hatred, and jealousy,' which spring up in the race for love, fame, power. Is there no room for force or fraud in these contests? or are the passions necessarily stilled by the certainty of a comfortable maintenance? It is clear that a community of property could at best only obviate some of the evils of competition, and in all probability but exchange one kind of struggle for another—while its advocates admit, that it would check the accumulation and increase of the means of enjoyment. In our opinion, it would not merely put a stop to all improvement, but cause mankind rapidly to retrograde towards barbarism.

The Owenists' doctrine, however, is at least a harmless speculation, and may even be defended with some shadow of plausibility. There is another lately broached by writers, both in this country and in America, of a far more pernicious, as well as a more monstrous character. We mean the claim which has been set up in the name of the labourer for the whole produce of industry, and the denial of the right of the capitalist and landowner to any portion of it in return for what they have contributed towards its production. Mr. Hodgskin, the author of a work on '*Popular Political Economy*,' and lecturer at the *Mechanics' Institute*!!! says, 'the accumulation of capital in the hands of persons who neither make nor use it, impedes the progress of society.' It is an injustice, he says, and a principle of slavery, 'that the labourer is not allowed to work unless, in addition to replacing whatever he uses or consumes, and comfortably subsisting himself, his labour also gives a profit to the capitalist on all the capital which he uses or consumes while engaged in producing.' In other words, it is unjust that labourers who possess no tools or raw materials to work with, should not be able to use, without paying for them in any shape, the tools and raw materials which others have obtained by their own labour, or that of their parents! But it is perfectly evident that if the capital of those persons who do not choose, or are not able, to employ it themselves in production, were at the free disposal of all who are willing so to employ it, no one would ever accumulate more capital than he could use himself. Every labourer must, in that case, make his own tools, and raise the raw materials he required! At what pace would production move forward under such circumstances? Yet these circumstances are advocated for the benefit of the labourers, and with the view of accelerating the progress of society!

This inconceivably preposterous fallacy is, however, anything but a new doctrine. It forms the substance of a work entitled '*Labour defended against the claims of Capital, or the unproductiveness of Capital proved by a Labourer*,' published in London in 1825. It

is the staple of Mr. Godwin's theory on 'Political Justice;' and of Rousseau's 'Contrat Social.' We need not waste any more time in refuting it. The foundation of the right to capital, as of any other right, is its expediency for the good of mankind. Unless a property in *land* were secured to him who encloses, improves, and cultivates it, land would never be enclosed, improved, or cultivated. Unless the possessor of *capital* were secured in the full enjoyment of it, and allowed freely to dispose of it on the best terms he can obtain, capital would never be accumulated. That *labour* alone without capital and without a previous improvement of the soil, could produce *something*, is perhaps true: but how much? how many people on the earth could it support? or what sort of subsistence could it supply? A certain number of human beings, we admit, might exist in the world under such circumstances; all who could live upon and be contented with fresh herbs and spring water: nay, we will allow a few more who might catch, and kill, and live upon animals; and, to be as liberal as possible, we shall make no account of bows and arrows, clubs, or other rude instruments, as capital. And, after all these concessions, we ask again, what would be the numbers, what the accommodations of such inhabitants as could, under such circumstances, subsist upon the earth? And would they not still necessarily continue in the condition of savages, and be obliged to clothe themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and to shelter themselves beneath the spreading tree or in the cavern of the rock? They could not, without the acquisition of considerable capitals, advance to even the shepherd state. The herds of cattle possessed by pastoral nations are themselves large capitals, the fruit of much saving and industry.

'The question,' says Mr. Read, 'in regard to the inviolability of property, resolves itself into this single consideration, whether it is best that the world should be peopled up to the full measure of its capability of maintaining inhabitants, when cultivated and improved by the knowledge and industry incident to the most enlightened condition of mankind, and be filled with life and enjoyment, population and wealth; or that it should be one vast, dreary, and interminable desert, the cheerless abode of a poor and inconsiderable number of wandering savages, afraid of each other, and living like brutes? Whether it is best and most desirable that the world should contain *ten thousand millions* of inhabitants (which it is probably capable of maintaining if cultivated and improved to the utmost,) the whole abundantly supplied with the necessities, and many with the luxuries and conveniences of life,—or that it should contain certainly not a hundred millions, perhaps not a tenth of that number, and they naked of everything, and enduring every hardship and privation? Whether, in a word, the

LIFE which the world *must* support, should be that of *man*, God's image, or that of snakes and serpents; for the number of mankind that could exist without respect to the rights of property, and, consequently, without capital and without agriculture, is hardly worth taking into account.*

The little work entitled the 'Rights of Industry' has performed a valuable service in exposing the mixed folly and atrocity of the doctrine of these 'levellers';† and by exhibiting in a popular form the great truth, that *the security of property is the first and most precious right of the labourer*. But a single paragraph which the author quotes from Dr. Cooper's recent 'Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy,' is perhaps worth the whole of his own lucubrations:—

'A notion,' says this republican writer, 'has crept into the minds of our mechanics, and is gradually prevailing, that manual labour is the only source of wealth; that it is at present very inadequately rewarded, owing to combinations of the rich against the poor; that mere mental labour is comparatively worthless; that property or wealth ought not to be accumulated or transmitted; that to take interest on money lent, or profit on capital employed, is unjust. These are notions that tend strongly toward an equal division of property, and the right of the poor to plunder the rich. The mistaken and ignorant people who entertain these fallacies as truths, will learn, when they have the opportunity of learning, that the institution of political society originated in the protection of property, and this has ever continued to be its main end and design; that equality to-day would be inequality to-morrow; that labour is, of itself, nearly useless, and can never be brought into action but by means of wealth or capital; that the rich are as necessary to the poor as the poor are to the rich; and that there is no injustice in giving Raphael a little higher wages per day, than his colour-grinder received, or a better recompense to Canova, than to the man who quarried the marble; James Watt and Robert Fulton were worth more to society than five hundred thousand hedgers or ditchers. If the mechanics should seriously continue to press such silly notions, they will justly make enemies of those who would otherwise be friends; and they are as much mistaken if they suppose the wealthy will not find the means, as

* Inquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth, book i. chap. 9. We have in a former article exposed the absurdity of this notion, that labour does everything, produces everything, and is therefore the only element in value; a notion which runs through the far greater part of the writings of political economists; and, as Mr. Read justly remarks, is strangely jumbled up with their opinions on the productiveness of capital. The proposition was followed up to the full extent of its absurdity by Mr. McCulloch, when, with exquisite simplicity, he declared man himself to be capital, and profits synonymous with wages!

† We recommend also to general attention on this score the threepenny tract, 'England's Crisis,' by Mr. Roberts. It contains shrewd reasoning and sound advice, expressed in manly and succinct language.

well as the inclination, to defend their property against the attacks of ignorance and injustice. Nature has ordained great and permanent differences as to strength of body and strength of mind, such as no human institutions can hope to equalize:—circumstances around us, furnishing the motives and stimuli to action or to indolence, to useful or useless pursuits, to profitable or unprofitable industry and occupation, and even the mere chapter of accidents, create still more numerous differences, over which society has no control. Who would labour for the benefit of those with whom he has no connexion? What stimulus would there be to industry and frugality, if a man were deprived of the right of bequeathing his earnings and his savings to his family? * What regulation of wages can there be in practice, but the voluntary contract of the hirer and the hired? Each of us, in our station, must submit patiently to that which cannot be avoided; nor would the poor be benefited by obtaining full command over the wealth of the rich, for the same quarrels would ensue about the distribution of wealth the week after, that would take place at the hour of successful plunder.'

These are the words of reason and common sense; but even here, and certainly in the essay which introduces the quotation, there is much omitted. Nothing can be more true than that the maintenance of the right of property is the *sine quâ non* of production, wealth, and civilization; but, at the same time, it is quite apparent that there is a limit to the principle of legalized appropriation. Our own laws recognise this when they curtail the power of testamentary disposition,—when they take from the landed proprietor a portion of his estate required for some work of general utility, as a road or canal,—when they render the possessor of property liable to the support of the poor, &c. &c. These are direct interferences with the right of private property, sanctioned by their conducing to the general welfare, which is itself the only foundation of that right.

The right of property is, therefore, both practically and essentially a limited one; and the question is still open—what are its just limits? National codes of civil rights differ on this point. Some carry the principle of individual appropriation to a very injurious extent; others surround it with perhaps too many and vexatious limitations. The problem is—what mode of distribution is most conducive to the happiness and permanent interests of the community, and by what legal arrangements can that mode

* We extract a sentence from Mr. Roberts:—'All wealth is accumulated labour; a workman has, therefore, only to gain by labour more than he spends, and the surplus will accumulate till he can commence master.—Look throughout the whole town—nay, look at the list of MASTER CUTLERS—(the *Chief Magistrates of Sheffield*)—from the very commencement of there being any, and what did they, their fathers, or their grandfathers, spring from? Why, with very few exceptions indeed, from workmen.'—*England's Crisis*, p. 7.

of distribution be most securely provided? There can be little question that the coexistence of *extreme* degrees of poverty and wealth is hurtful; and few will dispute that an equalization of property is desirable, so far as it can be approached without checking the spirit of industry and accumulation, which is on the one hand excited by the example and prospect of superior wealth, and by new and more elevated tastes and desires to which the existence of large accumulations of property alone gives birth; on the other is damped by every interference with the free disposal of its acquisitions. This is, obviously, the rule which the legislation of this country has intended to follow; though we may doubt whether it has not in certain instances been neglected.

It is, however, foreign to our present purpose to enter further into this great question, which is at the bottom of the subject of the distribution of wealth. Our object at present is to point out other circumstances, of a less obvious character, which determine the distribution of the means of enjoyment among the different classes that compose the state, and particularly such as have been operating of late years in a manner almost unseen and unnoticed, but with a force productive of the most mischievous results. It is our firm belief, that the things to which we now allude have had most powerful influence in bringing about the feeling, at present so apparent, as to the insecurity of all property,—a feeling which, considering that the stability of property must at all times wholly depend on general opinion, is itself the most alarming symptom of the times, and the circumstance most likely to accelerate the catastrophe towards which everything seems at this moment tending. We refer especially to those laws which determine the direction of *taxation*, and the nature and extent of the *circulating medium*, more particularly the latter.

The laws, indeed, which direct the disposal of property by will or inheritance, so immediately and obviously bear upon its distribution among individuals, that any proposition for their alteration is viewed with general jealousy, and entertained with reluctance. Hence they are not exposed to light or frequent changes, but are of a permanent character. It is otherwise, however, with the laws touching currency and finance, which being more indirect and imperceptible in their operation, have always been made the subject of continual changes—changes, which though working their way silently and stealthily, do yet bring about as violent and complete mutations in the ownership of property, not only between individuals, but whole classes of society, as could be effected by direct interference with the laws of inheritance and succession, or by the more open, but sometimes not a whit more unjust or spoliatory measures of statutory confiscation.

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With respect to taxation, it is at first sight evident, that every shifting of its direction is to a material extent an immediate and certain transfer of property, or, what is the same thing, of advantages productive of property, from one class of persons to another. When any new tax is imposed, or any old one taken off, there is a correspondent, and often very considerable, change effected in the condition of the interests which had grown up under the old system, and on the faith of its continuance. To take one example:—In the late repeal of the beer duty, and abolition of the licensing system, we have a striking instance of complete confiscation; the value of the property invested in public-houses having fallen in consequence nearly one-half, to the severe injury of that class of persons who had embarked their capital and personal industry in the business of licensed victuallers. It is true, the great brewers, who own the larger proportion of the public-houses in the metropolitan counties, were fully compensated by the extended market which the measure gave to their produce; but the less overgrown capitalists, the owners or leaseholders of public-houses unconnected with the brewers, uncontaminated by any taint with the vile system of jobbing in beer and licences conjoined,—the parties, in short, towards whom the most indulgence should have been shown by the legislature, were deprived of their property at once, and without a shadow of compensation, and left to console themselves as they might, with the reflection that they were victims to the public welfare, and the contemplation of the improvement that was judiciously anticipated in the general health, wealth, and morals, from the establishment of a cheap beer-shop in every tenth house throughout the land!

Changes of this nature, if frequent—and they have been exceedingly frequent of late years, and threaten to become much more so in the hands of modern financial experimentalists—partially subvert the right of property, and go far to annihilate all confidence in its security. Many a publican, at this moment, when dwelling before his tap-room audience on the cruel loss he has sustained by the late change in the licensing code, argues that as the law has not respected his property, he cannot see why that of others should be considered inviolable—why borough-franchises, or peerage-patents, aye, or pensions, or 3 per cents., or tithes, or rents themselves, should be sacred. Feelings of this sort are dangerously catching in times of excitement, such as we have seen enough, though not the last of.

But the legislative measures, which of all others have exercised the greatest influence on the distribution of wealth within the present century, and operated most extensively to transfer it from one class to another, are the laws which regulate the circulating medium.

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This subject is considered by many as intricate, difficult, and abstruse, and avoided by all those who dislike the trouble of thinking, with the same shyness which they would exhibit on being questioned as to the construction of the *pons asinorum*, or the mysteries of vulgar fractions. But this indolence and apathy must be shaken off if we are to be saved from the destruction which is rapidly enveloping the most valuable interests of this community. Our country gentlemen must learn to penetrate the arcana of the exchanges, and fathom the depths of the banking system, if they mean to preserve their broad acres from the grasp of the mortgagee, and their title-deeds and mansions from the blaze of revolutionary fires. Difficult and abstruse, indeed! yes, the subject is difficult; just as difficult to the public comprehension, as is a juggler's trick, by which, with a 'hey presto,' he conjures the half-crown we thought we had safe in our pocket, into his own. How the money vanished it is not easy to say; but it is nevertheless certain that we had it, and ought still to have it, while he has got it. So it was exactly with the currency juggle. Few of the sufferers can explain or understand how it happened, but the fact is very plain to them, that they have somehow lost a great deal of money, and other persons have got hold of it. A little consideration, however, may, we think, render the nature of the trick intelligible to the simplest. It is very clear that those who are in business pay nearly the same sum in taxes at present, as when the goods they deal in sold for double their present prices; so that they really pay two cwt. of wool or of cheese or of sugar, or two pieces of cloth, linen, or calico, or two tons of iron or hardware, to the tax-gatherer, for one that they formerly paid; and the taxes, *reckoned in goods*, which is the only sure way of knowing their cost to the producers of goods by whom they are paid, are nearly twice as high at the end of sixteen years of peace, as they were at the close of as long a war! Is it wonderful then that the productive classes are labouring under severe distress? That 'peace, which usually brings plenty, has thrown away her emblematic horn, and selected hunger for her motto?' And can there be any doubt that the fall in prices which has wrought this fearful evil, is the necessary result, foretold by ourselves and many others at the time, of the legislation of 1819 and 1826, which by crippling the banking system of England, and attempting to substitute a currency of dear metal for one of cheap paper, has caused a continually increasing scarcity of money and contraction of credit? Pleasant no doubt it has all along been to the tax-receivers, to the monied men and the placemen, to discover that, while their income remained nominally the same, they could purchase with it a much larger quantity of good things;—and the very richest branches of

of the agricultural tree, the Devonshires, the Spensers, the Fitzwilliams, &c., may have dropt, without missing, a large portion of an enormous superfluity. But sad and ruinous have been the same times to the great body of the tax-payers, the producers of those same good things, to the country gentleman of not overgrown estate, to the farmer, the tradesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the labourer, who found that while they were obliged to pay the same nominal sum to the tax-gatherer, they were every year receiving less and less for their goods, until at last scarcely anything is left for themselves!

This journal has been withheld by no party considerations from pointing the attention of the public, from time to time, to the vicious banking-system of England, as the one main cause of the distress against which all the productive interests of the country have been vainly struggling for many years past; and we avail ourselves of the present opportunity, when, owing to the speedy expiration of the charter of the Bank of England, the legislature can defer but for a few months, at farthest, the full consideration of this most momentous subject, to recapitulate briefly what we have already urged in a series of articles,* in the hope of making some impression on those who have hitherto refused to open their ears to any appeal upon this topic. The subject is far, indeed, from being disconnected with that we began by discussing. If we succeed in showing, that the unjust restrictions kept up by the present laws on the circulating medium of exchange, have had the effect, within a few years past, of silently but forcibly transferring a vast amount of property from the possession of one class to that of another, who had no just right or title to it,—of covertly despoiling, in short, one portion of the community, namely, the persons engaged in industry, for the benefit of another portion, the owners of fixed money obligations payable out of the labour and capital of the former,—it will be acknowledged that, until the laws which have perpetrated and continue to sanction this wholesale swindling are repealed, there is no safety for property; nor can there be any reliance on the stability of those other institutions, of which a confidence in the security of property is the indispensable foundation.

We shall begin by shortly recalling to the recollection of our readers, the nature of money, and the influence its abundance or deficiency, whether through the interference of law or other causes, exerts on prices. We shall next advert to the historical facts respecting both money and prices of the last forty years, and their effect on the different classes of the community; and proceed to consider the inferences which flow from these considerations, as to

* No. 84, Art. vii.; No. 85, Art. ix.; No. 86, Art. ii.

the course which it will behove parliament to pursue on the expiration of the bank charter, in order to correct the vices of our present monetary system.

1. All commerce consists in an interchange of goods. But as the exchange of bulky and perishable commodities by direct barter, would be highly inconvenient, a method was at an early period adopted by nearly all nations, for facilitating exchanges, namely, the selection of one or more articles of intrinsic value, sufficiently portable, durable, divisible, and easy of identification, to be employed as standard measures of the value, and media for the exchange of other commodities, that is, as *money*. The precious metals, possessing the essential qualities better than anything else, have been long since established by universal consent as the money of the world. Besides money, however, another method has been likewise always more or less in use for facilitating exchanges, namely *credit*, that is to say, the engagements, written or verbal, of the party purchasing, to pay the party selling, at some future period, a fixed quantity either of goods or of the precious metals. No doubt this method was coeval with the use of money, if not indeed of a still earlier date. But it was at a comparatively late period only, that in the progress of commerce, the discovery was made of the extreme convenience of rendering engagements for the payment of fixed quantities of the precious metals transferable from hand to hand, by writing them on slips of paper; in which shape *credit* becomes to all intents and purposes a medium of exchange, still more convenient, because more portable, than the precious metals themselves which the *paper-money* represents, and which still remain exclusively the standard of value. There is, however, this special difference between metallic, and credit, or paper money, that the latter, unless legal compulsion is resorted to, will only circulate among those persons who voluntarily give credit to the parties responsible for its payment. And since the engagements of private individuals are necessarily of very limited circulation, it has been found a great convenience for some persons or company, of known property, calling themselves a bank, to make a business of lending their credit, in the form of written engagements to pay, on demand and to bearer, fixed sums of the precious metals. These the banks are in the habit of exchanging for the written engagements of ordinary individuals, which, being made payable at fixed dates, bear an interest and are *discounted* by the banker. The latter are called bills of exchange, the former bank bills or *notes*. Foreign only differ from inland bills of exchange, in being drawn upon a resident in another country.

Since the sale of all goods brought to market is simply their
exchange

exchange for money, it is evident that the quantity of money that can be obtained for them (which is called their *price*) must depend on the relative quantity of goods and of money in the market. If the quantity of money in an insulated country, or throughout the world, were doubled, the only effect would be to double the prices of all commodities, (except money,) and their relative value would undergo no alteration. If the quantity of money, on the other hand, is diminished, prices must fall in the same proportion; the value of money rising or falling exactly in proportion to its scarcity or abundance, as compared with the goods it is wanted to exchange; and this is equally true, whether the money in circulation consist of the precious metals only, or of paper only, or of paper and coin together. The comparative quantity of the precious metals in the market will be influenced by the increasing or decreasing difficulty of procuring them, as compared with other commodities; and the quantity of them which takes the shape of coin, other circumstances remaining the same, will moreover be influenced by the increase or decrease of demand for them for other purposes, as objects of luxury and ornament. The quantity of paper money, again, in the market is liable to be influenced both by laws restraining or permitting its more or less free issue, and by variations in the public confidence in the issuing banks, leading to a greater or less preference of metallic over paper money, or the reverse. But, as was said before, it is essential to recollect, that an increase of the supply of money in any shape, as compared to the demand for it, lowers its value relatively to goods—that is, raises general prices: and, contrariwise, a falling off in the supply of money, as compared with the demand, raises its value—in other words lowers prices. We have heard some persons profess, that they feel a difficulty in understanding how the value of gold and silver can rise without showing itself in the price of bullion. They forget that *price* is merely the expression of the value of goods *reckoned in coin*, or (what is the same thing under a metallic standard) in bullion. So long as a pound sterling is by law a certain fixed weight of gold, so long will the price of gold bullion in *pounds sterling* be invariable both here and on the continent, except by that fractional difference which will pay a profit on its import or export. If half the gold and silver in the world were annihilated to-morrow, the prices of everything else would fall one-half; but the very reason of their falling would be, that gold maintained its *price*, while its *value* would be doubled. *Price*, indeed, *being by law expressed in metal*, the price of metal itself cannot vary, however much its value in exchange for goods may sink or rise.

2. Having so far considered the circumstances by which variations

tions are occasioned in the value of money, and consequently in general prices, independently of all causes affecting the supply or demand of particular commodities, let us take a glance at the historical facts respecting money and prices of the last half century. For many of these we shall be indebted to the valuable work of Mr. Jacob—the result of patient and laborious inquiries into the history of the production and consumption of the precious metals, originally suggested to that able person, as appears from his preface, by Mr. Pitt, and continued subsequently at the request of his friend Mr. Huskisson. Those statesmen could not but be alive to the fact, that the state of the relations between the supply and demand of gold and silver must necessarily exercise an influence of first-rate importance both on the production and distribution of wealth, wheresoever those metals are employed as the measure of value; that an increase in the production of the mines might act as a stimulus to excite industry throughout the world, whilst a decline in their produce might have an opposite tendency. Had the life of Mr. Huskisson been prolonged until the result of these inquiries could be laid before him, or had the distractions of more pressing, though far less momentous, subjects, admitted of his giving sufficient attention to the facts which, even before the passing of the Bill of 1819, were accessible to a certain amount of diligence, it can hardly be doubted, that he and the other statesmen with whom he acted would have relaxed in their determination to return to the ancient standard on renewing the payments in specie; whereby it has been attempted to make a greatly-diminished quantity of gold serve as a medium of exchange for a greatly-increased quantity of goods; to perform, in short, an operation, of which that executed by Procrustes was but a type,—to squeeze, clip, and cut down the full-grown commerce of Britain to fit the limits of its early and shrunken cradle.

During the space of more than three centuries, from the period of the discovery of America up to the year 1810, when the troubles in the Spanish colonies in a great measure stopped the working of their mines, there had been a constant increase in the quantities of gold and silver obtained in successive decennial periods, and distributed by the agency of commerce throughout the civilized world. That the general stock was thereby greatly augmented, not only in its absolute quantity, but likewise in proportion to the demand for it, whether for purposes of coin or ornament, is shown by the continual advance in the money prices of all other articles of commerce throughout the whole of that long period; a rise which, making allowance for the repeated deterioration of the coin, was, if wheat be taken as a standard, in the proportion of from six to sixty shillings the quarter,

quarter, or from one to ten. Those who are apt to consider the precious metals as an invariable standard of value, because by a sort of conventional fiction, in order to employ them as a measure of value, we are obliged to assume them to be so—as well as those who, acknowledging their value to be variable, yet conceive these variations to be confined within such narrow limits as to be scarcely worth taking into account; those political economists, especially, who take for granted that the cost of producing gold and silver is likely, on the average of years, to keep pace with the costs of production of other commodities, will do well to reflect on this prodigious fall in the exchangeable value of these metals between the beginning of the sixteenth and end of the eighteenth century. If an ounce of gold, or silver, in A.D. 1800, commanded ten times the quantity of all other commodities that the same weight of metal would have purchased in 1500, in spite of the numerous improvements that had in the meantime accelerated both the production of commodities of all kinds, and the rate of circulation of money—in spite too of the vastly-increased consumption of the precious metals for purposes of luxury—this fact attests, that the facilities for producing gold and silver had, in that period, increased at least in ten times as rapid a ratio as those for producing corn, cloth, and other goods,—proves that instead of being invariable in value, or in their comparative costs of production, gold and silver are liable to greater variations in both, than, perhaps, any other known commodity,—and loudly warns us to beware how we rest our monetary calculations with respect to periods of any duration, on the accustomed, but most fallacious assumption of their stability.

The continually-advancing prices of these three centuries, by an operation which we shall shortly explain more fully, had a most beneficial influence in encouraging the industry and augmenting the wealth of every civilized country. Producers and dealers were continually clearing higher profits than they had expected, and, therefore, rapidly adding to the amount of their accumulations, and enlarging that of their productions and dealings. A great and constant impulse was communicated to industry; and there can be little doubt that the unexampled progress made by most European states during this period, in wealth, art, science, and civilization, was mainly owing to the continued advance in general prices occasioned by the increasing influx of the precious metals from the New World.

‘The effect of this prosperous state of the operative cultivators, of the manufacturers, and of the merchant and retail traders, has been prolonged through more than three centuries, and has given to European society in general, but to that of England more especially, a form utterly

utterly unknown in the ages which preceded the discovery of America. It has given rise to a class of persons properly denominated the middle order, who possess the greater part of the wealth, the activity, the intellect, and the influence in those parts of the world whose position and connexion and civilization may be said to rule the globe. Its effect, indeed, has been felt in every quarter of the earth, and has had an influence on the prosperity of the whole civilized race of man, not by the wealth that the gold and silver amounted to, but by the stimulus their progressive increase administered to every branch of industry, by the impulse it communicated to physical, mechanical, legislative, judicial, and even moral investigations, and by the attachment it inspired to the sound principles which introduced legal, civil, and political freedom.'—*Jacob*, vol. ii. chap. xx.

It should be remarked, that during the latter years of this long period the value of the precious metals was still more rapidly lessened by the general adoption, in many countries of Europe and America, of *paper-money* as a substitute for coin, and by the great development and extension of the credit and banking systems, which took place towards the end of the last century. Through this, the demand for the precious metals to be used as coin was proportionably diminished, and their value yet further lowered. In England especially the issues of paper-money were immense, and it is a remarkable coincidence that these came to their climax in 1810, the precise year in which a sudden check was also given to the increasing production of the precious metals by the occurrence of the revolution in Spanish America. That event gave rise to consequences of the utmost importance, whose bearing on industry, wealth, and general happiness has not yet been sufficiently appreciated by the writers of any nation, but which, we are not afraid to say, must henceforward be looked upon as primary elements in the actual economical condition of the whole civilized and commercial world.

For the proofs of the sudden change and rapid decline in the general production of gold and silver, which commenced in 1810, and has continued up to the present time, we must content ourselves with referring to Mr. Jacob's elaborate work, and to a former paper in this journal,* where the information afforded on the subject by Humboldt, Mr. Ward, and other trustworthy authorities, was collected and condensed, and an approximative calculation deduced from it as to the extent of the deficiency in the supply of the precious metals compared to the demand for them at the end of the twenty years between 1810 and 1830. It gives us pleasure to observe that Mr. Jacob's estimate of the decline in the stock of gold and silver in Europe and America,

* No. 85, art. ix.

drawn from a laborious and most scrupulously careful examination of all the known facts, does not materially differ from our own. Mr. Jacob's evidence, moreover, it will be well to recollect, is wholly removed from all suspicion of being framed with a leaning towards any particular conclusion, since his work contains but a bare statement and collation of facts—without any attempt to infer from them a single theory as to any of the disputed questions of the day. Indeed the book is in this respect almost disappointing, and appears to terminate rather abruptly, just as its conclusions come to bear directly on those topics which are of primary interest at the present moment. Mr. Jacob, whether from mere modesty of mind, or, in part, from feelings incident to his official position, has preferred leaving it to others to apply to the solution of these economical problems the facts which he had collected with so much industry, and weighed and sifted with such cautious impartiality. His summary is as follows:—

‘ We have estimated the stock of the coin in existence, (in Europe, including Russia in Asia and America,) at the end of the year 1809, to have been 380,000,000*l.*; and the additions made to it between that period and the end of 1829, at the rate of 5,186,800*l.* annually, would make 103,736,000*l.*

From the 380,000,000 <i>l.</i> of coin left in 1809, we deduct for loss by abrasion at the rate of one part in four hundred and twenty in each year, which in the twenty years would amount to 18,005,220 <i>l.</i> , thus leaving, in 1829	£361,904,780
to which may be added the supply from the mines	103,736,000

thus showing	£465,640,780
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from which deduct that converted into utensils and ornaments	£5,612,611
and that transferred to Asia	2,000,000
	£7,612,611 annually

or, in the twenty years	£152,252,220
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This would show the estimated amount, at the end of 1829, to be	£313,388,560
or less than at the end of 1809 by	66,611,440

being a diminution of one-sixth part of the coin of Europe and America in the twenty years.—Chap. xxvi.

We are aware that calculations of this nature, embracing such long periods of years, founded upon information necessarily very imperfect,

imperfect, and requiring allowances to be made for an infinity of circumstances whose influence it is not easy to appreciate, must, after all, be merely approximative to accuracy, and liable to be disputed by those who disagree in the conclusions they tend to establish. We rest our case, however, on the broad and undeniable fact, that, since 1810, the supply of gold and silver from the mines has, from notorious causes, fallen short of its former annual average by at least one-half. Mr. Jacob's computation of the average yearly produce of the mines of the whole world, between 1700 and 1809, is 8,000,000*l.*, while that of the twenty years from 1809 to 1830 certainly did not exceed 5,000,000*l.* But if, instead of going so far back into the last century, when our information is necessarily less to be depended upon, we compare the twenty years preceding 1810 with the twenty years after that epoch, we find a still greater contrast, the mines of *Mexico alone* having, in the first of these periods, produced an annual average of 6,000,000*l.*, or one-fifth more than the estimated produce of the whole world during the latter period! The produce of Mexico was certainly more than doubled by the addition of that of the mines of Peru, Colombia, Chili, Buenos Ayres, the Brazils, and the old world,* so that the total diminution in the annual supply since 1810, as compared with the previous twenty years, cannot be taken at less than from twelve millions to five. Meantime no one can doubt that there has been an immense increase in the quantity of both gold and silver annually consumed by jewellers, goldsmiths, and others, for purposes of ornament and luxury; and without following Mr. Jacob into his minute inquiries and calculations on this point, it will be sufficient to recall the single fact first stated by Mr. Huskisson in his speech on the 18th March, 1830, that the quantity of wrought silver-plate annually stamped in England had increased *more than twenty-fold* between 1804 and 1828! Here, therefore, is an indisputable falling off of more than one-half in the yearly produce of the mines, coincident with a very great increase in the quantity annually withdrawn from the general stock to be employed in purposes of ornament and luxury.

It follows necessarily that there must have been a very considerable diminution in the gross amount of coin in circulation; and Mr. Jacob's estimate of the deficiency, drawn from detailed calculations, and tested in a variety of ways, at one-sixth part of the stock existing in 1809, appears to us to be a very moderate one.

Simultaneously with this direct decrease of the *metallic* money of the commercial world, the quantity of *paper* money circulating in many states of Europe and America has been much lessened. Mr. Jacob, however, is inclined to consider the diminution in the

* Jacob, ii., chap. xxii., p. 165.

metallic value of this substitute for coin to have been but trifling. In this, we think, we see many reasons for differing from him; but as we are anxious to avail ourselves of his authority, we will not dispute the point, but take his own calculation of the general stock of paper money in circulation at both periods, as equivalent to 120,000,000*l.*, from which, deducting one-third as the average reserve of gold, there will remain 80,000,000*l.* to be added to the stocks of coin of the respective periods. 'We should thus have had a circulating medium, in 1810, of 460,000,000*l.*, and, in 1830, of 400,000,000*l.*, being a decrease of thirteen per cent.' And this we are convinced is a statement of the decrease considerably below the truth.

Having thus ascertained the direct falling off in the supply of money, we come now to the consideration of the increase in the demand for it, which will have been proportioned to the increase that has taken place in the general stock of commodities, to effect whose interchange money is required. If this should be thought to have only kept pace with what we know to have been the increase in the population of Europe and America, it will have amounted to thirty-two per cent. in the twenty years, which, added to thirteen per cent. diminished in the mass of money, would cause a natural and necessary fall of prices to the extent of *forty-five per cent.* This rate of decline would, it is true, be liable to counteraction from any circumstance which may have facilitated the circulation of money. But besides that we see no reason for supposing the circulation of money at present to be much more rapid, if at all so, than it was in 1810, whatever allowance we might be led to make on this ground would be far more than counterbalanced by the increased production which has unquestionably taken place *beyond* the proportion of the contemporaneous increase of population, in this and other states, by means both of the multiplied improvements which have been effected in the arts of production, and the diminished number of hands which, since the peace, have been withdrawn from industrious occupation to recruit the national armies and navies. Through these combined causes it can scarcely be disputed that production has not only not confined itself to the same rate of increase as population, but greatly outstripped it; so that the allowance of thirty-two per cent. is by much too low, and the total fall in prices, which must of necessity have been occasioned by the falling off in the supply of money as compared to the demand, since 1810, will appear to be above fifty rather than forty-five per cent.

This, let us recollect, is an *à priori* conclusion, founded solely on an examination of facts relating to the comparative supply of money and of commodities, and wholly independent of all reference
to

to prices, as they have actually shown themselves. Now let us inquire, *à posteriori*, whether this view is confirmed by the prices current of the period—which will, in fact, be to put our argument to the test of the *experimentum crucis*. We need not, however, reintroduce here the statements drawn from various sources of unquestionable authority, by which we formerly showed the general decline of the money-prices of commodities, during the twenty years ending with 1830, to have been altogether, at a very moderate estimate, fifty per cent. Since the date of the article we refer to, the depression has continued to increase, nor is there the remotest ground for supposing that it has yet reached its limit.

Here, then, is a connexion between cause and effect, amounting, in force of evidence, to mathematical demonstration. On the one hand we see a rapid falling off in the amount of the money of the civilized world, while the demand for it is as rapidly increasing;—on the other, we perceive that which reason tells us must be the necessary consequence of this circumstance, a continuous advance in the value of money as compared with goods,—in other words, a continuous fall of prices. It remains for us to trace the effect of this advance on the interests of society, and particularly of its two leading divisions,—the productive and the unproductive classes.

At first sight it may seem as if an increase or decrease in the value of money must be a matter of indifference to producers, since if, in the first case, they receive more for what they sell, they have also to pay more for what they consume; and conversely, in the second case, if they sell dearer, they have to buy in the same proportion. And this would be perfectly true, and the scarcity or abundance of money would be a thing of no consequence, *were all bargains concluded at once and for ready money, and were there consequently no fixed money obligations*. But it is matter of fact, that commerce is almost wholly carried on by time bargains, and, moreover, that all producers are liable to money engagements of a longer or shorter date, for outstanding bills of exchange, rent, rates, taxes, and debts, *due to the unproductive class*, and reaching to an immense amount in the aggregate; so that any changes in the value of money, as compared to goods, are of the utmost importance to them, the mass of their pecuniary burdens being augmented as prices fall, and lessened as they rise. This great truth was first remarked by Hume in his ‘*Essay on Money*,’ but has been unaccountably neglected or disputed by nearly all subsequent investigators of the science of wealth. Hume, it is true, did not state his argument clearly, or insist sufficiently on the main point upon which the question hinges—the circumstance, namely, that the expenditure of producers consists, for the most part, of money payments *determined beforehand*; and, therefore, the larger

larger the sum for which they sell their produce, the greater the share of it which they obtain for themselves. Still the proposition itself is so undeniably true, and is of such extreme importance in its influence on the wealth of nations, as to excite our utmost astonishment that writers professing the science whose sole object is the examination of the causes of that wealth, should have remained so long and so completely in the dark on this elementary topic. In illustration, let us suppose that A., a manufacturer, in order to carry on his trade, borrows of B., a capitalist, 100*l.*, engaging to repay him with interest at five per cent., in six months—(which is the simplest way of viewing the ordinary method of taking up money by drawing a bill.) This A. is led to do by the expectation of selling the produce of the 100*l.*, when worked up by him at the end of the six months, for 110*l.*, which will pay him seven and a half per cent. profit after refunding the sum borrowed and the interest on it. But if, in the meantime, through a deficiency of money, prices have generally fallen, so that instead of 110*l.*, A. can only realize 100*l.* by his article, the sum he has to pay B. remaining fixed at 102*l.* 10*s.*, he loses his whole profit, and 2*l.* 10*s.* besides. Nor is it any compensation to him, that in his next venture his expenses will be lowered. Fixed engagements for taxes, rates, rent, interest on borrowed capital, &c., occasion similar loss to the debtor upon every fall in prices; the creditor in every case obtaining a proportionate, but unexpected and unjust gain. There is, clearly, no one law of social economy more momentous in its character, or more deeply affecting the sources of national prosperity than that we are illustrating. If we reflect on the enormous mass of outstanding pecuniary engagements at all times due from the classes engaged in production to those who are not directly producers, consisting of obligations to the public creditor, to the government for the annual national expenditure, private debts of every kind, annuities, mortgages, rates, salaries, &c., all of which have to be paid out of the sums annually realized by sale of the produce of the nation's industry, we shall form some faint and imperfect idea of the pressure thrown on the productive classes by any continued rise in the value of money, and, consequently, of all their money engagements. The entire revenue of the non-producing classes, of those persons, that is, who are not *directly* concerned in production, but derive their incomes from mortgages, funded property, annuities, salaries, interest of borrowed money, &c., is proportionately advanced in value by every advance in the value of money; but the difference is taken entirely out of the profits and wages, one or both, of the class of producers! The fall in the prices of the commodities employers bring to market, is so much ab-

stracted from the expected *net* returns of their industry and capital, and, if considerable, must be made good out of the capital itself. In their next venture they are obliged to reduce their expenditure to meet the reduced prices; and since it is impossible for them to diminish many of their fixed money obligations, such as taxes and rates, and difficult to reduce others, as interest on borrowed capital, &c., their principal and almost only resource is to lower the *wages* of their workmen, who thus become inevitably sharers in the loss. Prices continuing to fall, the same operation is repeated; and thus both profits and wages become further and further reduced; the distress extends itself generally through all gradations of producers, masters as well as men, manufacturers, agriculturists, wholesale and retail dealers, in the home or the foreign market—and progressively augments in intensity so long as prices continue on the average to decline. If, making abstraction of all the other pecuniary engagements to which industry is ever liable, we fix our attention on the public taxes alone, we see at once that the fall of fifty per cent. in prices since the war has actually doubled the weight of the taxes by doubling their value in commodities.

‘When, for example, sugar sold at 50s. the cwt., the duty of 27s. was little more than fifty per cent. Now that the hundred weight of sugar sells at 23s., the same duty is much above a hundred per cent. Fifty millions in the present day are, indeed, equivalent, in the sacrifice required from the productive class to pay them, to one hundred millions in 1818! Certainly the close of the war left us saddled with a heavy debt and expenditure, enough, it might have been thought, to cripple the resources of any nation, however wealthy and industrious, but if this was the effect of the levy of fifty millions *out of the prices of 1818*, what *must be* the pressure of the same nominal account of taxation *taken out of the prices of 1832*? What the necessary result of that pressure, but the losses and beggary we perceive around us, which threaten to annihilate the productive industry of the empire, to drive its remaining moveable capital abroad, and leave its labouring classes starving in idleness at home, a load of misery upon the soil, which cannot, by law, shake them off!’—*A Plain Statement*, &c., p. 11.

‘If,’ says another writer, ‘one hundred millions had been added to the Great Book, the effect would have been less onerous; but our statesmen took the double method, with the maximum of infelicity, of adding to the debt, and putting incapacity upon the debtors.’—*What has the Currency to do*, &c., p. 17.

In fact, during this time the process has been precisely reversed, which we described above as accompanying the fall in the value of money caused by the overflow of the wealth of one hemisphere into another; with the difference occasioned by the much greater development

development of the system of credit in the present day, and, consequently, greater extent of pecuniary obligations (the then unheard-of public debt inclusive), and by the greater rapidity of the change, all of which have rendered its results far more intense. And just as that continued fall in the value of money, stimulating and rewarding as it did the efforts of the industrious by unexpected gains, was unquestionably the cause of the rapid advance of this country and most other European states in wealth and general comfort, so the opposite state of things, by entailing a succession of ruinous losses and aggravated sufferings on producers, has brought on the condition of exhaustion, dismay, and paralysis, which, at present, affects the entire industry, not of this country only, but of the whole commercial world.

‘Producers have all this time been struggling to make up for their diminished profits by increased production, unaware that, from the limited stock of the medium of exchange, every addition to the stock of exchangeable articles must lower prices, and occasion a still farther fall of profits. Thus the reward of industry has been lessened by every increase of its exertions—not because too many commodities of all kinds were, or ever can be, produced—but because the custom being to exchange goods, not directly for goods, but for bits of gold and silver—and the quantity of gold and silver happening to decrease—every addition to the quantity of goods could only increase the relative scarcity or value of the metals, and lower the money value, or price, of the goods themselves.’—*Plain Statement*, p. 9.

This constant and continuous fall in prices, unprecedented in the history of nations, inexplicable on any ordinary principles of trade, and only to be accounted for, as we have seen it is satisfactorily accounted for, by the rise in value of money caused by the increasing scarcity of the precious metals,—imperceptible, because the use of these metals as a measure of the value of all other things, kept *their* value, to all appearance, stationary, (inasmuch as the law declares their value shall be invariable when fixed quantities of metal are assumed by it as the unit of value);—this cruel and relentless fall of prices it is which, day by day, and year after year, has mulcted the industrious of the reward due to their toil, robbed the employer of his expected profit, and driven him either to desert his farm, shut up his mills, renounce all the capital he has embarked in them, and discharge his workmen,—or, at the best, to struggle on at a loss, by exacting from his men yet harder labour for a still scantier remuneration. When, indeed, the master is pinched, it is impossible but that the labourer should suffer with him. What effects have followed to the English peasant from the general decline in the fortunes of the ordinary country gentleman and the farmer during the last sixteen years?

Diminished wages, coarser, scantier fare, gradually accumulated wretchedness! Have not the same results been experienced by our manufacturing operatives, owing to the reduced profits and great comparative distress of the capitalists who had hitherto employed them?

But this is not all: for, besides the actual evils endured and the dangers incurred, a great and certain mass of future suffering is in course of preparation through the vast destruction of the national capital which the depreciation of produce is rapidly effecting. A large proportion of the loss sustained by the industrious classes is taken from productive and added to unproductive consumption, and must, therefore, be a direct abstraction from the capital of the country. Any one acquainted with the manufacturing districts, and aware of the number of factories that remain unoccupied and fast going to decay, and the abundance of machinery unused and unsaleable in the same state—those too who have witnessed the imperfect and slovenly cultivation and management of land, the neglect of drains, roads, buildings, and fences, which has prevailed among farmers of late years, through the want of money, as they themselves declare, will be able to form some judgment of the annihilation of capital which has been going on for a considerable period. As a single specimen of the condition of our internal trade, we give the memorial of the iron and coal masters of Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Wales, presented to Earl Grey by a deputation in October last, after being signed by more than three-fourths of the trade in those great manufacturing districts.

‘ We, the undersigned iron masters and coal masters of the Staffordshire iron and coal district, think it our duty respectfully to represent to his Majesty’s Government the following facts:—

‘ 1. That for the last five years, ever since what is called the panic of 1825, we have found, with very slight intermissions, a continually increasing depression in the prices of the products of industry, and more particularly in those of pig iron and bar iron, which have fallen, respectively, from upwards of 8*l.* per ton, to under 3*l.* per ton, and from 15*l.* per ton, to under 5*l.* per ton.

‘ 2. Against this alarming and long-continued depression, we have used every possible effort in our power to make head. We have practised all manner of economy, and have had recourse to every possible improvement in the working of our mines and manufactories. Our workmen’s wages have, in many instances, been greatly reduced, and such reduction has been attended with, and effected by, very great suffering and distress:—but the royalties, rents, contracts, and other engagements, under which we hold our respective works and mines, have scarcely been reduced at all, nor can we get them effectually reduced, because the law enforces their payment in full.

‘ 3. The

* 3. The prices of the products of our industry having thus fallen within the range of the fixed charges and expenses which the law compels us to discharge, the just and necessary profits of our respective trades have ceased to exist; and, in many cases, a positive loss attends them.

* 4. Under these circumstances, we have long hesitated in determining what line of conduct our interests and our duties require us to adopt:—If we should abandon our respective trades, our large and expensive outlays in machinery and erections must be sacrificed, at an enormous loss to ourselves, and our honest and meritorious workmen must be thrown in thousands upon parishes, already too much impoverished by their present burthens, to support them; and, if we should continue our respective trades, we see nothing but the prospect of increasing distress, and certain ruin to all around us.

* 5. In our humble opinion, the great cause which has been mainly instrumental in producing this depression and distress in our respective trades, and among the productive classes of the country generally, is the attempt to render the rents, taxes, royalties, and the other various engagements and obligations of the country, convertible, *by law*, into gold, at 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per oz. This low and antiquated price of the metallic standard of value is no longer capable of effecting a just and equitable distribution of our products between the producer and the consumer; it renders incompatible the permanent existence of remunerative prices, without such a reduction of taxation as we cannot hope to see effected in time to afford us any relief—and it thus tends, ultimately and surely, to destroy the industry and the peace and happiness of the country.

* 6. That until the establishment of a circulating medium of a character better suited to the various and complicated demands of society, and to the increased transactions and population of the country, and more competent to effect an interchange, and preserve a remunerating level of prices in the products of industry, generally,—we can see no prospect of any permanent restoration of the prosperity of our trades, or of the country being able to escape the most frightful sufferings and convulsions.

* We, therefore, most respectfully, but very earnestly, request the early attention of his Majesty's Government to these great facts and considerations, and we trust they will recommend to Parliament the speedy establishment of some *just, adequate, and efficient currency*, which may properly support the trade and commerce of the country, and preserve such a remunerating level of prices, as may ensure to the employers of labour the fair and reasonable profits of their capital and industry, as well as the means of paying the just and necessary wages to their workmen.'

The sufferers here most correctly attribute their losses to the late increase in the value of money, but they seem to look for relief

relief chiefly in a deterioration of the standard. In this view we do not concur with them, only because we think so desperate, and, to speak openly, dishonest a remedy is not necessary, for that other and unexceptionable measures may be resorted to for the relief of industry, to which we shall presently advert. This document affords, however, a valuable proof of the increasing disposition of the public to ascribe the distress to its true cause, and induces the hope that the legislature will no longer remain inactive on this subject, shunning every reference to it as to a forbidden topic, and wasting session after session in debates on every matter under the sun, with the single exception of that one question, which, to a great, industrious, and commercial community is, by far, the most important of all, namely,—why it is that every increase in the productiveness of industry but causes a falling-off in its reward?—why every addition to the trade and wealth of the country only creates a parallel addition to its burdens?—why, in a period of profound peace, with all the immeasurable resources, natural and acquired, of this favoured land still unimpaired, and the genius, skill, enterprise, and perseverance of its inhabitants unextinguished, each revolving year but plunges the country into deeper distress?

We cannot avoid remarking the complete confirmation afforded, if confirmation were wanting, to our view of the cause of the general embarrassment of productive industry, in the fact that it is by no means confined to this country, but extends over the whole commercial world. In every part of the continent of Europe the same complaints are heard, however various the internal economy of its different states, and the occupations of their inhabitants. The cultivators of North America assert that the prices of their productions yield them no profit. The same is the case in the West India islands; and, according to the common reports, in South America and in India. There must be some general cause producing such extensive effects, which are thus felt alike where taxation is high or low, under despotic and free governments, and whether the land is cultivated by slaves, or by proprietors.* What but a general rise in the value of the precious metals, the standard of value throughout the commercial world, can account for this universal depression of its industrious classes? *Universal overproduction* is an impossibility. There is not, and will never be, so long as man is man, any indisposition to consume, or to exchange those products of which one man has more than he can consume, for those of which he has less than he desires. It is the *underproduction* of money which creates the

* Jacob, ii. p. 376.

deceptive appearance of an overproduction of goods. Stocks of all kinds are plentiful; the only difficulty is the deficiency of the medium for their exchange. Nor is it a whit less unreasonable to refer this universal distress, as is sometimes done, to certain late and local approaches towards freedom of trade. If it is the admission of foreign silks that has ruined the Coventry and Spital-fields weavers, what is it that has starved the Lyonnese, and driven them to despair and rebellion? Our ship-owners complain; but their complaints are re-echoed by the ship-owners of America and the Baltic! We have always been of opinion, that some of Mr. Huskisson's free trade measures (so called) were rash, unwise, unjust;—but the worst of them were mere flea-bites, when compared to the real mischief which has been comparatively little spoken of. It is not mainly or essentially to the competition of foreigners that the distress of English producers is owing; but, in common with all other producers, native and foreign, to their mutual competition in a market, whose medium of exchange has been gradually diminishing, as the commodities to be exchanged by it have been increasing in quantity.

Meanwhile the state of Europe, torn by political convulsions, harassed by the dread of impending wars, and prostrate under the fury of a devastating epidemic disease, has contributed to aggravate a depression which can no longer be concealed or denied. In fact, we are arrived at a crisis threatening the most terrific explosion, unless *something* be done to avert the inevitable consequences of the continued pressure on the mass of the population. We are seriously impressed with the fearful state of our trade and commerce. Any one who contemplates the effect of a general breaking up of the complicated and highly wrought fabric of our industry—and we consider its dissolution to be momentarily threatened—the vast masses of desperate men who may in any one day be thrown out of employment by the withdrawal of the capital which now supports them—the terror and devastation that a few short hours may spread from one end of the island to another, will think with us that not an hour should be lost by the legislature in taking up this momentous subject, and considering whether any, and what, remedy can be provided for a state of things which promises in its longer continuance to disorganize society, and precipitate this country into an abyss of destruction.

The knowledge of the fact that the main cause of the general distress lies in the comparative scarcity and consequent rise in value of the circulating medium, points out the nature of the remedy which can alone correct the mischief—the expansion, namely,

namely, of that medium. It were, however, vain for us to expect this improvement from an increased supply of the precious metals. Mr. Jacob's conclusion, 'from a careful review of the several countries which yield gold and silver,' is, that 'no very sanguine hopes can be indulged that a great or material increase in their production is likely to take place in the course of a few years.'* It is utterly beyond the power of the legislature of this or any other state to accelerate, in any considerable degree, the rate of supply of these metals from the mines; and, indeed, were this our only resource, it would be but a melancholy one, when we contemplate the misery and hardships endured by those who work the mines, and the barren and unprofitable nature of the substances acquired by so large a sacrifice of human life and happiness.†

Next to a direct increase of the supply of metal, the most obvious resource seems to be to augment the efficacy of that which we possess, by a degradation of the standard—in other words, by diminishing the intrinsic value of the coinage; cutting, for instance, our sovereigns, shillings, and other pieces of money, into two or more parts, which should each, by law, retain the nominal value of the whole. This is, in substance, the proposal which seems to find most favour with the persons who have spoken or written on the subject of the currency for some years past. It is this, as we have seen, that is advocated by the iron-trade, and by their powerful champions, the Messrs. Attwood. It is this to which Mr. Western, and a large body of agriculturists, have been long pointing as the only practicable mode of permitting them to come to an equitable adjustment with their creditors, public and private. It is indeed a mode of 'adjustment' not wanting in precedents, having been over and over again resorted to by faithless governments, when, to enable the state to discharge its debts by a less value than was originally stipulated, every private debtor has had legal permission given him to defraud those by whom he has been trusted. But these examples have not tended to encourage its adoption.

We acknowledge, indeed, the force of the retorts levelled by the advocates of this alteration against their opponents, when the 'ne-

* Jacob, ii. p. 364.

† 'Since the discovery of America an immense quantity of labour and capital has been expended in mining operations, attended with no small waste of human life, and infliction of human misery. If the acquisition of the large quantity of the precious metals has been attended with no other consequence than the increase of the nominal price of commodities in all commercial countries, how much is the misapplication of capital and labour to be regretted! Little has been done for the improvement of the countries which supply these metals, though they be very susceptible of it. What a different appearance would they have now exhibited, if the same capital and labour had been expended in purposes of real utility!'—*Hamilton's Progress of Society*, p. 76.
cessity

cessity of preserving the national faith inviolate' is flung in their teeth. They ask with bitterness, and with justice too,—

'Is faith to be kept only with the monied interest? Was no good faith to be kept with the landholder, the merchant, the manufacturer, the vast labouring population who bore the weight of the national struggle, who cheerfully made great and numerous sacrifices during the war, and who constitute the real strength and greatness of the kingdom? *No faith whatever was kept with them.* They, through their representatives, engaged themselves to a debt of so many *pound notes*—but not of the same number of *sovereigns*—to a debt consisting of money *at its then value*, but they protest against being held responsible for the same nominal sum now that its value has been artificially *doubled*. Does not good faith require that the scale should be held fairly between debtor and creditor? Was it consistent with the national faith, upon the plea of arresting the progress of depreciation in 1819, to turn the tables wholly the other way, and by reviving an obsolete standard, to give to monied obligations a value, *that is, a command over the produce and property of others*, which the persons originally forming those contracts could never have contemplated, and which consigned at once to overwhelming and unmerited ruin, the commerce, the manufactures, and agriculture of the empire?*

We freely admit the weight of these remonstrances. We acknowledge that through an overstrained anxiety for observing the letter of the national faith, the spirit of the obligation was disregarded, and a gross injustice committed on the great body of producers throughout the kingdom, as well as on all debtors. It is true,

'Nothing could be more honourable than the feeling which induced our statesmen to return to the ancient standard; but to our sorrow, their estimate of its effects was much below the mark. They did not see what a revolution of property would ensue. They consulted our honour, our reputed solvency, but not our real means. Mr. Ricardo told them the change would be five per cent. Events have proved it fifty.†

But the real question is, whether *now*, after the lapse of thirteen years, it is possible to restore to the identical sufferers the property of which they have been unjustly deprived, and to take it only from those persons especially, who, through the partial working of the measure, received more than strict equity entitled them to. Whether another violent change in the value of all existing contracts, public and private, will not amount to a similar act of injustice and spoliation? Whether, because the creditors of so distant a period were legally authorised to take more than their

* Letter on the Currency to Lord Althorp, 1832.

† What has the Currency, &c.

due from their debtors, it will be any adequate or sound remedy to allow the debtors of the present day to settle with their creditors by payment of less than what they owe? If the national debt were still entirely held by the persons who lent the money during the war, and have profited by its appreciation ever since, the proposal might bear handling; but this is the very reverse of the fact. More than half of that property must have changed hands in the interim, and the only effect of the proposed adjustment would be to heap one injustice upon another. If too we have suffered severely by, perhaps, too close a fulfilment of the letter of our engagement, at least let us not hastily throw away the character we have so dearly earned, of rigid exactness in the payment of our debts. It is this firm adherence to good faith in all our money engagements, which has enabled us in time past to rise superior to the difficulties of our situation, and to extricate ourselves from imminent dangers: it is this alone which, in time to come, must furnish us with resources for carrying on war, for securing our safety on any sudden emergency, and for supporting our rank and station in the political world. National honesty is a nation's best policy; and an obvious breach of faith is not only disastrous in its immediate effects, but never fails to create, and to leave to succeeding ages, deep and permanent, and almost ineffaceable impressions of suspicion and distrust. Moreover, this remedy, such as it is, would, at best, but serve to meet the exigency of the moment. It in no way provides against the recurrence of similar embarrassments from the same cause. For the radical evil to be cured being the continually increasing difficulty of procuring gold and silver, as compared with the other commodities whose value gold and silver are employed to measure, there is nothing to prevent its continuance after the degradation of the standard. So soon as prices had adjusted themselves to the altered value of the coinage, which would be an instantaneous operation, they would immediately begin again to decline; producers would continue to be tricked out of their expected remuneration; creditors to gain at the expense of debtors, until a crisis of distress like the present recurred, and ended in another debasement of the coinage, forcibly cheating the creditors of the day for the benefit of their debtors. But it is apparent that commerce and industry could not prosper under such a system as this. Credit and confidence, the very blood and marrow of both, cannot exist in such an atmosphere of uncertainty as would prevail, were it once acknowledged that the only means whereby governments would or could lighten the evils of a continual tendency in gold and silver to advance in value, were occasional *coups d'état* of this kind, by which the relations of every debtor

debtor and creditor in the state are violently, and without warning, interfered with. Such a remedy were more injurious even than the disease.

For these reasons, we reject the proposal of a degradation of the standard established in 1819, as essentially unjust, inadequate for the purpose, and destructive of all credit, public as well as private, and of all reliance on the security of property, which it is the very object of the remedy we are in search of to confirm and maintain.

There remains another course for consideration; one which we have urged for sometime past on the public, as the true mode of relief from our monetary difficulties; one which, if it cannot be expected to work a miracle in the immediate restoration of the national industry to vigorous health, will at least bring about a gradual cure, by giving room and play for the development of the *vis medicatrix* inherent in the patient's constitution; which, if it will not at once relieve creditors from the burden of their engagements, will at least put them in the way of paying them off by industry and exertion, without any additional incumbrance. We mean the removal of the mischievous restrictions which now fetter the circulation of *credit* through this country, and the concession of the free right of commerce to provide itself with whatever instruments it may require for effecting its exchanges, uninterfered with by those officious legislative intermeddlings which experience has sufficiently proved to be fatal to almost everything they touch, but to nothing so much as to the currency.

It is physically impossible to carry on the commerce of the civilized world by the aid of a *purely* metallic currency—no, not though our gold and silver coins were every tenth year debased to a tenth! Why, in London alone, five millions of money are daily exchanged at the Clearing-house, in the course of a few hours. We should like to see the attempt made to bring this infinity of transactions to a settlement in coined money. Credit money, in some shape or other, always has, and must have, performed the part of a circulating medium to a very considerable extent. And (by one of those wonderful compensatory processes which so frequently claim the admiration of every investigator of civil, as well as of physical economy) there is in the nature of credit an elasticity which causes it, when left unshackled by law, to adapt itself to the necessities of commerce, and the legitimate demands of the market. Well may the productive classes exclaim to those who persist in legislating on the subject, and are not content without determining who may, and who may not, give credit to another, what kind of monied obligations shall, or shall not,

not, be allowed to circulate—that is, to be taken in exchange for goods at the option of the parties—well might they exclaim, as the merchants of Paris did to the minister of Louis, when he asked what his master could do for them—‘*Laissez nous faire*,’—‘Leave us alone, to surround ourselves with those precautions which experience will suggest, and the instinct of self-preservation put in execution.’ But the simple principles of banking, as laid down by Adam Smith half a century ago, have never been acted upon or regarded by the government of this country. And it will be of some service to take a brief review of the successive interferences of our own legislature with the credit-currency of England, and bring into juxtaposition with these several measures their immediate results, as they showed themselves in the general prices of produce, and the condition of the productive classes.

The first and most fatal error was the concession, or at least the continued renewal of the Bank charter, by which a monopoly in the issue of notes within sixty-five miles of London, accompanied by a prohibition on their issue by more than five partners in any part of England, was confirmed to a metropolitan banking company, under the management of a secret directory, whose proceedings, unchecked by the wholesome restraints of competition, responsibility to shareholders, or public supervision, were necessarily liable to error and caprice, granting the absence of any interested motives. By their faulty management of this privileged monopoly, the value of the entire currency has been often unreasonably, and without warning, deranged, and evils of the greatest magnitude inflicted on the trade of the country. This mismanagement led to the next error of the legislature, the act of 1797, for relieving this privileged bank from the liability to pay its notes on demand. No government, having sound notions on the nature of paper currency, would have taken such a step, ‘for no calamity that could befall the country from the vicissitudes of war, short of the actual conquest of it, could be more calculated to expose it to immediate embarrassment, and ultimate ruin and bankruptcy, than thus letting the Banks loose upon the public, to issue whatever quantity of paper they pleased.’* The Bank directors having no definite rule for their guidance, and being hampered moreover by their connexion with government, at one time enlarged, at another diminished their issues, with little or no regard to the real demand for money; and the fluctuations thus occasioned in prices, brought unavoidable ruin on the heads of thousands, and converted trade into a mere gambling speculation. Thus, in 1801-2, Bank-notes were at a discount, compared with gold, of seven or eight per

* Parnell on Banking, &c.

cent., which in the next year was reduced, by diminished issues, to two and a half per cent. But in 1809, and the five following years, the Bank poured forth such a profusion of paper as depressed its value from ten to twenty-five per cent. below that of bullion; while immediately after, in 1815-16, a sudden contraction of the issues brought up the notes to within one and a half per cent. of par with gold, and, as a natural consequence, no less than two hundred and forty country banks stopped payment.

The return to cash payments in 1819 was an attempt, on the part of government, to retrieve their previous error in the Bank restriction act, and, we may add, by committing an equal or still greater error. For, in the first place, it was altogether overlooked by Mr. Ricardo, Lord Liverpool, and the other advocates of the restoration of the standard, that, under the restriction, gold, not having been wanted for use as a medium of exchange through the British empire, was thereby lowered in value, but that the certain effect of a return to specie payments must be an advance in its value proportioned to the increased demand that would arise for it to be employed as coin; and that consequently the market price of bullion at that time could be no measure of the value it would obtain after the passing of an act which went to create a new demand for gold to the extent of perhaps thirty millions. The second error of the bill of 1819, was, that not being accompanied by measures for repealing the monopoly of the Bank of England, and putting the system of credit currency on a footing of freedom and security, it failed in its object of providing a steady and uniform supply of money. Instead of any approach to freedom, indeed, new restrictions were imposed. An act was passed prohibiting the issue of all notes under five pounds; the consequence of which, and of the obligation on banks to provide a reserve of gold, was an insufficient supply of money, and the fall of prices which brought on the severe distresses of 1821. As a temporary relief the small notes were again permitted to issue; but here the opposite error of the legislature (which, throughout the whole of this unhappy drama, invariably controlled what ought to be left free, and gave full license to what ought to be controlled) came into play. Whilst the law actually prohibited the formation of banks on the broad foundation of an extensive partnership, any *individual*, though destitute of a shred of property, had liberty to issue notes without guarantee of any kind. The natural consequence was, that at the first favourable prospect of trade, an over-issue occurred from parties *who might gain, but had nothing to lose*, by fomenting the most extravagant speculations on fictitious capital. Hence arose the mad excitement and delusive prosperity of 1824-5; till,
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at the close of the latter year, the bubble burst; the sudden withdrawal of the issues of the Bank of England, alarmed at length (that is, six months after it *should* have perceived the danger) at the state of the exchanges, gave the signal of a general panic; credit of every kind was paralyzed, and the universal nation on the eve of bankruptcy.

What measures, after this severe lesson, did the legislature adopt? Were they at length taught by experience the necessity of establishing a sound banking system? Far from it. They left the country banks of England as unsafe—and, of course, after the failure of *seventy*, far more discredited than before; and instead of giving freedom to the issue of paper by responsible parties under efficient securities, they fettered the circulation with precisely the same trammels which had brought on the sufferings of 1821, and passed the bill of 1826, again prohibiting the issue of small notes. The result, of course, has been the same train of unhappy consequences as before, namely, the continued and increasing distress of every branch of industry.

During each of these successive phases, the changes in the condition of the productive classes, alternately elevated and depressed, stimulated by high prices and ruined by low, so immediately followed the corresponding alterations of the currency-laws, as to leave no room for doubt on the connexion of the two as cause and effect. Whilst these see-saws of general prosperity and adversity evince the dangerous and mischievous character of our actual monopoly-crippled banking system, under which every relaxation brings on over-issue, over-speculation, and a crash—every contraction grinding and intolerable distress; they, at the same time, suffice to prove that the effect produced on prices by the comparative scarcity of the precious metals, which, during all this period, were diminishing in quantity, can be counteracted by the operation of paper money; and lead to the conclusion that we have only to build our system of paper currency on a rational foundation, to secure our productive classes from suffering in any way through the increasing deficiency of gold and silver.

There are, we know, some statesmen who oppose *any* reconsideration of our monetary system, crying, 'Let us meddle no more with the currency; it has never been tampered with, but evil has followed.' This would be all very reasonable if the currency were not at this moment interfered with by the existing laws, and prevented from establishing itself, as it would otherwise do, on a sound basis. Instead of being *settled*, as some imagine, it is, at this moment, in the most vitiated, unsettled, and deranged condition, through the perverse control of the law. That law, as we have said, gives unlimited

mitted license to country banks to issue notes without a farthing of property to back them, at the same time that it *prohibits* their issue by parties of such number and pledged capital as would offer an effectual guarantee for their solvency. It follows, of course, that banks of this stamp, and of which as many as seventy broke at once but the other day, *cannot possess the confidence of the public*, who therefore, in general, prefer gold to their notes.

The prohibition of notes under five pounds still further increases the amount of gold required for circulation. The consequence is the absorption of an immense amount of sovereigns into active use, in addition to the reserves of the Bank of England, and the numerous country banks which, from the ticklish state of their credit, must keep by them a large stock of coin.* But a gold circulation is necessarily a dear and a contracted one. Country banks will by no means accommodate their customers with advances in gold to the same extent that they would in their own notes. Their business must entirely change its nature if, instead of lending their credit or responsibility, they are to lend *hard cash*. Their advances in this case must be greatly limited, and they must also charge such an interest on them as will cover, not merely the risk and the expense of their establishment, but likewise a profit on their capital employed in the purchase of gold. The consequence must be, and is, a great limitation in the amount of country circulation, a scarcity of money, and a ruinous fall of prices.

But it is denied by some that there is any deficiency of money. On the contrary, 'the money-market,' they say, 'is glutted. In London loans of money are to be obtained at three or four per cent.' They do not perceive that the deficiency of the money in

* There can be no doubt too that '*hoarding*' goes on under these circumstances to a considerable extent, and greatly augments the scarcity, and consequently the value of the precious metals. Even the old practice of 'making a stocking' is by no means given up in rural districts. We ourselves, but a few days back, personally witnessed an old crone, the wife of a small, and apparently poor farmer, in a wild pastoral district, bring no less than three hundred sovereigns in a bag to a neighbouring attorney, to be placed by him in security; her treasure having accumulated till she was afraid to keep it longer at home. Such examples are by no means so rare as may be imagined. The failures of so many country banks in 1825 destroyed the confidence of country people in the bank-notes of the present banks, and causes their preference of gold. The failure of many attorneys, as well as of those country banks which received and gave interest on deposits, and (with the exception of the savings banks, which are very limited in the amount of the deposits they allow) the total absence, in the rural districts of England, of any safe and accessible depositories for the savings of the economical, such as the invaluable Scotch banks, have tended most injuriously to discourage economy; and where that principle was strongly ingrafted, have converted it into a practice of hoarding,—have caused that to stagnate in unprofitable masses which, spread through proper channels, would have stimulated new industry and new accumulations, and added both to the wealth of the owner, and to the general stock.

circulation through the country, and its accumulation in the hands of capitalists who can find no use for it, instead of being inconsistent with each other, are necessarily co-existent, and are both owing to the same cause, the weak, crippled, and discredited state of the country banks, whose peculiar province it is to facilitate the circulation of money, to act as the intermediate party between those who wish to lend and those who wish to borrow. Were the laws repealed which paralyze the efficiency of these establishments, and a well-organized system of banking introduced, the capital which now stagnates in the metropolitan money-market would, by its agency, be spread over the whole surface of the country, and employed in small portions in promoting the various operations of productive industry.

There are, however, still we believe a (daily diminishing) number of persons, who consider that the laws of 1819 and 1826, though followed, they admit, by great temporary distress and difficulty, have yet afforded us the 'invaluable blessing' of a 'sound and wholesome' currency. Sound and wholesome! A state of the circulating medium which has turned the horn of peace into a phial of wrath; which, after twelve years of aggravated sufferings and unexampled struggles, has dragged the industrious portion of the community to the brink of an abyss, and will inevitably, if continued, precipitate them into utter destruction; which has brought about a decreasing revenue, a failing commerce, a ruined landed interest, starving manufacturers, an unemployed, pauperized, discontented population—this, truly, is a sound and wholesome currency, and an invaluable blessing!

Though the prejudice which in 1826 ran so strongly in favour of a metallic currency has been pretty well abated by the dearly bought experience of its 'invaluable blessings,' yet the notion is still entertained by some, that paper-money is a fiction, an imposture,—'worthless rags,' as Cobbett calls them,—and metal the only safe currency. As to paper being fictitious, if by this is meant that it has no intrinsic value, that is precisely what constitutes its peculiar merit, since it enables it, at no cost, to fulfil the office of a capital which can be better employed in the production of consumable commodities. But if by fictitious is meant worthless, it can only refer to *bad* paper, not to good; to the notes of rotten and insecure banks, not to those of sound and unquestionable ones, for whose notes there can be no possible doubt that gold may be obtained whenever it is required. The paper issued by banks of the latter character, actually *represents*, and is backed by a *double* capital—that of the bankers themselves, and that upon the security of which they have lent their notes. The way, therefore,

fore, to prevent the issue of a *fictitious* currency is to require security from banks, or to allow of companies being formed with a paid-up capital as a guarantee of their solvency. But for those who refuse making this improvement on our banking system to cry out against paper as being fictitious, when it is the miserable system they pertinaciously adhere to which alone admits of any bad paper being issued, is something too much.

Two powerful motives have contributed to create and keep alive this prejudice among certain classes. First, the bias which the *monied interest* naturally feels in favour of a state of the circulation which is continually adding to their wealth at the expense of the rest of the community. The cry of 'worthless rags' will be found chiefly to proceed from that interested quarter. It would not be difficult to point out among the most prominent bullionists some who have increased the value of their property half a million or more by the enforcement of our 'sound and healthy' system of currency! Secondly, the vague dread entertained by those who have not the capacity or leisure to probe the question to the bottom, of the renewal of the bankruptcies of 1825, from which many of them are still smarting. No person, however, of information does, or ever could dispute the vast superiority of a paper currency over one of coin;—the advantage of saving the expense of a capital of thirty, forty, or fifty millions in this country, locked up in an unproductive form, and enabling us to employ a great part of this dead stock in adding to our wealth and enjoyments. A metallic currency is merely a more convenient form of barter. It still retains many of the inherent and unavoidable faults of that method of exchange, appropriate to an age of barbarism, though modified by the peculiar qualities of the precious metals, which render them, as is universally admitted, a less objectionable medium than any other commodity of intrinsic worth. But it is only the want of intercourse between parties, and the consequent limitation of credit—or, in an advanced state of society, the pernicious interference of governments—which can force commerce to employ, to any considerable extent, so clumsy and costly an instrument of exchange.

In order to illustrate the simple character and practical advantage of a paper currency, let us suppose three parties, of whom A owes 100*l.* to B—B the same to C—and C to A. There are thousands of such circulating engagements always in existence, though varied in the amount and the number of parties through whom the chain of obligation passes. A, for instance, is a maltster, B a farmer, and C his landlord; or A may be a tailor, B a clothier, and C a capitalist who has lent B money on mortgage. Could these parties meet and become aware of their

relative position, they would only have to exchange acquittances, and settle their accounts without the use of money in any shape. But the transactions of actual business are too multiplied and complex to admit of all debtors and creditors assembling in a room together to balance their respective accounts in this way. Therefore money, in some shape or other, must be employed for the purpose. Where the currency is purely or principally metallic, it is clear one of these parties, at least, must make a fresh sale of goods, probably at a considerable sacrifice, in order to procure *cash* with which to pay his creditor. Under the system of credit-currency in use throughout Lancashire, A would pay B by his bill at a fixed date; B would transfer it to C, and C hand it back again to A. This is clearly an immense improvement over the mode of payment in an article of intrinsic value. But there are yet great disadvantages attendant on the use of private bills as currency. Before B will accept A's bill, he must be convinced of his solvency. But how is a man who wants to sell to make himself acquainted with the circumstances of all who wish to buy? Two strangers, for instance, bargain in a fair or market. The buyer produces a bill indorsed with a whole string of names. They may be all responsible persons, and yet the seller know nothing of any of them. He must therefore either risk the chance of the indorsers being all men of straw, or lose the sale of his goods.

It is evidently a vast improvement upon this awkward system for a company of well-known and wealthy persons to set up a *bank*, backed by a large paid up capital, and lend their credit in the shape of notes as a circulating medium in lieu of either coin or private bills. The supposed transaction would then assume this shape. Either A would borrow the 100*l.* of the bank on his personal security, with which to pay B, or pay him in his bill which would be discounted at the bank. In either case B would pay C in the notes; which, though the chain of accounts extended through the whole alphabet, would settle them all without further expense to any of the parties than the interest on the period required to complete the transaction. The notorious credit of one great establishment is in this way employed as a substitute for the uncertain and varying credit of individuals, or the costly and awkward medium of coin; and the facilities thus afforded to the circulation and exchange of every article of production, and the consequent increase of the trade, industry, and wealth of the country, are beyond all calculation.

* The invention of paper-money,' says a recent writer, 'was as vast a step as from spoken language, from manuscript to print. In spite of the abuses it has suffered from faulty regulation, it has been

one of the main causes, as effective a cause as the steam-engine itself, of the rapid improvement of Great Britain in production and wealth, and of the rate at which she has outstripped the remainder of the world. Does any one believe that if our commerce had been cramped by restriction to an exclusively metallic circulation, we should have made the progress we have made within the last fifty years? Though one sovereign may not circulate in the country, a paper-pound, payable in demand for gold, at a fixed standard, by banks of unquestionable security, is as safe, and a *less variable*, and a far more convenient medium of exchange, than gold itself.—*Credit Currency*, 1830.

But then, it is said, paper-money has been productive of immense and extensive mischief. Unquestionably it has. The history of the paper-currency of England, for forty years past, displays a succession of fluctuations in the value of money which have occasioned irreparable injury to millions. But since during this time there has existed in England a rigid monopoly in favour of a chartered banking company, is it not just possible that these misfortunes are owing rather to the defective system of banking caused by that monopoly, than to any inherent mischief in paper-money, which, as we have shown, is merely the substitution of credit for barter, of a cheap and refined medium of exchange for an expensive and clumsy one? This presumption is considerably strengthened when, on turning our eyes to a neighbouring country, in which no monopoly or restriction on banking exists, but which, in every other circumstance relating to trade, is on the same footing exactly with England, we find a pure paper-currency to have supported itself for nearly a century and a half, not simply without producing any injury worth speaking of, but acknowledged by all to have been one of the most efficient causes of the prodigious strides which Scotland has made in wealth and improvement during that period. Those, indeed, who look a little more closely into the matter, are perfectly able to trace all the mischief occasioned by the English paper-currency to its necessary source in our monopoly-crippled banking system; while the freedom which characterises that of Scotland is in their eyes the all-sufficient explanation of the security and effectiveness which experience has proved it to possess.

‘The case of Scotch banking,’ says Sir H. Parnell, ‘is, perhaps, the most perfect and satisfactory illustration of a science that has ever existed. It leaves nothing to be desired, in order to establish, beyond dispute, the conclusion, that if bankers are restrained from issuing notes for less than twenty shillings, and are subjected to the obligation of an immediate and unconditional payment of their notes, as soon as presented, the trade of banking may, with safety to the public, be rendered, in all other respects, free.’—*Paper Money*, p. 151.

We will not here go into the description of that system, the excellencies of which were minutely pointed out in a former paper, to which we refer our readers.* We shall content ourselves with saying, that with such an example before us of a system of paper-currency, not merely perfect in theory, but which has stood the test of a century's experience, and that not in China or Utopia, but in this island itself,—in a part of Britain in no material circumstance differing from Yorkshire or Cumberland, except as being a few miles farther from London,—in the teeth of this to have gone on floundering, as we have done, from bad to worse, patching and botching our currency with one quackery after another, and settling down at last in an attempt to carry on the commerce of this great country by *barter*, may well be a matter of astonishment even to those who are most deeply convinced of the verity of Oxenstiern's saddening reflection.

The Bank is about to be put upon its trial; and if it can be proved, by fair evidence, to have worked well for the nation at large, and to be the most fitting instrument that can be provided for the important purpose of supplying a sound, uniform, and sufficient circulating medium, 'always full, never in excess,' then we shall most willingly hail its re-establishment. But we do not conceal our opinion that its defenders will have great difficulty in making out their case. Mr. Tooke, Mr. Mushet, Sir H. Parnell, Mr. Joplin,† and many other writers of great authority, have, as we think, *demonstrated*, that in each of the occurrences of sudden fluctuation in the value of the circulating medium, which, within the last forty years, have destroyed so much capital, and caused the ruin of so many innocent individuals,—in 1793, 1811, 1815, 1818, and 1824-5, the mischief originated in the misconduct or imprudence of the Bank of England. In every instance it was

* No. 86, art. ii.

† While this article is going through the press, we perceive this gentleman has published an octavo volume entitled, 'Analysis and History of the Currency Question, together with an Account of the Origin and Growth of Joint Stock Banking in England, comprised in a Brief Memoir of the Writer's Connexion with these Subjects.' We have scarcely had time to examine this work, but it appears to contain views much in accordance with our own, and certainly to merit, from the facts which it presents, the attention of the public. The details of Mr. Joplin as to the share he had, during the fatal week of panic in 1825, in inducing that liberal issue from the Bank of England, which, though too late to save thousands of individuals from ruin, was just in time to save that establishment itself from stoppage, and perhaps the nation from bankruptcy, are particularly curious and interesting. If Mr. Joplin's facts are correct—and we know no reason for doubting them—he has been an undeservedly neglected man; and we only regret to find him attributing some of the conduct from which he has suffered to ourselves. If he knew practically what it is to conduct a review, he would be ready to acquit us of any wilful injustice to him—but we are extremely sorry that, from whatever circumstances, we should have even appeared to slight his merits; and hope to have future opportunities of showing how highly we estimate him as a fellow-labourer in this cause.

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the state of the issues of that great central reservoir which encouraged the mad over-issue of the country banks; and it was the sudden and tardy withdrawal of its accommodation that gave the signal to the panics and runs, before which those frail establishments—prevented as they are *by the law* from basing themselves on a foundation sufficiently broad to secure the confidence of the public, except in times of general excitement and carelessness—gave way by scores. We have seen but one attempt at a defence of the Bank, or plea for the renewal of its exclusive privileges,—the pamphlet attributed to Mr. M'Culloch, and entitled, 'Historical Sketch of the Bank of England.' Of the historical portion of this essay we have only to remark, that it passes in silence over nearly all the successive errors of the Bank Directors. Thus, when the several lamentable revulsions of credit from 1793 to 1825, are under notice, the acknowledged over-issue of paper-money, in which they originated, is attributed to the country banks, and nothing is said of the example and encouragement afforded them by the Bank of England. It was impossible, however, for the writer not to admit the flagrant instances of imprudence on the part of the Bank in 1797 and 1825; so the former is excused on the ground of the 'pressing solicitations' of Mr. Pitt, and the latter attributed to 'a mistake of the Directors.' But this error, it is said, 'from whatever cause it proceeded, was most injurious to the Bank, which was brought into a state of considerable danger. We have, *therefore*, the best of all securities—the only one, indeed, on which the least stress can be laid,—the plain and obvious interest of the parties concerned, that such mistakes will not be of frequent occurrence.' (!)

May we not urge against this, that we have the evidence of experience—the best of all proofs,—that such mistakes will be, because they have been, of frequent occurrence? But placing even our experience out of view, that does not surely seem a very defensible system, *à priori*, which puts it in the power of a secret committee of irresponsible persons to bring the whole country to the verge of general bankruptcy by 'a mistake,' or an 'indiscretion,' or at the 'pressing solicitation' of a minister.

Having thus *proved* the advantage of giving to a privileged company the complete control over the whole currency of the empire, by the superlative argument that it is not *probable* this power would be *very frequently* abused so far as to involve the whole community in ruin, the writer goes on to show that a system of freedom, such as exists in Scotland, offers no similar security. To be sure it was impossible for him to deny the stubborn fact, that the English system, founded on the Bank monopoly, *has* convulsed the country over and over again, while the free system of Scotland has pursued

pursued the even tenor of its useful course, wholly undisturbed by panics or runs, over-issues, or re-actions. The only resource, therefore, of our sage is to declare point-blank, that the system which is perfectly safe in Edinburgh would be destructive in London! And the reason, that one is a provincial, the other a metropolitan currency, and 'there is no analogy between the two!' This appears to us a dream. The security against over-issue, which proves practically effective in Edinburgh, is the knowledge that such over-issue must immediately depress the exchange *with London*, and so create a demand for gold on the banks. The managers of the banks on this account narrowly watch the exchanges, and enlarge or restrict their issues accordingly. The security against over-issue in London, were banking as free there as in Edinburgh, would be the certainty of its being, in like manner, followed by a fall of the exchanges *with the continent*, and a drain of bullion for exportation. Where is the real difference between the two cases? However, as if not relying much on this fancied distinction, our author confidently puts forward another objection as decisive of the whole question. And since there is some novelty in his argument, and the case of the Bank is, by its only supporter, rested strictly upon it, we must afford somewhat more space to its examination than its substance would otherwise merit. The objection is, that 'how advantageous soever competition may be in most cases, the free competition of banks must occasion over-issue, because it is in the power of *any one bank* to render the whole currency redundant, and it will be for its interest to do so in order to drive the others out of the field.'

'As this,' writes our philosopher, 'is a matter of vital importance in the discussion of this question, let us suppose that there are *ten banks*, all enjoying equal and unbounded credit, established in London for the issue of notes, and that they have issued 1,000,000*l.* each: suppose further, that one of these establishments thinks proper, with a view to some interest or purpose of its own, to increase its issues to 2,000,000*l.*: the currency of the metropolis, assuming it to have been previously at its proper level, will, *of course, become redundant, and there will be a fall of the exchange, and a demand for gold.* It is clear, however, from the fact of the over-issuing bank being in quite as high credit as any of the others, that only the same *proportion*, or ten per cent., of its notes, will be returned upon it for payment, that will be returned upon the others, so that when the exchange has recovered itself, and the drain has ceased, it will have 1,818,000*l.* afloat, and the other banks 909,000*l.* each. That such would be the case no one can reasonably doubt. A merchant sees, from the depression of the exchange, that the currency is redundant; and as all notes are, under the circumstances supposed, equally good in his estimation, he sends those in for payment which come first to hand. It is no business of his to inquire whether the redundancy

dundancy of currency be occasioned by the proceedings of the bank A or the bank B; neither, perhaps, could he ascertain the fact, though he were to take the trouble of inquiring into it; and though he did, it would make no change in his conduct. So long as he believes the different notes to be alike good, he will show no preference to one more than to another, but will return them indiscriminately upon their issuers, while he can make a profit by doing so. Thus it appears, that were several banks for the issue of notes established in London, it would be in the power of any one opulent bank to occasion a heavy drain for bullion, and great distress and embarrassment throughout the country. (!) All that would be required to produce these results would be, that she should add considerably to the amount of her issues. And she might do this for various objects, to realize an immediate profit; to obtain a great ultimate accession of business by submitting to the risk of an immediate sacrifice; to weaken and embarrass her rivals, &c. It would be to no purpose that *all* the other establishments conducted their business in the soberest manner and on the soundest principles; their forbearance could not prevent them from being materially injured by the proceedings of this single establishment, and some of them would certainly be tempted to endeavour to repair the injury done them by acting in the same way. It would therefore seem, that the free system, which we have been taught to consider as capable of eradicating all the evils that have been hitherto attached to banking, is one that, if introduced into London, *would aggravate them a thousand-fold.* (!) It would give to ignorance, craft, and rapacity, the ascendancy over skill, integrity, and liberality; the former would have an almost unlimited power of doing mischief; the latter little or no power of doing good.' (!)—*Historical Sketch*, p. 48.

Now the first and most obvious answer to this novel and elaborate argument is, that it proves too much;—it professes to demonstrate that the free competition of banks must, everywhere and always, occasion over-issue, distress and embarrassment throughout the country. There are none of the circumstances in the case assumed peculiar to London; they are common to rival banks in Scotland as well as everywhere else. But it is a *fact*, not denied even by the author, that, *in Scotland*, competition does *not* occasion over-issue; but, on the contrary, *completely prevents it*: the experience of a hundred and forty years might be appealed to as a sufficient answer to our author's *à priori* argument to the contrary; but the fallacy by which he is misled is easily seen through. His reasoning evidently proceeds on the assumption that the whole quantity of paper which a bank can *once* push out, by discounting at a lower rate, or on lighter security than its rivals, remains *permanently* out, with the exception of its proportionate share of the entire over-issue. But every one knows that, on the contrary, there is a continual and rapid return and re-issue of notes going on;

on; so that to enable the over-issuing bank to keep afloat any larger amount of notes than is warranted by the credit it enjoys in public estimation as compared with the other banks, it must *continue* discounting at a lower rate, or on weaker security, than its rivals. But if, as is presumable, the other banks are going as far in both these ways as a sound practice will permit, (and it is the peculiar advantage of competition to secure this cheap and sufficient accommodation for the public,) the bank in question cannot go beyond them without risks such as no stable or solvent establishment would hazard. Our pamphlet-writer has found a notable mare's nest, namely, 'that a bank which will submit to do business at a loss may thereby increase its business.' What he fails to see is, that the increased business will only be kept so long as the loss is submitted to; and that banks, such as are likely to establish themselves in the confidence of the commerce of the metropolis, are not likely to carry on their business upon any such ruinous plan; still less, if a deposit to the extent of their issues made it imperative on them to fulfil all their engagements. The truth is, that under a free competition in banking, the proportion of the whole circulation which any one bank can keep permanently afloat, must depend on its relative credit, or its relative cheapness of discount, and facilities of accommodation. Supposing its credit on a par with that of other banks, it can keep out no more than its fair share of the paper in circulation, except by discounting at a lower rate, or giving greater facilities; which, when competition has brought down the other banks to the lowest terms and the most liberal accommodation consistent with safety, cannot be done without such risks and losses as no bank with a paid-up capital will venture to incur. Where the credit of banks is unequal, and their terms are equal, each will be able to keep out just that proportion, and no more, of the entire circulation, which corresponds to its *relative credit*; that is, to the relative space over which, or number of persons among whom, its notes and its accommodation are preferred to those of other banks.

But moreover, in practice, the Scottish banks have a summary mode of dealing with any one which should act as our author supposes: they know that the terms they offer to the public are as liberal as would be consistent with safety; they therefore reasonably judge that any bank which attempts to under-bid them for the favour of the public, rests on no very solid foundation, or it would be content with the fair share of business its respectability would ensure to it. They therefore *make war* upon it, by buying up its notes and pouring them in upon it for gold. But our author says, 'to whatever extent the notes of the over-issuing bank were returned upon it by others, to the same extent would these others

accumulate

accumulate bullion, and their profits being lessened by this increase of their unproductive stock, they would be at length driven to imitate its example. Accumulate bullion! Why, in the first place there is a *drain* upon the banks for bullion supposed, by the objector himself, to accompany this struggle; and we need not insist that there cannot be a ruinous drain and an inconvenient accumulation in the bank reserves at the same time. But, secondly, must gold stick for ever in the coffers of these banks when it once gets there? Can they not sell it? And must not the over-issuing bank buy the gold of them just as fast as they pour in its notes? and, since they get the gold of this bank at the Mint price, while the bank must buy it of them at the increased price which the over-issue has caused, is not the whole force of the drain thrown upon the over-issuing bank alone by this combination of the other banks against it? And is it not clear that, by occasionally resorting, or threatening to resort, to this resource, the principal banks may always prevent over-issue on the part of any individual bank? And, *in fact, is not over-issue uniformly so prevented in Scotland?* And has it not constantly operated so as to prevent it?

And yet, on the strength of these shallow fallacies, our dogmatist declares that the free competition of banks introduced into London would 'aggravate the over-issue of 1824 *a thousand-fold*;' and 'when the recoil did take place, as in 1825, the only difference would be that it would be *a thousand times more severe!*' Pretty well this. In 1825 private and public credit were on the verge of extinction. Mr. Huskisson declared the nation to have been within twenty-four hours of a state of barter;—and the ruin and bankruptcies,—the sufferings and misery that were the actual results of that crisis, have been justly described as unequalled since the breaking up of the Mississippi scheme in France. And yet we are told that the system which gave rise to this crash is the best that can be devised; and that another, which has been for a century in operation in Scotland with uniform safety and success, would, if introduced into England, occasion *crashes a thousand times more severe!* If hardihood of assertion were the only requisite in an advocate, the Bank directors, it must be owned, have secured an able champion. In his remarks on the impolicy of establishing a National bank, we are inclined to agree with him; we agree also in its being highly desirable that whatever note-issuing bank or banks are established in London should adopt the deposit and cash-credit system of Scotland, the benefits of which are incalculable, and have been already dwelt on in former Numbers of this Journal. But as to engrafting this system on the Bank of England, how is it to be accomplished? Once concede an
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exclusive privilege to that or any other establishment, and they will act on the principle of all monopolists, namely, a narrowing of the market, and an enhancement of the terms. Competition alone can secure for the public, in banking as in other things, the widest accommodation at the cheapest rate. On these grounds we differ wholly from the concluding assertion of our author, that the Bank of England 'answers, or may easily be made to answer, every legitimate purpose that a bank ought to serve, and that it would be unwise to introduce new establishments in its stead, of which the results, in so far as they can be *determined* beforehand, may be *pronounced* injurious alike to individuals and the public.' We affirm, on the contrary, that dearly-bought *experience* has determined the results of the present privileged establishment to be 'injurious alike to individuals and the public;'—that the same sure test has proved other establishments based on a system of freedom to be, on the contrary, productive of security and unexceptionable advantages,—that the Bank of England, as at present constituted, scarcely answers any one 'of the legitimate purposes that a bank ought to serve,' and that the 'ease with which it could be made to do so' is an assumption unwarranted by fact or argument.

Our own opinion, as at present advised, is decidedly in favour of the proposal of Sir H. Parnell, in his valuable tract on Paper-money and Banking, published in 1827, hardly a word of which, we believe, it would be necessary to alter in reprinting it at present, so completely have its assertions and predictions been borne out by the experience of the last five years. We think, with him, that 'commercial credit, instead of being left to the mercy and discretion of twenty-four Bank of England directors, ought to be placed under the protection of a free system of banking: on the one hand, the principle of profit would lead the banks to extend credit at all times as far as it ought to be carried; while, on the other, the principle of competition would prevent them from going too far, and forcing so much paper into circulation as would lower its value.' We think the influence of this overgrown establishment over the value of *funded* property is far too dangerous a power to be entrusted to any private individuals, however high and honourable their character. By the proceedings of the Bank, the stocks may at any time be elevated and depressed again, by five or ten per cent., and the property of others transferred into the hands of the operator with perfect security from detection. We think the exclusive power possessed by the Bank of issuing notes, and its enormous capital, give it an arbitrary and tyrannical authority over the whole commerce of London, inconsistent with the liberty of trade and the security of property. We think the
connexion

connexion of a private and exclusively privileged banking company with government improper and dangerous, as tending to seduce the one party into extravagance, the other into concessions inconsistent with the interests either of its shareholders or the public;—above all, we think that it will be impossible to prevent the recurrence of ruinous fluctuations in the extent and value of our currency—alternations of over-issue at one time, extreme parsimony at another—under any system but one of competition and publicity. That freedom is the sole guarantee for safety, experience and reason combine to demonstrate.

The only measures which appear to us to be needed upon the expiration of the Bank charter are, 1st. That all banks be required to deposit security in government stock to the full amount of the notes they issue. 2dly. That the law be repealed which prohibits the issuing of notes under five pounds. 3dly. We would make the notes of *metropolitan banks only* convertible into bars of bullion, on the plan of Mr. Ricardo, and allow the notes of country banks to be paid in those of metropolitan banks. This would relieve the country banks from the necessity of keeping a large dead stock of gold by them to provide against panics or malicious runs upon them, which, under a system of freedom, might probably never occur, but which yet the banks must be prepared for. We need not repeat here the arguments by which Mr. Ricardo, and, after him other writers, have demonstrated that excessive issue by the provincial banks will be as readily checked by their liability to pay their notes on demand in Bank of England notes as in gold; and the extension of the privilege to all metropolitan banks, as well as the Bank of England, can in no degree weaken the security—on the supposition that these and all banks are required to deposit government securities to the extent of their issues.

If these measures were adopted, it may be asked, what shall we have gained? We answer, in the first place, the establishment of a perfect currency, cheap, secure, and not susceptible of sudden variations in its amount, and consequently in its value. Such a banking system, by proportioning the supply of money to that of commodities, will act like a charm on the present depressed condition of the productive classes, among whom there is an almost total stagnation of credit, from the absence of a sufficient medium of exchange, and the consequent impossibility of obtaining remunerating prices in any business. To the want of such a system alone, by which the void occasioned through the deficiency of the precious metals would have been filled up, is owing, as we have shown, the ruinous decline in prices of the last fifteen years, during which industry has undergone more sufferings in peace than she ever endured in war; and which has placed England in the
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anomalous, and otherwise inexplicable, position of a nation plunged deeper into distress by every increase of its productions, that is, of its real wealth! But, secondly, putting out of sight its sanative effect on the present circumstances of the country, the permanent benefits of a sound paper circulation will be incalculable. It will obviate the recurrence of evils similar to those we are suffering under; it will prevent those fitful and ruinous fluctuations in the value of money by which trade has been alternately over-excited and depressed during the present century;—it will give a wholesome steadiness to the currency, proportioning its supply exactly to the wants of the market. Moreover, the nation will be saved the vast expense of a metallic circulation; and a large portion of its capital, now locked up unproductively in gold, will be set free to be employed in the payment of labour and the creation of consumable wealth. The productive capital, and, consequently, the annual production and consumption of the country, will be increased by so much, probably by forty or fifty millions. Lastly, the restoration of this mass of metal to the general market of the commercial world, from whence we have been draining it during the last fifteen years, will everywhere lower the value of the metals, and with them that of money. Prices will rise once more on the continent as well as here, so that the process will be unfelt in our commercial transactions, except by the gradually increasing returns to industry both in the home and the foreign markets. And since it is the peculiar virtue of a credit currency to expand with the increase of productions, our commerce will no longer be crippled by a growing deficiency of the circulating medium, no longer forced to regulate its pace by the slow and variable rate at which the reluctant earth can, by a lavish sacrifice of human life and happiness, be made to give up its ores—but will be furnished with that grand desideratum, (which it is at once the first duty and the soundest policy of the government of a commercial country to provide,) *a currency that will approach as nearly as possible to constancy in value, expanding and contracting in amount with the real wealth of which it is the instrument of exchange*; thereby keeping the aggregate of prices on a par with the aggregate costs of production; giving the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the tradesman, some security that prudence, skill, and industry will meet with remuneration; that their calculations on the probable demand and supply of the markets shall not at least be overthrown by an unforeseen and treacherous variation in the value of money. Industry cannot but thrive under such a system; and what augments the wealth of the nation must increase the resources of its government, and the average enjoyments of every class of society. Production will be restored to
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its wonted health and vigour; the misery, and with it the discontent of the working classes will disappear; and encouragement will be again afforded to that spirit of enterprise, perseverance, and accumulation, which has already carried this country to so high a position among nations—and, if fair scope be but given it, will continue to urge her forward in an unbounded career of improvement, prosperity, and general happiness.

We commenced by showing, that the first and most indispensable of the RIGHTS OF INDUSTRY is the security of the property acquired by industry. We have since shown, that the existing state of the currency, as brought about by unwise interference and the establishment of exclusive privileges, is completely destructive of that security,—that it has occasioned, and continues to occasion, an unjust and treacherous transfer of the earnings of the industrious to the idle,—of the property of the producing to the non-producing class. In the name of the industry of the country we claim, then, as the foremost of its rights, a revisal of this fraudulent and juggling system, and the establishment of a free, sound, and equitable currency. If the refusal be persisted in,—if the rights of industry are denied, can we expect that any other rights will be long respected? If the property of the industrious is not protected, how much longer will other property remain inviolate? How much longer *ought* it to remain so—the foundation of all right to property lying solely in the right of industry to its earnings?

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- ART. VI.—1. *Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party and his Times.* By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. London. 1831.
2. *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England.* By I. D'Israeli. 5 vols. London. 1831.
3. *Eliot, Hampden, and Pym, or a Reply of the Author of a Book entitled, Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, to the Author of a Book entitled, Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party and his Times.* London. 1832.
4. *The Trial of Charles I., and of some of the Regicides: with Biographies of Bradshaw, Ireton, Harrison, and others; and with Notes.* (No. XXXI. of the Family Library.) London. 12mo. 1832.

RUSHWORTH has observed, in relation to himself, that it is possible for 'an ingenuous man to be of a party without being partial;' an observation which, Mr. D'Israeli says, 'seems to betray the weak pang of a half-conscience.' Half a conscience, indeed,

indeed, is as much as Rushworth is entitled to credit for, he having carefully collected the speeches of the one party, and generally omitted those of the other. Nalson (a much honester writer) attributes his leaning thus apparently to one side, 'to his having grown so long, even from his very first taking root in the world, under the influences of that whirlwind of rebellion;' for we know, he says, 'that in climates where tempestuous storms frequently blow from one quarter, even the oaks are apt to comply with them, and naturally grow inclining according to the direction of those winds.' Whatever the tree be, whether oak or willow, which is thus bent, it is also stunted in its growth. But though Rushworth may not be allowed the benefit of his own observation, the observation itself is not the less true. No one can peruse the history, still less can he compose it, even of a remote age or country, without forming a strong opinion upon the course of policy pursued, and the characters of those who in their day were chief actors upon the great theatre of public life. He may be indifferent, indeed, between the green and blue factions at Constantinople, or the cod-fish and the fishhooks of Holland,—or, to take more illustrious examples, between Marius and Sylla, or between the Athenians and Lacedemonians in the Peloponnesian war. But when great national interests are at stake, or great principles are contended for, he will unavoidably take his part; with Pompey, for instance, or with Cæsar—with Papist or Protestant,—and as in the books now before us, with Charles I. or the Parliament. To be impartial when such subjects are treated, would be to show himself indifferent to right and wrong; what is required of him is, that he should be just,—that concerning either party he should relate the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, neither concealing the faults of the one side, nor exaggerating those of the other; but regarding both in the most favourable light in which they can be presented, judge of both with due allowance for times and circumstances, yet with a constant reference to those moral and religious principles which no times or circumstances can alter.

Lord Nugent says in his preface, that he has endeavoured to avoid 'all such comment as did not appear to him necessary to the narration, in order the better to guard against the temptations of a partiality arising out of that deep veneration for the memory of Hampden which in him has grown upon enquiry.' The partiality which is thus fairly avowed, would of itself by no means disqualify his lordship from being a faithful historian.

The Hampden family, which is traced in an unbroken line from the Saxon times, received from Edward the Confessor the grant of the estate and residence from whence the name is derived. It was fortunate enough to retain them at the Norman conquest,
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and continued in direct male succession, strengthening itself by rich and powerful alliances, and increasing in influence and wealth. Local tradition says, that

‘Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe
From the Hampdens did go,
For striking the Black Prince a blow;’

but Lord Nugent can find no ground for believing that any of these manors ever belonged to the family. They enjoyed, however, considerable possessions in Essex, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire, as well as in their own county of Bucks. In the York and Lancaster wars they adhered to the red rose party; some of their lands were in consequence escheated, and they were excepted from the general act of restitution in the first year of Edward IV. But after the defeat of Richard, the family were on the successful side. Edmund Hampden was one of the esquires of the body, and privy counsellor to Henry VII.; and in the following reign, Sir John Hampden of the Hill was one of the attendants of the English queen, at the interview of the sovereigns in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Sybel, the daughter of this Sir John, was nurse to prince Edward, and ancestress to William Penn; her epitaph says—

‘Two queens that sceptre bore, gave credit to this dame,
Full many years in court she dwelt, without disgrace or blame.’

Griffith Hampden, whose name seems to imply that a cross of Welsh blood had been introduced into the family, represented his county in the Parliament of 1585, rebuilt in part and greatly enlarged his mansion at Hampden, and entertained Queen Elizabeth there, on which occasion an extensive avenue was cut for her passage through the woods to the house: ‘part of that opening is still to be seen on the brow of the Chilterns for many miles round, and retains the name of the Queen’s Gap.’ William, his eldest son, and member for East Looe, in 1593, married Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to Oliver: he died in 1597, leaving two infant sons.

It is uncertain whether John, the eldest, was born in London, or in Buckinghamshire. He remained for some years under the care of Richard Bouchier, master of the free grammar-school at Thame. In 1609, he was entered as commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford; and there it is evident that his attainments gained him some reputation, for he was chosen, with a few others, among whom was Laud, then master of St. John’s, to write the Oxford gratulations on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth,—a marriage from which, Lord Nugent remarks, Prince Rupert was born, who led the troops at Chalgrove, by whom Hampden was slain. He was married in 1619,

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at Pyrton, in Oxfordshire, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Simeon, lord of that manor. The marriage was a happy one.

'For some years he seemed to addict himself mainly to the pursuits and enjoyments of a country life; and, from great natural cheerfulness, (says his biographer,) joined with qualities of mind and address, which recommended him generally to society, he was induced, according to his own confession, to enter freely into the amusements and dissipations of his age. By disposition, however, active, accurate, and laborious, even from the earliest days of his manhood, he allowed himself these indulgences as exercises only of recreation and relief, during the intervals of those literary habits to which his taste always powerfully inclined him.'—vol. i., p. 6.

Hampden was first returned to Parliament in 1620-1, and took his seat on the 30th of January. He was returned for a borough, which has become, in our day, says Lord Nugent, 'a by-word in the ears of such as love the sound of public virtue and popular representation: Grampound, which was then a place of no inconsiderable wealth and importance, had the glory of first sending John Hampden to Parliament.' Lord Nugent could not have expressed himself more unexceptionably than in calling it *the sound of public virtue*, if the words *vox et præterea nihil* had occurred to him at the moment; and when he noticed the wealth and importance of Grampound in former times, it was not necessary for him to observe that popular representation had about as much part in the return of Hampden for that place, as of the sitting members for the said borough at any subsequent time; and that the glory of the example is an argument for the utility of the system. Some of his friends, however, about this time, were desirous that he should rather obtain a seat in the House of Lords, and his mother was urgent with him that he should increase the dignity of his family by adding a peerage to it:—

'If ever my son will seek for his honour,' says this lady, in a letter which is preserved in the British Museum, 'tell him now to come, for here is multitudes of Lords a making. Vicount Mandvile, Lo. Treasurer, Vicount Dunbar which was Sir Ha. Constable, Vicount Falkland which was Sir Harry Carew. These two last of Scotland: of Ireland divers; the Deputy a Vicount, and one Mr. Fitzwilliams a Barron of England, Mr. Villers a Vicount, and Sir Will. Filding a Barron.—I am ambitious of my son's honour, which I wish were now conferred upon him, that he might not come after so many new creations.'

Lord Nugent is apprehensive that some persons 'who have made themselves,' he says, 'commentators on the secret motives of Hampden, and who profess to see in his acts no nobler aim than to advance the ends of his private ambition,' may 'ascribe his active patriotism in after-life to early disappointment in a negotiation

negotiation for a peerage. This, however, his Lordship adds, 'would be the reverse of truth. He never sought one. On the contrary, he declined both the means and the object suggested; and when it is recollected how titles were at this time obtained, it will not be thought that such an object, if desired, could have been difficult of attainment to a young man at the head of so ancient, so powerful, and, above all, so wealthy a family.' Perhaps the scanty materials for a life of Hampden which Lord Nugent has been able to discover in the course of his researches, may have enabled him thus positively to state what, from the character of the individual, might, with the greatest probability, be presumed,—that he differed from his mother upon this point; and that seeing in the House of Commons the proper scene for that course of public exertion which he had resolved upon pursuing, he made no application for a peerage;—even a due sense of family pride might alone have withheld him at a time when the rank itself was degraded by the facility with which it was bestowed, and by the motives for bestowing it.

Hampden is found in his first parliamentary campaign serving upon the Committee on the Bill of Informers, managing a conference with the Lords on the same subject, concurring in the general measures for restraining abuses, and joining in the remonstrance against the intended marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta, and against the growth of Popery, and in favour of the Protestant cause in Germany. But Lord Nugent, largely as he enters into the history of the party and the times, has not noticed certain noticeable passages in the petition and remonstrance, wherein Hampden joined, complaining of—

'the devilish positions and doctrines whereon popery is built and taught with authority to its followers for the advancement of their temporal ends. The Commons represented the dangerous effects which would necessarily follow from it, both to Church and State; for, said they, the popish religion is incompatible with ours, in respect of their positions. 2. It draweth with it an unavoidable dependency on foreign princes. 3. It openeth too wide a gap for popularity to any who shall draw too great a party. 4. *It hath a restless spirit, and will strive by these gradations: if it once get but a connivance, it will press for a toleration; if that should be obtained, they must have an equality; from thence they will aspire to superiority, and will never rest till they get a subversion of the true religion.*'

One of the remedies which 'in all humility' they offered was, that the king should take his sword in his hand for the recovery of the Palatinate; another was, 'that the children of popish recusants, or such whose wives were popish recusants, might be brought up during their minority with Protestant schoolmasters

and teachers, who might sow in their tender years the seeds of true religion.' To a macradicalized Whig it can neither be agreeable to perceive the foresight of his political saints, who upon that subject saw farther than he is capable of seeing now—nor to contemplate the cruel intolerance which they would have exercised, if the government had not been possessed with wiser views and with a more Christian spirit. This Parliament and the members of it with whom Hampden acted, Lord Nugent eulogizes for

'having been the first to discover and apply the only true means possessed by a deliberative body for controuling a bad government. It is to this period, and to these men, that we trace the formation of the system of parliamentary party, and the first workings of that spirit of political union on which it depends;—a spirit plainly, and in the highest degree, important to liberty, and which it has therefore been ever since the great business of arbitrary politicians to discredit in the estimation of the country. A system of association, founded not upon the surrender of principles, but upon the compromise of extreme opinions, and which, while it affords to the people the only effectual defence against the influence of a government, raises up for the sovereign the only lasting security against those violent enterprises which, where parliamentary party is unknown, are the ordinary and only effectual checks upon regal power.'—vol. i. pp. 39, 40.

The tree is known by its fruits; and of the fruits produced by this graft upon the old stock of the Constitution, England was soon to have a bitter taste! Hampden was not in the ensuing Parliament, which was terminated by the death of James; but to the first in the following reign he was returned for Wendover, 'a town in the neighbourhood of his estates, which had just before recovered from the Crown its custom of returning members. This privilege had lately been restored to certain boroughs, which, in early times, had claimed and exercised it, but to which, for several reigns, writs had ceased to be directed. The immediate motives of those persons, by whose efforts a series of measures of this sort was undertaken for extending a share of the representation to such classes of the people as might be the least likely to fall under the influence of the Court, and the most disposed to favour the interests and strengthen the hands of the country party,—the manner in which these measures were accomplished, and the success which followed them,—form an interesting part of the history of those times; and of the party with which Hampden had connected himself. If not the projector of this scheme for the furtherance of the public cause in Parliament, he was one of the first, by his sagacity, to become aware of its importance, and, by his industry and address, to bring it to a successful issue. And this was the earliest of those measures which he had the power (according to Lord Clarendon's words) to "contrive," to "persuade," and to "execute," in the great struggle for liberty. It was his fortune also

to adorn this triumph in his own person, as representative of one of the places for which he had obtained the restoration of the privilege of popular election; thus fulfilling, in all its parts, a metaphor quaintly applied by an old English writer to an achievement, in its consequences, much less important—" *Primus inter eos qui communi prælio in libertatem spiraverint, hoc, quasi præsidium libertatis, sopitum excitavit, excitatum reparavit, reparatum decoravit.*"—vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

Lord Nugent enters at some length into the history of this scheme, as he calls it, which he deems so honourable to Hampden. It was plain, according to his view, that the House of Commons was the ground on which liberty or absolute prerogative was ultimately to prevail, and therefore the first and most important step for the friends of freedom was to gain a stronger hold than that which the court possessed over so powerful an engine, and this could only be done by 'an additional infusion of popular representation,'—an object which there was no hope of effecting, unless it were 'discreetly urged and effectually disguised.' The course, therefore, on which the party determined was, that several boroughs, in which the privilege of election had fallen into disuse, should petition for its restitution, and these petitions (as one part of an extensive plan) were brought before the Committee of Privileges, since known by Serjeant Glanville's name. Marlow, Amersham, and Wendover were three of the four places which petitioned; and there is little reason to doubt that the cases of these three Buckinghamshire boroughs, though ostensibly managed by Hakewill, of Lincoln's-Inn, a shrewd and industrious lawyer, were, in reality, drawn up and put forward by Hampden. This is the more probable, Lord Nugent observes, because it appears in Hampden's Correspondence that Hakewill had before been frequently employed to conduct suits and arbitrations for him respecting his property in that county. 'Whether Hakewill was aware or not of the full extent of the object for which he was working does not appear;' but no doubt he was well aware that he was working for an object of his own. 'Noy and Selden were ordered to search the records;—the committee reported in favour of the right; they further declared it to be the ancient privilege and power of the Commons in Parliament to examine the validity of elections and returns concerning that house and assembly;—a decision in opposition to a former one of King James's, that they should be judged in Chancery. The report, however, notwithstanding the influence of the crown was exerted against it, was in the end confirmed by the house.

"Whereupon," says Glanville, "a warrant under the Speaker's hand was made to the clerk of the crown in the Chancery, for the making of such a writ, which was issued out accordingly. And there-

fore were elected and returned to serve in the same parliament, for Amersham, Mr. Hakewill and Mr. John Crew; for Wendover, Mr. John Hampden (who beareth the charge) and Sir Alexander Denton; for Marlow, Mr. H. Burlace and Mr. Cotton." The last of these was nephew of the famous Sir Robert Cotton, one of the members of the committee; and all of them, besides a very great majority of those persons who came into parliament for the other places to which the new writs were directed, were of the same principles and opinions.

'This was the first decisive and notable advantage gained by this party against the power of the crown. But a long and difficult course lay before them: beset with dangers, obstructed by difficulties of all sorts, and requiring the utmost discretion both as to the manner and order in which the different parts of the great scheme should be made to go forward.'—pp. 94, 95.

There were four cases of contested returns before this committee, in which the question turned upon the rights of voting; and in three where 'the rights of the rated inhabitants had been usurped by the select corporations; and in the others, in which the custom of making returns had entirely lapsed,—the restored franchise was equally to be vested in the hands of the "Populacy." It is not necessary to inquire what description of persons was intended by that word. Two things appear evident from Lord Nugent's statement: that for legal grievances there was an appeal open to the laws of the realm; and that the party with whom Hampden acted had formed what his lordship calls a *great scheme*, the object of which was to be *effectually disguised* in the beginning and in its progress, and of which the first step was, 'by an additional infusion of popular representation,' to gain a stronger hold than the crown possessed over that 'powerful engine the House of Commons.'

Lord Nugent decides, with great complacency, that the animosities, as he calls them, of Charles's reign, began in the violence of the king, and not in the conduct of his first parliament.*

'His condition,' says the biographer of Archbishop Williams, 'stood thus:—When he was prince, he was the messenger and the mediator from the parliament to extort a war against Spain from his father; of which design he was but the lieutenant before, but is now become the captain. He sets the action on foot, and calls for contribution to raise and pay an army. Instead of satisfaction in subsidies, (two alone granted towards the charge of the great funeral passed, and the coronation to come,) they call for reformation in government. One lifts up a grievance, and another a grievance, and still the cry continues and multiplies. The plain sense of it is, these subtle men of

* 'See Sidney State Papers,' (the reference says,) 'ii. p. 360—363.'—where nothing relating to the subject is to be found. It is curious that Lord Nugent should have ventured to attack Mr. D'Israeli concerning his references, when he was so remarkably careless in his own.

the lower house put the young king upon the push of necessity, and took advantage of—that necessity. They had cast his affairs into a want of money, and he must yield all that they demanded, or else get no money, without which the war could not go on. Here was the foundation laid of all the discontents that followed. If they had answered with that confidence and love as was invited from them, England had not sat in sorrow as at this day.'

The Lord Keeper Williams urgently solicited him not to dissolve his first parliament, for if he did 'the next swarm would come out of the same hive;' and he implored Charles to remember that 'in his hearing, his blessed father had charged him to call parliaments often, and continue them, though their rashness sometimes did offend him;'—observing 'that in his own experience he never got good by falling out with them.' In the Βασιλικὸν Δῶρον James had advised his son 'to hold no parliaments' except 'for necessity of new laws;' the later—and, perhaps, dying—advice to which Williams referred, shows that in this instance also, as in those of his Calvinistic prepossessions, and of his opinions concerning witchcraft, James, (in whom Lord Nugent chooses to see nothing good,) gave signal proof of the rare wisdom which enables men to discover their own errors, and of the still rarer rectitude which is ready to acknowledge them.

Hampden was returned to the second parliament for the same borough, and was named on various committees. He was not one of those members who, by the unwise exercise of an undue, but hitherto undisputed, power, were committed to prison for their conduct during the short continuance of what Whitelock calls 'this great, warm, and ruffling parliament;' but he had made himself conspicuous in his party, and soon became a marked object of displeasure to the government.

'When the king, in pursuance of his threat to resort to new modes of raising supplies, required a general loan equal to the last assessment for a subsidy, (in the raising of which it was announced that persuasion, if ineffectual, was to be only the forerunner of force,) Hampden resolutely refused his part; and on being asked why he would not contribute to the king's necessities, made this bold and remarkable reply. "That he could be content to lend, as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it." The privy council, not being satisfied with his own recognizance to appear at the board, although answerable with a landed property nearly the largest possessed by any commoner of England, committed him to a close and rigorous imprisonment in the Gate-house. Being again brought before the council, and persisting in his first refusal, he was sent in custody, although a mitigated one, into Hampshire.'—pp. 107, 108.

When a third parliament was summoned, and Charles attempted to

to conciliate his resolute opponents, the persons who had been imprisoned for refusing to contribute to the laws were set at liberty, Hampden being one; they were in number seventy-seven, of various conditions. No submission was required on one hand, 'to satisfy,' says Lord Nugent, 'the lofty claims of the crown,—and on the other, no indemnity, or explanation was offered to reconcile the sufferers.' Their popularity was, of course, increased by their sufferings, and still more by this triumph; and being, for the most part, men of fortune and local influence, they were returned at the new election, Hampden taking his seat again for Wendover.

'From this time forward, scarcely was a bill prepared, or an inquiry begun, upon any subject, however remotely or incidentally affecting any one of the three great matters at issue,—privilege, religion, or the supplies,—but he was thought fit to be associated with St. John, Selden, Coke, and Pym, on the committee. . . . Already the subject of church reform appears to have particularly recommended itself to his attention and his industry.'

The little that Lord Nugent's researches could thus far collect concerning Hampden, has here been separated from the view of the times with which it is mixed up in his lordship's text. A more ill arranged epitome than that view we have seldom seen; and the vague manner in which the references are given, so as to render them perfectly useless, proves how little diligence has been bestowed upon it,—which is all that such references can prove. Before the dissolution of the third parliament, certain members (among whom was Hampden's intimate friend, Sir John Eliot) were summoned to appear at the council board, and upon their refusal to answer for their conduct in parliament elsewhere than before the house itself, were committed to close imprisonment in the Tower. By this time, as Lord Nugent observes, the nature of the matters in dispute 'between the king and the reformers in parliament had rendered the breach nearly irreparable; and in truth the temper of the contending parties was not now favourable for repairing it. Each had begun to look rather to a triumph than an accommodation. The prisoners refused to give bail, upon the ground that this would be acknowledging the legality of the commitment; and for the same just reason they refused to petition the king for their liberty;—for Charles, who never failed to repent at leisure of any wrong step which he had been provoked to take in haste, would gladly have released them upon such a compromise. But he had to deal with men, some of whom entertained too high a sense of duty to compromise any principle of right, and others were resolved to go all lengths, and run all hazards for the object which they had in view. The king, therefore, proceeded in a course of rigour from which

which he saw no way of retreating, and which, even when made to feel that it had been unwisely exerted, he still believed to be in the exercise of his just prerogative; and the judges who supported him in this opinion found a means of enforcing it without bringing the question to a direct issue, by giving judgement on a '*nihil dicit*,' and sentencing the obnoxious members to a heavy fine, and, on failure of giving security for their good behaviour, to imprisonment during pleasure.

Eliot was fined 2000*l.*, but against this his foresight had provided. 'He had two cloaks,' he said, 'a few books, and two pair of boots and gallashees, and that was all his personal substance, and if they could pick up 2000*l.* out of that, much good might it do them.' He added, that 'when he had first been a close prisoner in the Tower, a commission was directed to the high sheriff of Cornwall and five other commissioners, his capital enemies, to inquire into his lands and goods, and to seize upon them for the king, but they returned a *nihil*.' He had taken care to secure his property by secretly disposing of his estates in trust; his sons he committed to Hampden's care; and directed an upholsterer to trim up convenient lodgings for him in the Tower, where he then applied himself with true fortitude to partake 'the uses of adversity.' He was committed on Trinity Term 1629, and in the October of 1632, the physicians reported that he was in a consumption, 'and could never recover unless he might breathe purer air.' Lord Chief Justice Richardson observed, in reply to this, 'that though Sir John was brought low in body, yet he was as high and lofty in mind as ever, for he would neither submit to the king, nor to the justice of that court.' And the bench recommended Sir John to petition his Majesty.

'Sir John first presented a petition to the king by the hand of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to this effect. "Sir, your judges have committed me to prison in the Tower of London, where, by reason of the quality of the air, I am fallen into a dangerous disease. I humbly beseech your majesty will command your judges to set me at liberty, that for recovery of my health I may take some fresh air." His majesty's answer was—"It was not humble enough." Sir John then prepared another petition to be presented by his son—"Sir, I am certainly sorry to have displeased your majesty, and having so said, do humbly beseech you once again to command your judges to set me at liberty, that when I have recovered my health, I may return back to my prison, there to undergo such punishment as God hath allotted unto me." On this the lieutenant came and expostulated with Sir John, insisting that it belonged to his office, and was common to no man else, to deliver petitions for his prisoners; and if Sir John, in a third petition, would humble himself to his majesty in
acknowledging

acknowledging his fault, and craving pardon, he would willingly deliver it, and made no doubt that he should obtain his liberty.

‘To this Eliot answered, “I thank you, sir, for your friendly advice, but my spirits are grown feeble and faint, which, when it please God to restore to their former vigour, I will take it further into my consideration.”’

‘In the next month Eliot was no more. He died in the Tower on the 27th of November, 1632. His son petitioned the king that he would permit the body of his ill-fated father to be conveyed to Cornwall, but the king’s answer, written at the foot of the petition was, “Let Sir John Eliot’s body be buried in the church of that parish where he died.” He was buried in the chapel of the Tower. Thus it appears that this uncompromising spirit perished in a prison from a haughty delicacy on his side at the punctilious interference of the official man, who probably felt little sympathy for his illustrious prisoner, and who appears to have aimed at humiliating the elevated mind of the patriot by reiterated humble petitions. The severity which the King exercised against Eliot is very particular. Charles the First, often hasty and austere, from his temperament, has been accused of deficient tenderness in his nature by certain party-writers; their object is to represent Charles as a heartless tyrant; but the facts which they have attempted to allege, are so trivial and nugatory, that they are become rather the testimonies of their own cruelty, than of his. The harshness of Charles towards Eliot, to me indicates a cause of offence, either of a deeper dye, or of a more personal nature, than, perhaps, we have yet discovered.—*D’Israeli’s Commentaries*, vol. ii., pp. 278—230.

These very interesting particulars Mr. D’Israeli had drawn, with his wonted industry, from manuscript letters in the Harleian collection; but in Eliot’s conduct concerning Buckingham, Mr. D’Israeli has shown enough to account for the king’s vindictive feelings. Eliot, in a parliamentary invective wherein he had insinuated that Buckingham had murdered James, compared the favourite with Sejanus; and upon this Charles had indignantly observed, ‘implicitly he must intend me for Tiberius.’ The parallel between Buckingham and Sejanus was a favourite one; not improbably because Ben Jonson’s tragedy had made the Roman story popular enough at that time for such a story to produce the popular odium which the patriots, by every means, were labouring to excite. With this *altâ mente repóstum*, certain also as Charles was of Buckingham’s perfect innocence as to a charge which nothing but the determined malignity of faction could have entertained; knowing that the language which had been used in parliament had induced Felton to murder the duke; and knowing also, as no doubt he knew, what Mr. D’Israeli, having been called upon by Lord Nugent for his proofs, has proved,—that only

only two years before his truculent invective, Eliot had been a zealous servant of the duke's, a supplicant to him, and 'at least a complimentary admirer,'—it may easily be understood why Charles, who was a true friend to Buckingham, (however afterwards he failed in fidelity to a faithful minister,) should have felt something more than dislike toward Eliot on that account. But no imputation can rest upon the king for having refused to grant the second petition, in which Eliot said he was heartily sorry he had displeased him—for that petition was never presented.

Mr. D'Israeli had drawn upon himself the displeasure of Lord Nugent for questioning the motives of some of the parliamentary leaders, and inquiring, with his characteristic love of secret history, into their private lives. He had repeated a statement of Echard's, that Eliot, having upon a very slight occasion entertained a bitter grudge against Mr. Moyle, went to his house under the show of a friendly visit, and there treacherously stabbed him while he was turning on one side to take a glass of wine to drink to him. In contradicting this as 'a preposterous calumny,' resting upon Echard's unsupported testimony, (though Mr. D'Israeli had stated that Echard received the story from Dean Prideaux, the grandson of Moyle, and published it in Prideaux's lifetime,) Lord Nugent produces another version of the same story, in which the assault is admitted, but the treachery denied; and it is added, that Eliot, 'on reflection, detested the fact, and from thenceforward became as remarkable for his private deportment, in every view of it, as his public conduct; and that Mr. Moyle was so entirely reconciled to him that no person in his time held him in higher esteem.' Upon this, Mr. D'Israeli observes, 'the fact now can never more be denied. Whether this ebullition of the irascible Eliot be aggravated by Echard, or softened down by a more friendly account, signifies little to the development of the constitutional temper of the individual, which was the real object of my researches.'

Mr. D'Israeli is indeed uniformly a benevolent writer, as well as a most agreeable and instructive one. With the advantage of English birth and breeding, he happens to possess that peculiar impartiality, which Horace Walpole thought was not to be hoped for in any person who writes upon the history of his own country; for he has neither inherited nor acquired any of those sympathies, which could be supposed to bias his judgement when treating of these times. Churchman and Puritan have been no more than Trojan or Tyrian to him; and his temper, as well as his philosophy, while leading him to scrutinize the motives of men with equal diligence and success, has led him also to put the most charitable construction upon their actions, which is in most cases

cases the most equitable. His Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I. form by far the most important work upon that important age, that modern times have produced. More curious diligence and sagacity have seldom been exercised upon any portion of history, and seldom with so much success. Want of sympathy has rendered it impossible for him justly to appreciate the highest part of Charles's character, and therefore he sees only human magnanimity, where the 'grey discrowned' king had the strong and sure sense of religious duty to support him. This, which to us must appear as a defect to be regretted, (though not in him to be censured,) should be a recommendation to those, who, for no such reason, partake his indifference upon such points. But his praise is never withheld from magnanimity wherever he finds it, nor is it ever invidiously or coldly bestowed; he is always as generous as well as an equitable writer. And this is strikingly shown in the case of Sir John Eliot. Before he wrote, that name, he truly observes, was as a blank in our history, his speeches and imprisonment being all that was recorded of him. The bitterness of his invectives against Buckingham led Mr. D'Israeli to suspect, that some personal cause had produced this acrimony, and 'that his public spirit was pushed forward by the sharp spur of private rancour.' He ascertained in his inquiries that he had been a fellow-traveller of Buckingham's, a sort of connexion which, more than any other, if it does not begin in intimacy of friendship, is likely to end in it; that Buckingham apparently became his patron afterwards, Eliot having been appointed vice-admiral* of Devon, while the duke was lord high-admiral; that Eliot suffered 'a long imprisonment and great charges, which threatened the ruin of his poor fortunes,' for some unexplained cause, further than that he says, his services had been truly devoted to the honour and benefit of the duke's place, whose rights and liberties he had studied to preserve, though with the loss of his own; that two years after he had addressed a supplicatory letter from the place of his imprisonment, to the duke, in which, 'however enigmatical to the subject, he spoke of the affection in which he had served the minister,' he 'made his first personal attack on that minister, his late patron and friend, whom he had selected as a victim of state;' and that when Buckingham was murdered, there was a suit pending between them, and unsettled accounts.

* 'Our prizes make amends for all,' says Holles, in a letter from Dorchester to his brother-in-law, then Sir T. Wentworth. 'Yea, but the craft is in the catching; and I assure you we are not overburthened with the store of them; and those few that are, now and then a barque of fish, or canvas, from our neighbours and late friends by alliance, the French. By that time my lord-admiral and his vice-admirals be satisfied, and all other rights and wrongs be discharged, a slender gleaming is left for the taker.'

'History forms a perpetual commentary on the characters of men, from the detection of some habit, by the nice observation of some accustomed mode of conduct, and we inevitably fix upon some leading quality which characterises the man with us. His actions are scattered here and there, and gradually cluster together, till at length in their natural connexion, the senseless phantom of the annalist vanishes, and in the totality of a life, we recognise the reality of the historical personage.

————— As the stuff
Prepared for arras pictures, is no picture
Till it be formed, and man hath cast the beams
Of his imaginous fancy thorough it
In forming images of truth—so all things here
Still are but pliant and well-coloured threads.

Extreme irascibility seemed to me a positive feature in the fiery temperament of Sir John Eliot.—*Eliot, Hampden, and Pym*, pp. 3, 4.

Proof of his temper Mr. D'Israeli found in the assault upon Mr. Moyle. And 'it was surely,' he says, 'no uncharitable inference which induced me to suppose that the cause of Sir John's imprisonment was some intemperate transaction in his official character as vice-admiral, or as chairman of the committee of Stanaries. "The difficulties wherewith his letters had been checkt," I imagined meant that his letters had remained unanswered, and that for some cause Eliot had forfeited the favour of his patron and friend.' It appears from all this, that, whatever the transaction between Eliot and Buckingham may have been, the former was a disappointed man, and became vindictive in consequence; that he was an injured one, there is no evidence, though, if he had been so, it is probable that some reference to the wrong which he had received,—some indication of it,—would appear among such of his correspondence as has been preserved. 'That there should be no papers of any interest relating to Hampden, preserved in his own family, Lord Nugent accounts for, by 'the danger which about the times of the Restoration might have occurred to that family, and probably to many others also, if the correspondence of a chief leader in the transactions which immediately preceded the civil war had been preserved.' This may explain why nothing should be found in Eliot's correspondence, which throws any light on public affairs, or on his political associates. But the cause of his quarrel against Buckingham was a private transaction, and no motive of this kind could have existed for avoiding all mention of it, or for destroying the papers in which any mention had been made.

Buckingham had not changed: 'surely,' says Sir Henry Wotton, 'as there was in his natural constitution a marvellous equality, so there was an image of it in his fortunes, running (if I may borrow

borrow an ancient comparison) as smoothly as a numerous verse, till it meets with certain rubs in Parliament.' He was the same man throughout the course of his meteor-like fortunes,—the same when Eliot was his devoted and thrice-humble servant, as when Eliot called him 'the Sejanus of England, the canker of the king's treasure, and the death of all goodness in the state.' But Eliot had become a patriot, and ceasing then to see in the duke the worth that he had before seen, saw in him demerits to which he had been blind before. Another motive for his patriotism, after Buckingham's death, has been noticed as having been credited at the time :—

'Few,' says the biographer of Archbishop Williams, 'lead on to remove the public evils of a state without some special feelings and ends of their own: nor was it any better now, so far as an action may be known by vulgar passes and every body's discourse. *Tò ῥηθινὸν ἰσχύει τῆς ἀληθείας ἔχει*, says Menander. High probability is the second degree of truth. Sir John Eliot of the west, and Sir Thomas Wentworth of the north, both in the prime of their age and wits—both conspicuous for able speakers, clasht so often in the House, and cudgelled one another with such stormy contradictions, that it grew from an emulation between them to an enmity. The lord-treasurer Weston picked out the northern cock Sir Thomas, to make him the king's creature, and set him upon the first step of his rising,—which was wormwood to the taste of Eliot. Now when great affairs did turn upon the wheels of these private grudges, what was like to become of the public weal? to be overturned in the hurry.'

This quaint, but learned and sagacious and well-informed biographer wrote from sure authority, when he said that Williams proffered to bring Eliot over to the service of the court; and he adds, 'that Wentworth spleen'd the bishop for offering to bring his rival into favour.' Williams's cabinet contained many state-secrets, and the latter part of this statement was one of them.

But whatever may have been Eliot's vacillations, at a time when there was no resting place between two extremes, and the most upright man might have seen so much which he disapproved, on either side, as to feel self-justified in taking the opposite part,—his character was fixed by adversity; and his last imprisonment called forth in him something better than that spirit of resolute endurance, which is manifested as often in a wrong cause as in a right.

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.'

Eliot the dependant of Buckingham, and Eliot the patriot, had 'known no such liberty' as Eliot the prisoner. There was no place

place in prison for emulation or ambition; his fiery temper cooled, his nobler qualities were heightened and refined; he was delivered from the feverish disquietudes of his former life, and had leisure to commune with his own heart, when he was compelled to be still.

'Amongst my many obligations to my Creator,' he says, in a letter to his son, 'which prove the infinity of his mercies that like a full stream have been always flowing on me, there is none concerning this life wherein I have found more pleasure or advantage than in these trials and afflictions;—and I may not limit it so narrowly within the confines of this life, which I hope shall extend much further. . . .

. . . . The days have all seemed pleasant, nor nights have ever been tedious; nor fears nor terrors have possessed me, but a constant peace and tranquillity of the mind, whose agitation has been chiefly in thanks and acknowledgments to Him by whose grace I have subsisted, and shall yet I hope participate of his blessings upon you.'—*D'Israeli's Commentaries*, vol. iv. p. 519.

Mr. D'Israeli, who has made many interesting extracts from Eliot's correspondence, writes with becoming feeling concerning this part of his history, and is not backward in rendering honour to him when honour is due.

'We find in his letters an abundance of philosophy, of the most abstract and elevated ethics; a singular mixture of the dogmas of the Porch, and the faith of Christianity. His classical attainments were considerable; his style of composition is Ciceronian; it is sometimes exuberant, and sometimes it requires great attention not to complain of its obscurity. But he aimed at a splendour to which he often reached; and the fortunate passages of his eloquence had been rarely equalled by others in his day. More than one large Treatise are the fruits of his imprisonment, and remain the monuments of the greatness of his mind.

'The letters which I have selected, appear to me to exhibit some novel and singular traits in his own personal character—in his chastised mind, abstracted from the ungoverned passions of society. The lofty strain of morality which he addresses to his sons, is at least admirable—it came from one who formerly had not been himself so familiar with that theory of morals, which charmed him in the dreary years of his confinement. The last days of Eliot seem to have been touched by a more melancholy tenderness,—the secret precursor of a life about to cease; the meltings of his unbroken mind.'—*D'Israeli's Commentaries*, pp. 515, 516.

The only writings of Hampden which have come to light are the few letters which are preserved in this correspondence. Mr. D'Israeli, to whom the correspondence was liberally entrusted by Lord Eliot, has preserved the whole of them in a supplementary chapter to his *Commentaries*. 'They are usually complimentary

or

or consolatory ; some bear a deeper interest ; and all are stamped with the character of a superior mind.' Lord Nugent has properly reprinted them from the same originals.

The best mark of respect which could be shown to Sir John Eliot's memory would be to preserve his remains by printing them. And here it may be observed, that the last and most extensive parliamentary history is miserably deficient in what ought to be its most interesting portion, the reign of Charles I. A complete collection of the speeches of that age is not to be found in any one work ; and Rushworth's omissions, (which were wilful and dishonest,) are not supplied by Nalson, because Nalson begins at a much later time. Yet speeches more eloquent in themselves, or more important, whether the events to which they relate be considered, or the effect which they produced upon the nation, were never delivered in parliament.

No indication of republican principles, Mr. D'Israeli says, 'appears in Eliot's Discourse on the Monarchy of Man ; "a Treatise, Philosophical and Moral," it is entitled, "wherein some questions of politics are obviously discussed." The author, on the contrary, maintains in it, "that monarchy, formed as it were on the prototype of the Creator himself, is the perfection of government." Cromwell, we know, came to this opinion at last, when he had fought his way to it ; but Cromwell was a practical man, who seldom perplexed himself with theories, and was ready to cut the knots which he could not untie. It would throw no little light upon the character of Hampden, if we could know how far he agreed with his friend Eliot upon this point ; but there are no means of ascertaining this. One of the most sagacious observers of those times, and one too who kept sufficiently aloof from all parties, to be an impartial, though not an indifferent spectator, says,

'There were an exceeding great number of men of the better sort, that had been so educated, as that in their youth having read the books written by famous men, of the ancient Grecian and Roman Commonwealths, concerning their polity and great actions, in which books the popular government was extolled by the glorious name of liberty, and monarchy disgraced by the name of tyranny, they became thereby in love with their forms of government ; and out of these men were chosen the greatest part of the House of Commons ; or if they were not the greatest part, yet, by advantage of their eloquence, they were always able to sway the rest.'

There can be no doubt that Hampden was one of the persons whom Hobbes intended in this passage ; but there is reason to think that the tendency toward republicanism, which at that time began to manifest itself, may less surely be traced to this source, than

than among the Puritans, to Geneva; among the citizens, to the United Provinces; and among the parliamentary leaders, to their admiration of the Venetian polity.

Before the dissolution in 1628-9, Hampden, though retaining his seat in Parliament, had retired to his Buckinghamshire estate, 'to live in entire privacy, but not inactive.' At this time it was, that Davila's 'History of the Civil Wars in France' became his manual, 'as if, forecasting from afar the course of the storm which hung over his own country, he already saw the sad parallel it was likely to afford to the story of that work.' These are Lord Nugent's words: and he adds, that during this retirement, Hampden 'bent the whole force of his capacious mind to the most effectual means by which the abuses of ecclesiastical authority were to be corrected, and the tide of headlong prerogative checked, whenever the slumbering spirit of the country should be roused to deal with those duties to which he was preparing to devote himself.' In 1634 he lost his wife, who left nine children, and whose virtues he recorded upon her monument, 'in perpetual testimony of his conjugal love.' He soon found occupation enough in public affairs to prevent him from brooding in retirement over his loss: for the question of ship-money occurred at this time, whereto 'as to the proximate and special cause, the dispute,' says Lord Nugent, 'may be justly traced, which directing the whole enmity of the court against the most able, and resolute, and popular person in the country, inflamed a spirit, fierce and powerful enough in the end, for the entire overthrow of this ancient and mighty monarchy.' Lord Nugent weighs his words with as little precision as he refers to his authorities.

A pie-crust was the Pandora's box out of which this impost came, the name of which, says Clarendon, is 'of a lasting sound in the memory of this kingdom.' The impost itself was no new device, and the government, in levying it, proceeded upon a clear opinion that it was exercising nothing more than its legal power. Charles, with the spirit of an English king, had resolved upon asserting the sovereignty of the seas, at a time when our own coasts were infested by Moorish pirates; when the Dutch trespassed upon that fishery, which he declared to be 'a right and royalty of inheritance incident to our crown;' and when Richelieu had proposed a second expedition in conjunction with Holland, for surprising Dunkirk and Gravelines. To effect this, Noy, the attorney-general, advised him to require from his subjects, as his predecessors had done, the old naval aid. *I moyl in law* was the apt anagram of William Noy's name; and moyling among old records with this object, 'he excerpted and laid by many notes and precedents for the King's levying of such naval aid upon the subjects by his own authority, whensoever

whensoever the preservation and safety of the kingdom did require it of them; which notes and precedents,' says Peter Heylin, 'taken as they came in his way, on small pieces of paper, (most of them no bigger than one's hand,) he kept in the coffin of a pie, which had been sent him by his mother, and kept there till the mouldiness and corruptibleness had perished many of his papers. And by these notes it did appear, that many times in the same years wherein the kings had received subsidies by way of Parliament, they levied this naval aid by their own sole power.' That the impost was light itself matters not in the constitutional question; nor that it was for an object of great national importance, and that the money so raised was faithfully applied to that object, and the sovereignty of the seas asserted; but these latter considerations are of no trifling importance to the character of Charles as a British king, and this Lord Nugent ought to have learnt from Mr. D'Israeli. If he had indeed remembered what Hume has said, that the greatest fleet England had ever known was equipped at this time; that the Dutch in consequence consented to pay 30,000*l.* for a licence to fish in the British seas, and that Saltee, from whence the English commerce and even the English coasts had long been infested, was destroyed by a British squadron, his Lordship would hardly have ventured a sneer at Mr. D'Israeli for 'making it matter of much praise to Charles that he re-established the sovereignty of the seas.'

But the legality, not the application, of the impost was the question,—whether an impost originally levied by the King's authority more than six hundred years before, in the reign of Eibelfred the Unready, and which Selden had proved to have been levied by constant and continual practice down to the times of Henry II., (which was as far as he chose to pursue the inquiry,) was or was not illegal, this was what Hampden had resolved to try: and here he did rightly; if every part of Hampden's conduct were as defensible as this, his character would be unimpeachable. The legal question was no easy one;—in law, indeed, as in divinity, there seems to be little difficulty in perplexing any question to the degree that may be desired. Under a popular reign the impost itself would not have been disputed; but under a popular reign it would not have been needed, for money would have been granted in the usual form. But it was evident that Charles, who found it impossible to govern with a Parliament, was resolved upon governing without one; and if he could raise supplies, he was in a fair way of succeeding. Parliament had been the aggressor, by withholding from the King, at the commencement of his reign, supplies which the war in which he was engaged rendered necessary: from that time mutual errors and mutual misconduct

duct had proceeded in aggravating series, till the only possible alternatives were an arbitrary government, or a civil war. When Lord Nugent says that the impost of ship-money 'proclaimed a principle of confiscation,' he writes with his usual laxity; but that an assessment, which produced in the first year more than 200,000*l.* clear of all charges of collection, would have prepared the way, as perhaps it was intended, for a system which would have rendered a frugal king, like Charles, independent upon Parliament for his revenues, is certain; and however strong the provocation to such a course, the ultimate consequences would have been not the less injurious to the Commonwealth.

Hampden having 'often advised in this great business' with his kinsman Whitelocke, Oliver St. John, and others of his friends, refused payment of this tax. Some other gentlemen had refused in like manner.

'But no sooner,' in Lord Nugent's words, 'was the name of Hampden seen among this number, than, as if by one common desire that the conflict should be decided in the person of a single champion, the eyes of the court and of the people were alike turned on him. He stood the high and forward mark against whom the concentrated wrath of all the penalties was to be directed. The condition of his fortunes, and the small amount of the sum in which he was assessed, sufficiently established his case as the best for determining the principle of a demand, important to the court, not only as a fruitful source of revenue, but as supplying a precedent entirely decisive against the popular cause. Upon a rate, therefore, of thirty-one shillings and sixpence, he resolutely proceeded to rest for himself, for his country, and for posterity, this great and signal act of resistance to arbitrary taxation.'

This sort of language is better suited to panegyric than to history. A reader who should know nothing more of those times than what Lord Nugent relates, after reading that the whole enmity of the court and the concentrated wrath of all the penalties, were, on this occasion, directed against Hampden, would expect something more to follow than a suit at law, in which the object of all this enmity was exposed to nothing more than the payment of his costs. Where there was real danger, there is sufficient proof that Hampden was not a man to shrink from it, but in the ship-money case the personal consequences extended no further than this.

It is evident, however, that the trial concerning ship-money was regarded by the party with which Hampden acted as the crisis of their cause. Cotton Mather, in speaking of these times, invites the reader, with more than his usual peculiarity of language, and less than his usual happiness, to come with him and 'behold some worthy and learned and genteel persons going to be *buried alive* on the banks of Connecticut, having been first *slain* by the eccle-

siastical impositions and persecutions of Europe.' Lord Say and Lord Brooke were the promoters of this intended emigration; and as is well known, Hampden and his cousin Cromwell, and Haselrigge, had actually embarked for the new colony of Saybrooke, when an order of council, restraining all masters and owners of ships from setting forth any vessel with passengers for America without special license, was enforced against them. '*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ!*' The kingdom was to be preserved from arbitrary government, but it was also to be punished for its offences; and where there has been no manifest interposition of a power exceeding that of man, the course of Providence has seldom been so strongly marked. They who were the heads and hands of the ensuing rebellion had at this crisis given up their cause for lost.

If ever there was a time when, by a wise and upright course of conduct, the reformation of all remediable evils in a commonwealth might have been safely accomplished, it was in the reign of Charles the First; and yet, as has been said, not more forcibly than truly, by Hobbes,—

'If in time as in place there were degrees of high and low, I verily believe that the highest of time would be that which passed between 1640 and 1660; for he that then, as from the Devil's mountain, should have looked upon the world, and observed the actions of men, especially in England, might have had a prospect of all kinds of injustice, and all kinds of folly that the world could afford; and how they were produced by their hypocrisy and self-conceit, whereof the one is double iniquity, and the other double folly.'

The point of Hampden's emigration is a little lower than Hobbes's mountain, but it affords a good station for a 'Pisgah-sight' of the preceding part of this eventful reign.

'The principles of politics,' says Hobbes, 'which were generally proceeded upon by all those that were thought fit to be chosen for the parliament, were commonly these:—to take for the rule of justice and government, the judgments and acts of former parliaments, which are commonly called precedents; to endeavour to keep the people from being subject to extra-parliamentary taxes of money, and from being with parliamentary taxes too much oppressed: to preserve to the people their liberty of body from the arbitrary power of the king out of parliament; and to seek redress of grievances.'

These he calls the principles of an upright member of parliament, and the grievances, he pursues,

'commonly were such as these; the king's too much liberality to some favourite; the too much power of some minister or officer of the commonwealth; the misdemeanour of judges, civil or spiritual; but especially all unparliamentary raising of money upon the subjects.'

This

This latter grievance had arisen during the suspension of parliaments. No such ground of complaint existed at the commencement of Charles's reign; at that time there was not an existing grievance which the king might not cheerfully have concurred with the commons in redressing, if such reformation had been calmly and temperately proposed, with a sincere desire for the general good, and not in a spirit of acrimonious hostility to the government.

James, who (like Charles and his grandson) never said a foolish thing, never spoke more wisely than in the proclamation for calling his third parliament, when, after expressing his wish and desire that members might be 'according to the old institutions, chosen of the gravest, ablest, and best affected minds that may be found,' he proceeded thus:—

'And, therefore, out of the care of the common good, whereof themselves are also participant, we do hereby admonish all our loving subjects, that have votes in elections, that choice be made of persons approved for their sincerity in religion, and not of any that is noted either of superstitious blindness one way, or of turbulent humours another way, but of such as shall be found zealous and obedient children to the mother-church. And as to the knights of shires, that they cast their eyes upon the worthiest men of all sorts of knights and gentlemen, that are guides and lights of their counties, of good experience and of great integrity; *men that lead honest and exemplary lives in their counties, doing us good service therein, and no bankrupts or discontented persons that cannot fish but in troubled waters.* And for the burgesses, that they make choice of them that best understand the state of their cities, or boroughs: and where such may not be had within their corporations, then of other *grave and discreet men, fit to serve in so worthy an assembly.* For we may well foresee how ill effects the bad choice of unfit men may produce, if the house should be supplied with bankrupts and necessitous persons, that may desire long parliaments for their private protection; or with young and unexperienced men that are not ripe and mature for so grave a council; or with *men of mean qualities in themselves, who may only serve to applaud the opinion of others on whom they depend; nor yet with curious and wrangling lawyers who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions.*' But, he concluded, 'we wish all our good subjects to understand these our admonitions as that we no way mean to bar them of their lawful freedom in election, according to the fundamental laws and laudable customs of this our kingdom, and especially in the times of good and settled government.'

Wiser advice could not have been given; nor could there be a more distinct acknowledgment of those fundamental laws, by which James, though honestly believing himself to be an absolute king, as honestly, and more justly, believed himself bound. But

about this time it was, Sir Henry Wotton remarks, that many more young men than usual were chosen into the House of Commons, and such, he observes, 'though of the weakest wings, yet are the highest flyers;' and to this cause he ascribes it, that 'there arose a certain unfortunate and unfruitful spirit in some places, not sowing, but picking at every stone in the field, rather than tending to the general harvest.' But there were also men of all those descriptions, against which James had with unavailing foresight cautioned the people; there were (and it would be vain to expect that there should not be such in every representative assembly) some in whom self-interest was the ruling motive, and who, moved either by cupidity or ambition, endeavoured to obtain office or emolument by making themselves conspicuous, and if that failed, by rendering themselves formidable, or at least troublesome. Others were on the alert upon every opportunity, for promoting the objects of a party hostile to the church, and many of them secretly but deeply disaffected to the monarchy. And all those whose common interest it was to trouble the waters, found just such allies as they desired, in men of more integrity than wisdom, who seeing the existing evils, saw nothing farther, and for the sake of removing them, co-operated with the 'movement party,' as if they were either wholly unsuspecting of the ends at which that party was aiming, or supposed that whenever they chose to stop, the impulse which they had assisted in giving, would be stopped also.

May, the parliamentary historian, says, that when James came to the English throne, the United Provinces, 'those useful confederates to England, began to be despised by the English court, under a vain shadow, instead of a reason, that they were an ill example for a monarch to cherish.' With much greater reason might James be censured for mispolicy, in countenancing the Synod of Dort, and supporting, in Holland, the party to which he was most inimical at home, and which was most inimical to him. A far more sagacious man than Thomas May, (and one too, who, whatever were his errors, regarded his own interest with the indifference of true philosophy, throughout a long life,) observed, that London, and other great trading towns, 'having in admiration the prosperity of the Low Countries, after they had revolted from their monarch Philip II., king of Spain, were inclined to think, that the change of government here would to them produce the like prosperity.*' The persons who had formed this opinion were too little read in history to know what the prosperity of the Netherlands had been before their se-

* Hobbes. Behemoth.

paration from the court of Spain, or their connexion with it; and even if such prosperity had been altogether produced by the separation, they were too inconsiderate to question whether it might not have been purchased at too dear a price. The Dutch, on their part, bore no good will towards the British government; James had spoken to their ambassadors in language which made them feel they might presume too far, even upon his pacific temper; and Charles had asserted against them the sovereignty of the seas, at a time when naval ascendancy was the great object of their ambition. The states employed one of their ablest subjects in composing a reply to Selden's *Mare Clausum*; but Selden's treatise had Charles's navy to support it, and when the answer had been examined and approved, they deemed it better not to publish it; 'if we cannot defend the liberty of the seas with our arms,' said Van Sommersdijck, 'we shall not do it with our pens:' 'this,' says the Dutch historian who has recorded it, 'was the truth;' and he adds,* as if not without some feeling of satisfaction, 'that the very king who then would have the seas under his dominion, lost the seas, and the sceptre, and the crown, and all his dominions, and his life itself at last.' The House of Orange understood its own interests and the interests of Holland too well, to favour any machinations against the English, but it was not able to prevent the Dutch from giving open encouragement and efficient assistance to the factions in Great Britain. Libels against the hierarchy and the court, in Scotch, English, French, and Latin, were printed in the United Provinces, some for continental sale, others for circulation in Britain, and though they were repeatedly prohibited by the states, the prohibition was set at nought; and while the pioneers of rebellion were still at work here, already in Holland the drum ecclesiastic was beating to arms in the cause. As early as the year 1630, Vossius speaks of a party in his own country, (and that 'the most numerous, as being the least prudent,') who had 'no relish for anything but what was popular and novel, and seemed to touch heaven with a finger, if they be able,' said he, 'in any possible way, to injure the name and reputation of the individuals upon whose continuance in office the welfare of Great Britain depends, and without whose ruin the present state of the kingdom and of the church cannot be overturned.'

In an essay written by Clarendon in his younger days, he speaks of the age of Elizabeth as 'an ingenuous, uninquisitive time, when the passions and affections of the people were lapped up in an innocent and humble obedience.' 'There were never,'

* Aitzema, vol. ii. p. 298.

† Nichols's *Calvinism and Arminianism compared*, p. 66.

he says, 'the least contestations nor capitulations with the queen,' and 'when there were any grievances, they but reverently conveyed them to her notice, and left the time and order of the rest to her princely discretion.' But Harrington, whom the events of twenty miserable years had taught to look farther back upon the confluent causes of the calamities which, like a flood, had broken in upon the three kingdoms, perceived that the balance of the commonwealth had lost its equilibrium in Elizabeth's time; and that though she, 'through the perpetual love-tricks that passed between her and her people, converted her reign into a kind of romance,' the House of Commons even then began to raise that head which soon became so high and formidable to their princes that they looked pale upon those assemblies. 'Nor was anything now wanting,' says he, 'to the destruction of the throne, but that the people, not apt to see their own strength, should be put to feel it.' King People (one of the orators of *Oceana* so calls this freeborn nation,—in serious, if not sober eulogy) was soon brought to feel, and excited to exert it!

What Harrington, upon the eve of the restoration, looking back to the accession of the Tudors, traced from political causes, some religious men, such as Mede, and Nicholas Farrer, and the saintly Herbert, seem to have forecast, not by political sagacity, but in the deep and sad conviction that a nation which was so ungrateful for the signal blessings it had so long enjoyed, most righteously deserved to lose them; others, who were not less devout, but who, by the course of their life or of their studies, were led to regard society in its widest relations, traced distinctly to moral causes the fearful consequences which they foresaw. Writing to Gerard Vossius in 1629, Laud, at that time Bishop of London, and desirous then, as he ever was (however inveterate bigotry may calumniate him), 'to seek peace and ensue it,' speaks thus:—

'In the meantime, those things, concerning which I entertain some hopes, are very few; and those about which I entertain fears are numerous. There is nothing of which the reformed church ought to have a greater dread, nor about which she ought to be more cautious, than this, now she is attacked on every side among other nations, not to wound herself by her own hands, in our country and in yours (which are the only places in which she enjoys much safety), till, by a more dreadful rent, she divides herself first into parties, and afterward, by degrees, into fragments of parties, and thus at length entirely disappear and vanish into nothing. There is likewise another disaster which I seem to foresee, but it is better to pray that it may never take place, than to foretell its occurrence.*'

* Nichols's *Calvinism and Arminianism*, p. 675.

There can be little doubt that these remarkable words imply a foresight of the designs which threatened the constitution of the state, as well as of the church. The danger was clearly foreseen by Jackson, whom Laud protected when the Calvinists would have persecuted him as an Arminian, and who was taken in mercy to his rest before the storm began.

'The ordinary course,' says this admirable divine, 'of God's primitive justice, in cases extraordinary, is, per *legem talionis*, to punish every one in that kind wherein he hath offended; or to do to him as he hath done to others, or to the laws unto which he was subject: the proper and native award of this course of justice will be to punish the abuse of ingenuous liberty or contempt of wholesome or moderate laws ecclesiastic, with imposition of laws tyrannical and the exercise of ecclesiastic power illimited.'*

Here he apprehended the restoration of popery, as the possible and proper punishment of turbulent dissent; how the principle of schism threatened the constitution, he states distinctly in other places, e. g. :—

'Disobedience to laws or discipline ecclesiastic would quickly induce, if opportunity served, open rebellion against the prerogative royal.'†—'There is not one scruple or quillet, not so much as any colour of reason, that can be pretended for non-conformity, or denial of obedience to the order and ceremonies of this church, but (if it be well scanned) will conclude more against the crown and dignity of our sovereign, against all magistracy, civil or temporal, than it can do against church governors or *canones ecclesiasticas*.'‡

When Grotius heard the character of Felton, he said it was as he expected,—'*est enim facinus dignum κατὰ τὸν ingenio*.'§

They who either from political or religious considerations were disaffected to the existing institutions, were influenced at first less by any definite hope or intent of overthrowing them, than by the vague instinct of hostility, for the gratification of a restless temper, or with some private and self-centering views. Their efforts were always designed to raise a ferment in the public mind, never to correct those abuses which tended to bring an odium upon the king and his ministers, for measures in which they were for the most part wholly unconcerned. The proceedings of the Court of Honour were a grievance to the people not to be supported; 'the decrees of it,' says Bishop Hacket, 'were most uncertain, most arbitrary, most imperious; nor was there any seat of judgement in the land wherein justice was brought to bed with such hard labour.' Justice herself might make out a case against the Bishop for introducing her in such a manner and into such a court. The

* Jackson's Works, vol. iii. 930.

† Ib., vol. iii. 693.

‡ Ib., vol. iii. 951.

§ H. H. Grot. Epist. p. 811.

Mountain might have supplied a better metaphor. A citizen of London underwent its censure for telling a 'well-descended creditor,' who gave him hard words instead of discharging his bill, that he was no gentleman that would not pay his debts. Another party received its sentence for falsely saying, in way of defamation, that one Brown, who was of an ancient family, was descended from Brown the great pudding-eater in Kent. Jack of the West, who had been an ostler, and a famous wrestler in Lincoln's-inn Fields, set up for a gentleman, and took the arms of Lord De la Warr's family. The lord being an infant, his guardians brought the matter before the Court of Honour, where Jack's forged pedigree was disproved, and he was ordered to be degraded, never to write himself gentleman any more, and to pay a fine of 500*l*. The grievances which grew out of a court constituted for the cognizance of such offences as these must be ascribed to those who practised and presided in it, not to a system of tyrannical government.

The Star Chamber and the High Commission Court had also both been enormously abused; yet the former, which subsisted long before the Tudors, 'by the ancient common law of the realm,' was pronounced, by Bacon, to have been 'one of the safest and noblest institutions of this kingdom,' having 'the censorial power for offences under the degree of capital.' That Atlas of the law, the Lord Coke, 'said of this chamber (*et cujus pars magna fuit*), that the right institution and ancient orders thereof being observed, it kept all England in quiet.' He assigned two reasons for this, first, that

'seeing the proceeding according to the law and custom of the realm could not by one rule of law suffice to punish in every case the enormity of some great and horrible crimes, this court dealt with them to the end that the medicine might be according to the disease, and the punishment according to the offence. Secondly, that it curbed the oppression and exorbitances of great men, whom inferior judges and jurors would be afraid to offend; but this court profest the right art of justice to teach the greatest as well as the meanest the due construction of good behaviour. Little busses might cast out nets for smelts and herrings, this was whale-fishing.'

Williams, who thought that the Court of High Commission was in its institution 'good without all exception,' objected to it for drawing too much into its cognizance, and for the severity of its censures. 'It is incident,' says his biographer, to 'supreme courts, chiefly when appeals fly unto them, to be sick of this tynpany, to swell with causes. They defraud the lower audiences of their work and profit, which comes home to them with hatred.' This had so multiplied its business that, 'whereas in the last year
of

of Archbishop Whitgift, there were eight causes left to be discussed in Easter term, there were in 1635 not less than a thousand.* The severity of this tribunal, Hacket traces to Archbishop Abbot, 'a man rigorously just, which made him show less pity to delinquents. Sentences of great correction, or rather of destruction, have their epocha from his predominancy in that court. (And after him it mended like sour ale in summer.) It was not so in his predecessor Bancroft's days, who would chide stoutly, but censure mildly: he considered that he sat there rather as a father than a judge; he knew that a pastoral staff was made to rescue a wandering sheep, not to knock it down.'

Laud says that no causes were handled there but 'such as were very heinous, either for the crime itself, or the person which committed it being too great or too wilful to be ruled by the inferior jurisdictions.' Perhaps Hacket did not make allowance enough for the growth of offences; and Laud, on the other hand, estimated their magnitude by those which were brought immediately under his own observation. A court could never be without abundant employment that took cognizance of those sins and scandals for which men are now left to settle their account with themselves. Sir Matthew Hale said, at an assize, he believed that since the Star Chamber had been put down there had been more perjuries and frauds unpunished in a few years, than in the course of a century before. Crimes of a darker dye obtained the same impunity, and assumed more boldness, after the abolition of the High Commission Court. In both, Sir Philip Warwick observes, 'there was more cause to complain of the headstrong and hard-mouthed horse, than of the strait-rein or the firm hand of the rider.' He alludes perhaps to the well-known cases of Prynne* and his fellow-sufferers, at the barbarity of which every one revolts, now that the laws have ceased to be barbarous: but the laws and the judges were in fault, not the government, which appealed to the one and trusted to the other. Prynne, who was the least intemperate of these libellers, lived to become sensible 'both of the folly and the mischief of those wrathful and passionately injudicious essays, which brought on him those sufferings,' and 'which were rather the results of prejudice and revenge than of law and reason.' And he was honest enough to say, that if the king had cut off his head when he only cropt † his ears, 'he had done no more than justice, and had done God and the nation good service.'

But

* A letter in the Strafford papers relates, as the news of the day, that 'Mr. Prynne hath got his ears sewed on, and that they grew again as before to his head.' This, if it be true, is a curious fact; and although by a second sentence he lost the *stumps* of his ears, that sentence does not disprove it, being grounded upon the former barbarous infliction.

† Lord Nugent says it was Laud who, in these cases, 'revived those bloody scenes of

But Prynne, who had then seen the consequences of such offences, judged of them in the spirit of a mere lawyer; banishment is the appropriate punishment for that kind of sedition. The people were exasperated at these sentences, not shocked at them; the people are shocked by no cruelties, unless they deem the sufferer to be either innocent or meritorious. Men are more easily made cruel than compassionate, because it is far more easy to debase than to refine them; and how dreadfully our laws tended to harden the hearts of those who administered them, may be seen in some of the speeches of that great lawyer, who pronounced the common law, when he was defending the most atrocious of its inflictions, to be 'the absolute perfection of all reason.' The same spirit of severity which added tortures to death, extended to minor punishments; fines were commonly made ruinous, and imprisonment for life. A jury gave Lord Say and Sele, 3000*l.* from one, who had only called him a base lord; and Justice Hutton, in like manner, recovered 5000*l.* from a madman, who accused him of high-treason, though he himself acknowledged the man's insanity. These were not acts of the government; they must be imputed to the juries, the judges, and the times. A worthless person who, having been of the Inner Temple, was expelled from that society, and having been a magistrate in his own country, had been put out of the commission, was brought before parliament from the Fleet prison, for rejoicing at the loss of Prague, and speaking basely of the Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth. This scoundrel (he was nothing better), for words of coarse and vulgar ribaldry upon the occasion, spoken to some of his fellow-prisoners, was condemned by a sentence, in which the lords and commons agreed, to be whipt from the Fleet to Westminster Hall, to stand in the pillory twice, to be fined 5000*l.*, and imprisoned in Newgate for life! The whipping was remitted, but the monstrous sentence was executed in all other points, more probably to the satisfaction of the Londoners than to their disgust, considering what their feelings were at that time towards the Palatine cause. The patriotic party could not reproach the Stuarts with this;—on the contrary, they took it as a precedent and improved on it. It is their own Rushworth who has recorded their proceedings against a tailor of London, 'one Edward Sandeford,' who was accused of having

of human agony and mutilation which formed a part of the ordinary punishment of the pillory.' If they were *ordinary*, how could he be said to have revived them? But had the biographer of Hampden consulted the '*History of the Troubles and Trials of William Laud*,' he might there have found this passage,—'In the giving of this sentence I spake my conscience, and was afterwards commanded to print my speech. *But I gave no vote*, because they had fallen so personally upon me, that I doubted many men might think spleen and not justice led me to it. Nor was it my counsel that advised their sending into these remote parts.'—p. 144—5.

* called

* called the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Warwick, and the parliament, traitors, cursed the parliament, and wished the Earl of Warwick's heart in his boots, and King Pym and Sir John Hotham both hanged. They sent for him to the bar of the house, and the sentence pronounced upon him by the speaker, was, that he should be fined to our sovereign lord the king, an hundred marks, stand on the pillory in Cheapside and Westminster, be whipt from thence at a cart's tail, the first day to the Fleet, the second day to Bridewell, and there be kept to work during his life.*

It was not against the existence of exorbitant power like this that the patriots of that day struggled, but for the possession of it. When Hampden refused payment of a tax, because it was levied by the king without the consent of parliament, he appealed to the laws, and the question was brought to trial. A few years afterwards the parliament levied taxes without consent of the king; the persons who then refused payment were allowed no such appeal; they were arrested and sent on board ship for confinement,—perhaps transported to the plantations, as so many of their countrymen were, without trial, and for no other offence than fidelity to their king.

As there had been little just principle in the conduct of the party with which Hampden acted, judging them upon the evidence of their after actions, there was also as little prudence in the course which they had hitherto pursued. Afterwards, indeed, 'if craft were wisdom, they were wise enough;' but hitherto, the effect of their proceedings had been to bring into danger the constitution which was in no jeopardy before; for it is evident that Hampden and his associates, when they embarked for America, had given up the cause for lost. Finding it impossible to govern with a parliament which refused him the necessary supplies, Charles had been driven to make the experiment of governing without one; it succeeded: and though the king himself has said, that by 'forbearing to convene a parliament for some years, he hoped to have extinguished the sparks which some men's distempers had studied to kindle,' it was not possible that he could ever again have regarded it without uneasiness, and a suspicion for which too much reason had been afforded. When Wentworth was about to assemble one in Ireland, he said to him, 'as for that hydra take good heed; for you know that here I have found it as well cunning as malicious.' But if Charles himself, from that respect which he sincerely entertained for the institutions of the country, should have been disposed, had all things continued peaceable and prosperous, to have convened a parliament, it was a point on which his ministers would most probably have differed from him;

* Rushworth, vol. iii. part i. p. 559. 3 April, 1642.

they would have felt, and represented that the business of government was carried on far more easily without one, and that if the people were satisfied all was well. Satisfied they would have been as to all temporal concerns, for the country was never more flourishing; and after acquiescing under an arbitrary government benignantly and conscientiously administered, the habit of obedience would have remained under worse men, and tranquillity have been considered a blessing, for which political rights were a cheap price; after an age of anarchy it will always be considered so. In this point of view, Charles I. would indeed have been a dangerous king, for never was there a sovereign to whom arbitrary power might more safely have been entrusted, or with more immediate benefit to the nation; but such power, however it may originate, inevitably tends to corrupt and to degrade a people.

At this time, in Lord Nugent's words, 'the furious elements of the episcopalian and presbyterian warfare,' broke first in Scotland, 'from many magazines of confederacy and cabal, into alarming civil broils,'—that is, into open rebellion. The Scotch malcontents knew that the exchequer was 'running at dead low water mark;' they were encouraged by their confederates in England, they had applied to Richelieu for recent assistance, and having formed their covenant, as much upon the model of the league, as if a Jesuit had drawn its plan, they went about, says Nelson, 'by a strange mystery only known to covenanters, to extirpate popery and superstition, by uniting their arms with a catholic prince, and their counsels with a Romish cardinal.'

'The co-operation of the friends of religious liberty in England was anxiously sought,' says Lord Nugent, 'not only by the presbyterians, but by others also, who, on more general grounds of displeasure with the court, had joined the malcontents. But many considerations deterred that party in England, notwithstanding all solicitations from without and provocations at home, from yet countenancing any project of open insurrection. Nor does it appear that any hopes were held out from England, or any pains taken at that time, to excite the feelings of the Scotch, or even to enter into communication with them. The parliamentary leaders of this country may have felt that things were not yet sufficiently ripe for such an enterprise; and that, immaturely undertaken, it might endanger or destroy the hopes of successful resistance at last. That, although the intention of their adversaries to destroy public right, to its very foundations, were sufficiently manifest, still it had not yet been displayed in such a manner as to establish a clear moral case for recourse to those last means which remain to the oppressed for the recovery of freedom. They may have felt that even after resistance shall have been morally justified by the tyranny of a government, there are still many considerations, not affecting themselves only, which it is the duty of good men very scrupulously to balance:

and

and that complete success should, upon calculation, appear at the least probable, before it can behove those who love their country, or mankind, to commit the fortunes and lives of thousands to the fearful issue of arms. Moreover, the intentions of France were very doubtful, and her resentment against the English court had been excited by a set of feelings and principles bearing no sympathy with those of the Puritans in Scotland; while it clearly was not the part of the leaders in England to raise the standard of civil war for the hazardous chance of giving liberty to the English people, the great body of whom, perhaps, had not the spirit of liberty, or, at least, might not be prepared to join in the only means by which liberty was to be attained.'

In a note to this passage, Lord Nugent seeks to discredit Anthony Wood's statement, that Hampden made more than one journey into Scotland about this time in order to ascertain the feelings of the Covenanters, and to negotiate with them on the part of the country party (as he is pleased to call them) in England. These, he thinks, must refer to a later period, for otherwise it would probably have been made a special matter of charge against him at the time of the accusation of the five members. But this will not appear probable, when it is remembered in what relation the House of Commons and the Scotch at that time stood towards each other. It was only in the preceding April, that a member was suspended during the session from that House for moving, that the Scotch propositions might be referred to a select committee, and saying, that if peace might be had upon honest and honourable terms, he would cherish the thoughts of it, but, if not, the only two ways left worthy the entertainment of this nation were to stand or fall with honour. It was not likely, therefore, that this special charge should have been brought against Hampden; but that he made more than one journey into Scotland, and spent a winter there before the troubles broke out, is asserted in the political poems of the day, which of themselves might pass for some authority upon facts of this kind; and no doubt has hitherto been made that the same has been affirmed by Burnet, though he designates the individual not by his name, but as a gentleman of quality of the English nation, who was afterwards a great parliament man. The journeys are not disputed by Lord Nugent, only the date of them, as it happens not to accord with his view of that clear moral case which, in his opinion, justifies the last measure—in other words, the raising a civil war. Upon that moral case we have, fortunately, Hampden's own opinion, as will presently appear; his biographer's is given with sufficient clearness, when he allows, a little later, that Lord Say, Pym, Hampden, Holles, and a few other principal members of that party, 'put themselves into communication with the Covenanters.'

The

The time he fixes for it is, when the Earl of Dumferline and Lord Loudon were sent as commissioners to London.

'With them,' says Lord Nugent, 'they were thenceforward in constant and intimate conferences upon the means of averting or opposing the incursion which was in open preparation, and which, if once successful, would have left Charles at full exercise to overrun and extinguish all remains of public freedom in England. *If it were treasonable* in the English Puritans to conspire with the malcontents of another country, in order to try the last chance for the liberties of their own, *from this time began their treasons.*'

About this time Hampden married his second wife, Letitia, the daughter of Mr. Vechell, of Coley, near Reading. It seems that he never resided in Buckinghamshire after this marriage: the demands of the times had altered the habits of his domestic life, and during that part of it which was spent in London, this lady lived with him at his lodgings, near the house which was occupied by Pym, in Gray's Inn Lane, then a suburban residence. And here the most agreeable passage in Lord Nugent's work occurs—a passage very pleasing in itself, and still more so as a relief: here the biographer may be forgiven for his partizan spirit, violent as it is, because it shows itself here in a feeling of generous admiration.

'During the whole of the three last eventful years of his life, which were now beginning, his mind, which, before, had been occasionally applied to unconnected pursuits, was, without intermission, employed in that uniform course of publick service, to which his great duties, and his own deep sense of them, now wholly bound him. Never inactive, he had hitherto divided his time between the business of Parliament, the study of books, and the amusements, as well as the useful occupations, of a country life. As a magistrate, he had borne a diligent share in the local affairs of his country; but he had also found leisure for indulging himself in "an exceeding prepenseness to field sports," and in the embellishment of his paternal estate, of which he was very fond. When, therefore, he finally abandoned all those pursuits and habits of social ease, which his temper, and talents, and the mild virtues of his domestick character, so much inclined and fitted him to enjoy, the motive must have been powerful, and the sacrifice great.

'From this time till his death, except at some few hasty intervals, when business of publick concern called him from the Parliament, from the council, or from the camp, he never again returned to that home to which the remembrances of his youth, his studies, his pleasures, and the blameless happiness of tranquil hours, had so strongly attached him.

'His mansion still remains. It stands, away from both the principal roads which pass through Buckinghamshire, at the back of that chalky range of the Chilterns which bounds, on one side, the vale of Aylesbury. The scenery which immediately surrounds it, from its seclusion

little

little known, is of singular beauty; opening upon a ridge which commands a very extensive view over several counties, and diversified by dells, clothed with a natural growth of box, juniper, and beech. What has once been the abode of such a man can never but be interesting from the associations which belong it. But, even forgetting these, no one, surely, who has heart or taste for the charm of high breezy hills, and green glades, enclosed within the shadowy stillness of ancient woods, and avenues leading to a house on whose walls the remains of the different styles of architecture, from the early Norman to the Tudor, are still partly traced through the deforming innovations of the eighteenth century,—no one, surely, can visit the residence of Hampden, and not do justice to the love which it's master bore it, and to that stronger feeling which could lead him from such a retirement to the toils and perils to which, thenceforth, he entirely devoted himself.—vol. i., pp. 285—287.

In the short parliament, we are told, that he was strenuously engaged in the various business of the House; that

'no question of principle or detail, whether affecting the most important interests of the commonwealth and posterity, or the smaller concerns to be adjusted for his own county in the assembly to which she had sent him—none were too mighty for his capacity and courage, or minute for his indefatigable industry. To all he applied those natural gifts of a ready understanding and a winning persuasion, as well as those acquired habits of arrangement, which fitted him to meet the necessities of the times and the demands of his electors.'

This is the language of an *elogé*, written in faith and not upon knowledge; that he was an active and able member is certain, the journals and minutes of the House bear testimony to his assiduity, but none of his speeches during this time have been preserved. The leaders of this Parliament, Lord Nugent says—

'did not amuse themselves or the country with vain abstract declarations, that the right of government is from the people. They did much better: they contented themselves with maintaining the inherent right of the people to be well governed. And thus they left it on record, that a House of Commons, representing the opinion, generally, of the country, and enjoying its confidence, and acting resolutely up to its own faculties, may successfully begin the work which, according to Lord Bolingbroke, it is always in the power of any House of Commons to achieve!' 'The Parliament,' he also says, 'although it was not suffered to complete a single act, may yet be justly considered one of the most useful that ever sat; because, without show of violence or passion, it first reduced to system those resources which are in the hands of every Parliament for its own defence, but which before had been viewed only at a distance and as speculative.'

What it was that they *successfully* began the biographer has not specified; and if by their defensive resources he means the
withholding

withholding supplies, the merit or demerit of originating that sort of offensive defence might be claimed for the preceding parliaments of this reign. The dissolution of this parliament was deemed a great misfortune by all persons, except those who, with Oliver St. John, exulted at it, thinking that all was well, because it must be worse before it could be better—a feeling to which Lord Nugent gives in his adhesion, saying, that ‘with Charles no parliament could be safe, much less useful to the country, that did not begin by *taking the whole power of government into its own hands!*’

The Scotch invasion followed, whether by advice of the leaders of the popular party in London, will, we are told, probably always remain matter of doubt; nor is the question now of much importance. But it is admitted that a constant communication was kept up between them; and it is affirmed, that ‘the principle of resistance had doubtless, long before this, received its justification in the minds of Hampden, and the other principal men of that party; and the delay can be attributed only to that strong notion of duty, which after resistance shall have been otherwise morally justified, will always deter good men from engaging themselves in a hopeless conflict.’ The reader is requested to bear this passage in mind; for we shall presently show, that Hampden afterwards *made a solemn and deliberate profession of passive obedience*. However unread or half-read Whiglings and Whigamores may be astonished at the assertion, and however resolutely they may determine to disbelieve it, it will not be contradicted by Lord Nugent.

‘There are no grounds,’ says his Lordship, ‘to presume that the cabal in London had yet determined on the last sad hazard of a civil war; but it would be weakness to suppose that their minds were not prepared for it.’ The country houses of the leading persons of the malcontents became the places of consultation with the Scotch commissioners. Broughton Castle in Oxfordshire, which was Lord Say’s, and Fawsley, in Northamptonshire, the house of Hampden’s son-in-law, Sir Richard Knightley, ‘were from their position, with reference to the north road, and their easy distance from London, convenient for these interviews.’ Here Hampden, Pym, St. John, Lords Say, Brooke, and Holland, the Earls of Warwick, Bedford, and Essex, Nathaniel Fiennes, and the younger Vane, held their sittings with others, ‘who were as deeply involved in the general plan of resistance:’—soft and dulcet language for such meetings and such purposes! ‘Their meetings in London were usually in Gray’s-Inn-Lane, whither the reports from their *council tables* in the country were addressed, and from whence, after these had been considered, advices were communicated to the friends of the country party in the city.’

These

These Scotch commissioners were 'only authorized to plead integrity and demonstrate their fidelity,' not empowered to propose any terms towards a mediation to the king's satisfaction. The way in which they demonstrated their fidelity, and gave proof of that fidelity which they pleaded, was by holding these secret councils with the discontented English, chiefly 'those who favoured presbytery and were no friends to bishops, or had suffered in the late censures in the star-chamber, exchequer, high commission, and other judicatories. Those also who inclined to a republic, had much correspondence with them; and they courted all, fomented every discontent, and made large and religious promises of future happy times.' Among those who 'were deep in with them' in these treasonable practices, Whitelock names Hampden. Another parliament was now summoned, in conformity to the advice of Strafford, Laud, and Hamilton; and in the ensuing elections, even as described by Lord Nugent, it may seem that the patriots of that day have been followed by those of the present, as faithfully in their practices as in their principles.

'The friends of liberty proceeded with the utmost skill and diligence to canvass the country through, for the return of persons of their party and connexions to the lower house. The Earl of Warwick, Lord Brook, and the Earl of Bedford, took an active share in their preparation. Pym and Hampden rode through various counties, using the utmost exertions, by every appeal to public spirit, to rouse the electors to the support of candidates of known courage and fidelity to their cause.'

The Earl of Warwick wrote from York, that 'the game was well begun,' and we have it on what Lord Nugent chooses to call 'the very doubtful authority of Eachard,' that one of the leaders, intemperate in his zeal and his success, openly boasted 'that they were strong enough to pull the king's crown from his head, but the gospel would not let them.' When they *were* strong enough, they regarded the gospel as little as the law.

Hampden's was a double return to this fatal parliament, for Wendover, and for his own county; he made his election for the latter; he had one son-in-law returned, and three cousins, Cromwell being one. Lord Nugent says, 'the time appears scarcely yet to have arrived, when the zeal of writers on this part of our history may be sufficiently cooled, to allow them to treat of the conduct of the Long Parliament, without the inclination to pronounce any but a fair and equal judgment on its acts.' But the most bitter revilers of its memory, he thinks, 'will scarcely maintain that the tyranny which it undertook to controul, could have been dealt with on a mere defensive plan, working within the limits of the constitution.' But if Hampden and his party had truly desired to work within those limits, they who are most fully

acquainted with the history of those times will be most fully convinced, that all which was desirable might have been safely and peaceably effected. They will believe the solemn declaration of Charles himself, who, in his solitude and sufferings, stated what were the feelings with which he met this parliament.

‘All jealousies,’ he says, ‘being laid aside, my own and my childrens’ interests gave me many obligations to seek and preserve the love and welfare of my subjects, the only temporal blessings that are left to the ambition of just monarchs, as their greatest honour and safety, next God’s protection. I cared not to lessen myself in some things of my wonted prerogative, since I knew I could be no loser, if I might gain but a recompence in my subjects’ affections. I intended not only to oblige my friends, but mine enemies also, exceeding even the desires of those that were factiously discontent, if they did but pretend to any modest and sober sense. The odium and offences which some men’s rigour and remissness in church and state had contracted upon my government, I resolved to have expiated by such laws and regulations for the future, as might not only rectify what was amiss in practice, but supply what was defective in the constitution. I resolved to reform, what I should, by free and full advice in parliament, be convinced of to be amiss, and to grant whatever my reason and conscience told me was fit to be desired.’ ‘But our sins being ripe,’ (thus he concludes his meditation,) ‘there was no preventing of God’s justice from reaping that glory in our calamities, which we robbed him of in our prosperity.’

Before Lord Nugent enters upon the transactions of the Long Parliament, he endeavours to make his way smooth, by premising that our general conclusions in favour of a cause do not require that everything which was done to support it shall be capable of a full moral vindication. We may grant this, and insist, nevertheless, that when things are done which are capable of no moral vindication, whatever may have been our conclusion in favour of the cause, we are bound, ‘if there be any virtue and if there be any praise,’ to condemn those who have supported it by such means, and not to participate in their guilt, by attempting to vindicate or excuse it. His own task, however, as confined to the three first years of that parliament, and not extending beyond the time of Hampden’s death, he considers comparatively easy. Hampden is now found upon the two committees appointed to conduct the impeachment of Strafford, and to expedite the charges against Laud. The persecution and judicial murder of Laud enter not into Lord Nugent’s subject:—it would have been fortunate if those of Strafford had not been so much connected with Hampden’s history, that the biographer found or felt it necessary to enter on the vindication of his hero upon that score. For the proceedings against this noble victim, there is little doubt, he says, ‘even if the leaders
of

of the House of Commons had had no other motive, there was a close and urgent one of personal safety, which made it absolutely necessary that the blow aimed at Strafford should be struck without delay. The courtiers, and even some of the ministers, had already spoken of charges of high-treason against Pym and Hampden and the rest; Pym and Hampden and the rest were more discreet and as much in earnest as they.—It was not in the more or less of discretion, that the difference between the parties lay; Strafford had committed no legal treason; ‘Pym, Hampden, and the rest’ *had*,—by Lord Nugent’s own statement of their conduct and their views.

‘With such,’ says the biographer, ‘as are swayed in their judgment of guilt, by their admiration of a courageous heart, and a nobly-gifted mind struggling against danger and dishonour, Strafford’s acquittal is always sure.’ The question of guilt is taken for granted here; but what his Lordship says is so far true, that the struggles of a brave heart and a powerful mind, against injustice and oppression, will always secure the sympathy of congenial minds, and that while English history shall endure, the trial and death of Strafford will excite in such minds a far stronger and more abiding interest than the life of Hampden. Lord Nugent is conscious that he treads here upon dangerous ground. He will not justify the proceeding—because he knows it to have been a crime; he will not condemn it—because he knows also that it was not a blunder, which in the school of revolutionists is considered worse. He loses no opportunity of asserting or insinuating something to the prejudice of Strafford, or in excuse for his persecutors; ‘they,’ he says, ‘be it remembered, were charged with no ordinary duties: they were fighting against no ordinary man, and with inferior means; and above all, they were fighting a great battle for the liberties of their country.’ *Duties* indeed! Pym, perhaps, who, when Strafford left that party and accepted office, said of him, ‘we will never leave you while that head is upon your shoulders,’ might deem it a *duty* deliberately to keep the wicked word of vengeance which he had passionately pledged. He may have been influenced by ‘the temptation of a great revenge upon political antagonists,’ which Lord Nugent seems to think so great a one, that if it had existed in Strafford’s case, it might have been some palliation for his ‘apostacy!’ But who that attaches any philosophical, any moral, any religious meaning to the word *duty*, could deem it a duty to make that law which was not law before—for the purpose of putting a political enemy to death? Nor is the eulogistic biographer more fortunate in his plea, that the prosecutors were acting with inferior means; they had the Parliament, the Puritans, and the Mob. ‘They had to determine,’ he

says, 'whether they would allow a criminal to escape death, because his crime was so great and so complete, that it was difficult to bring it within the bounds of a statute (!), and thus show future ministers a way to baffle justice; or whether, in order to destroy a powerful enemy to their country, they should for a time cast loose from the anchorage-ground of law, and on a capital matter too.' On the whole, he allows that 'the proceeding by bill is not capable of any complete vindication—that mercy is never the attribute of great assemblies, and justice not always,—and that to treat of it as a legal act would be an idle misuse of terms.' But after all this, he says, 'the apology for it is, that while Strafford lived there was no security against his return to power; and that though the phrase in St. John's speech, that there is no law for wolves and beasts of prey, if taken as argument in law, would be but insolent and cruel mockery, it was nevertheless a fit declaration of the character of an act which was to demolish an authority stronger than the law, and an authority which it was difficult, without demolishing, to abate!'

In this part of Lord Nugent's work a passage occurs in which this journal is directly concerned:—

'We have already remarked,' says his Lordship, 'how necessary it is for any man who would do fair justice to the leaders in this prosecution, to keep his mind free to judge between the two modes of proceeding adopted during its course. Of this we shall presently adduce a remarkable proof. Those writers who discuss this matter in a mere spirit of political controversy, and who would therefore include that whole party and that whole prosecution in one undistinguishing measure of either approbation or blame, have endeavoured to veil the great barrier of principle which separates the trial upon the impeachment from the ex post facto law of pains and penalties. This course has been lately taken in an eminent critical work, in its observations on Mr. Hallam's history. The impeachment and bill of attainder are there treated of but as parts of one great measure, and then pronounced upon together as being an "extra-legal murder." They are said to have originated in the failure of the proposal for giving office to some of the leaders of that party who "wanted places and power, and, being disappointed in their expectations, determined upon shedding the blood of the man with whom, if they had been taken into office, they were willing to have coalesced." This imputation must have been made without due inquiry into the history of that transaction. None of those persons who were named for office appear to have been privy to any compromise in favour of Lord Strafford, except the Earl of Bedford, with whom the negotiation originated, by whom it was secretly conducted, and by whose death it was abruptly closed. There is, consequently, no reason for imputing to them a folly so gross as the having been willing to coalesce

coalesce with one who would not have lost much time after such a coalition in effectually working their ruin, and that of their cause. Besides, the impeachment had preceded that negotiation; and, consequently, the remarks of this writer upon those who, "being disappointed in their expectations, were thereby determined upon shedding blood," must be strictly limited to the promoters of the bill of pains and penalties, among whom he strangely classes Hampden with the Earl of Bedford, who was working to defeat it, and died before it reached the Upper House, and with Lord Say, who counselled, spoke, and voted against it. "This fact alone," concludes the passage in question, "might suffice to reclaim an ingenuous mind from the worship of Pym and Hampden." It is pleasing to a mind which would contemplate with unqualified admiration the high and blameless character of Hampden, to be able, without disingenuousness, to satisfy itself that the premises on which this censure rests are likewise destitute of foundation. Throughout the progress of the attainder, the memory of Hampden is not stained by any appearance of his having been concerned in it. That he was a manager of the impeachment, and an active one, we have seen. The remarkable fact, therefore, of his name not appearing in any of the proceedings on the bill, whether it afford a more or less strong presumption of his having disapproved of that course, is at least a sufficient answer to an accusation which ought not to have been made unless accompanied by direct affirmative proof.—vol. i. p. 372-375.

It is not to be supposed that Lord Nugent would thus assail the Quarterly Review unless he were fully assured that no sufficient authority, or none which he would admit to be sufficient, could be produced in support of the imputation brought in this journal against Hampden and the other leaders of his party, for their conduct towards Strafford. Now it must be allowed that appearances are not a little to the advantage of the noble assailant; for no doubt he had all his documents about him when he made this attack, and when he impugned the fidelity of others in their statements, he of course must be presumed to have been more than even ordinarily careful in his own investigations. He calls upon us for 'direct affirmative proof;' and with such apparent confidence in the impossibility of such proof being adduced, that in another place,* he speaks of the imputation as a 'supposition of the tory writers'—'an insinuation;' words which themselves insinuate that the statement of the Quarterly Review was neither more nor less than the false colouring of an advocate,—the calumny of a thorough-paced and unprincipled partizan.

The statement which is thus impugned was made several years ago; and, as it is not usual in a journal of this kind to produce authorities for a matter of history (except on points of particular

* Vol. ii., p. 64.

importance to some immediate question), it would be neither reprehensible nor strange if no reference were given to the author upon whose credibility it was advanced. We are now, however, enabled to say that 'in the Memorials of the English Affairs, or an Historical Account of what passed from the Beginning of the Reign of King Charles I. to King Charles II. his happy Restauration, by Mr. Whitelock,' and at the forty-first page, Lord Nugent will find it thus written:—

'But there was a proposal, (the subject of much discourse,) to prevent all this trouble,* and to restore the Earl of Strafford to his former favour and honour, if the king would prefer some of the grandees to offices at court, whereby Strafford's enemies should become his friends, and the king's desires be promoted.

'It was that should be made Lord Treasurer, the Lord Say Master of the Wards, Mr. Pym Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Holles Secretary of State, Mr. Hampden tutor to the Prince; others to have other places.

'In order whereunto the Bishop of London resigned up his treasurer's staff; the Lord Cottington his place of the Master of the Wards, and the rest were easily to be voided. But whether upon the king's alteration of his mind, or by whatever means it came to pass, is uncertain, these things were not effected, and the great men baffled thereby, became the more incensed and violent against the Earl, joining with the Scotch commissioners who were implacable against him.'

Thus, then, it appears, that what Lord Nugent represents as a supposition—an insinuation of the 'tory writers'—is stated in plain terms as a matter of fact by Whitelock; and in so well known a book as his *Memorials*, which book is his *Journal*—a contemporary record of the best authority. His means of information have never been questioned, (he was, indeed, one of the Committee for managing the prosecution of Strafford;) his veracity has never been impeached. He may sometimes have been misinformed concerning things that happened at a distance, and sometimes have given a slight party colouring, or rather tint, to his statements; but a more trust-worthy writer in the main is not to be found. The worst that could be said of Whitelock would be, to call him heart of willow instead of oak; but it is better to have a weak heart than an obdurate or a wicked one.

Now Whitelock's name occurs frequently among the vague references at the bottom of Lord Nugent's pages; and this is so noticeable a passage—a passage, in the language of that day, so considerable—bearing so vitally upon the character of Hampden and of the other 'grandeens,' that it is difficult to conceive how it should be overlooked by one who was composing 'Memorials

* Meaning the proceedings against Strafford.

of Hampden, his Party and his Times,' and who must have been in the habit of consulting Whitelock among his other indispensable authorities. It is very possible that Lord Nugent, if he had observed the passage, would not have quoted it, nor have adopted its substance in his narrative;—this we can understand. Having taken up the cause of Hampden and his party, as a party-pleader, he might have thought the *suppressio veri* a common and allowable practice—even a laudable one, as serving the end he had in view; and, indeed, the whig must be a sturdy moralist who would not prefer whiggism to historical truth. But we certainly do not believe, that having observed this passage, he would have affected to treat the statement of the Quarterly Reviewer as the supposition—the insinuation—of a tory writer. Lord Nugent is too honourable for this. He cannot be more solicitous to acquit himself of any such imputation than we are ready to acquit him. The copy of Whitelock's *Memorials* now before us is of the best edition, (that of 1732,) which professes to contain 'many additions, never before printed.' If the passage in question should be one of those additions, and his Lordship should have used an earlier edition, he will then be honourably acquitted.

—Thus far we had written in good faith, not for a moment doubting that Lord Nugent had justly described the statement in this journal, when he impugned it, as carrying with it no vouchers. But, verily, the reader will not be more astonished than the writer of these pages was, when, upon taking down the seventy-third number of this journal with the intent of extracting the passage, and here submitting it, that it might be seen how faithfully the authority had been followed there, he found that authority distinctly stated—not in a reference at the foot of the page but in the text itself, where with some slight and (in that place) unimportant omissions, the *ipsissima verba* of Whitelock, and as such are produced. The passage is not long, and we may be permitted to reproduce it. It was introduced as a circumstance 'of no little importance for throwing light (if new light were needed) upon the motives and morality of the persons who mainly promoted the legal or extra-legal murder of Strafford.'

"There was a proposal," says Whitelock, "to restore the Earl of Strafford to his former favour and honour, if the king would prefer some of the grantees to office at court, whereby Strafford's enemies should become his friends, and the king's desires be promoted." The grantees who are named are Lord Say, Pym, Holles, and Hampden. But the arrangement failed, "by what means is uncertain, and the great men baffled thereby became the more incensed and violent against the Earl." The proposal, it must be observed, was not merely to spare Strafford's life, but to restore him to his former favour and power, and
to

to become his friends; the grandees, as their colleague calls them, wanted places and power, and being disappointed in their expectations, they determined upon shedding the blood of the man with whom, if they might have been taken into office, they were willing to have coalesced. This fact alone might suffice to reclaim an ingenuous mind from the worship of Pym and Hampden.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. lxxiii., p. 235.

If the fact be not here stated upon as formal and sufficient evidence as can in strict justice be required, and if the inference be not fairly deduced from the fact, then are facts good for nothing and fair deduction for as little. But jurymen are not the only persons who, upon occasion, can show themselves evidence-proof. How far Lord Nugent may have succeeded in rendering himself thus impenetrable, we have no interest in inquiring: it is more agreeable to suppose, that when he treated our statement with indignant disbelief, the page itself, in which Whitelock's name would have stared him in the face, was not before him. That he had read the paper is evident, and, unless we deceive ourselves, not without sometimes yielding to it an unwilling assent. But, very probably, the sentences which he has quoted from it may have been transcribed from some commentator whose opinions were more congenial with his Lordship's, and who, in his attempt to invalidate the fact, found it convenient to keep the authority out of sight. There are men so thoroughly possessed by the spirit of party, that the denunciation of the prophet is fulfilled in them: 'Seeing, they shall see and not perceive; and hearing, they shall hear and not understand.' Lord Nugent is lamentably bewhigged, but not yet we hope to this extent.

He feels that the execution of Strafford was a murder committed under the forms of law; and, much to the credit of his own feelings, endeavours to show that his political saint had no share in the infamy of that iniquitous transaction. The single fact on which his exculpation rests is drawn from Sir Ralph Verney's manuscript notes, where it appears that—

'On the 16th of April, when it was discussed, pending the attainer, whether the Commons should continue to hear the Earl's counsel at the bar of the Lords, or proceed with the bill, St. John, having said that "being possessed of a bill, they had made themselves judges, and being so, it were a dishonour to hear counsel anywhere but at their own bar;" and Colepepper having said, "if we reply to Lord Strafford's counsel before the Lords, we prejudice our cause in taking away the power of declaring treason;"—Hampden, according to Sir Ralph Verney's notes, in opposition to his fellow managers, urged that they should proceed, not by bill, but by trial at the Lords' bar. "The bill now depending doth not tie us to goe by bill. Our counsel hath been heard. Ergo, in justice we must heare his. Noe
more

more prejudice to goe to heare matter of law, than to heare counsel to matter of fact."—vol. i., pp. 377, 378.

There seems reason to question whether, in this discussion, it was considered as an alternative to hear the Earl's counsel at the Lords' bar or proceed with the bill, for by the result of that day's debate it appears, that both were done, the committee answering, 'after some deliberation with the House, that since the Lords had so resolved, they would not deny it to be there present, and to hear what his counsel could say for him; but to reply any more in public they neither could nor would, because of the bill already past; only if the Lords should take any scruple in the matter of law, they would be ready to give them satisfaction by a private conference.*' So that Hampden's opinion, it appears, prevailed, and the bill nevertheless proceeded. It has not been discovered that on any other occasion he alluded to the bill.

'But why then, it is asked, if Hampden disapproved of the precedent of a bill of attainder, did he not make head against it as manfully as he had before supported the impeachment? Plainly, because in a case doubtful to him only as a matter of precedent, but clear to him in respect of the guilt of the accused person, in a case in which the accused person, in his estimation, deserved death, and in which all law but that of the sceptre and the sword was at an end if he had escaped it, when all the ordinary protection of law to the subject throughout the country was suspended, and suspended mainly by the counsels of Strafford himself, Hampden was not prepared to heroically immolate the liberties of England in order to save the life of him who would have destroyed them. Hampden probably considered the bill which took away Strafford's life (and indeed it must in fairness be so considered) as a revolutionary act undertaken for the defence of the Commonwealth. That in his conscience he believed it to be an act of substantial injustice to the person arraigned, no man has any right to conclude. I moreover aver, that there is not more ground for imputing a participation in that measure to him than to Lord Clarendon, and not near so much as to Lord Falkland.

'The conduct of Hampden in this matter has been unjustly dealt with. It has been (designedly, as it appears) confounded with that of others, by Lord Clarendon, by the Commonwealth writers, and by the inflamed tory writers of modern times. Lord Clarendon never did justice to any opponent, and there were many feelings which specially interfered with his doing justice to Hampden. The Commonwealth writers are, of course, partial to Hampden's memory; but they are generally defenders also of the proceedings against Strafford, and would not willingly disconnect a name which they revered from a measure which they approved. And the modern tory writers are well content to assume, without any authority for it, that Hampden's

* Cobbett's *State Trials*, 2, 1471.

reputation is involved in a measure which they represent as an "extra legal murder," blackening every reputation which can be connected with it."—vol. i., p. 379—381.

A hip-and-thigh reformer, in one of the magazines, has replied to Lord Nugent upon this point, and taken the opportunity of reproving him for still retaining some of those feelings and opinions which belong to his birth and education. He reproaches him for having *disfigured* this part of his *Memorials* with an attempt to show that Hampden is not stained by any appearance of having been concerned in the attainder.

'Not that he opposed it, but that "he—did what?—he stood by with all his lofty thoughts of the thousands of families whose quarrel he had embraced, and left the burden of the deed necessary for their happiness to his great fellow-labourer Pym, that he might himself escape the odium of having departed from a strict letter of precedent, and might appear graceful to an aristocratic posterity and a future race of Quarterly Reviewers. How monstrous all this appears! And yet Lord Nugent, who is a man of strong natural understanding, and led into this species of reasoning by induced feelings of habit and education, thinks that he is adorning, while inflicting himself a stain on the memory of Hampden, and talks of the injustice which has been done to the great patriot on this point by Clarendon and others. Why, if it be indeed true that he retired from the division on the attainder before the question was put, no doubt he had admirable reasons for doing so, and rested meanwhile on the surety of its passing; for even Lord Nugent does not pretend to say, that he had not its success much at heart. Why then blame Clarendon? For it seems to us, that what Clarendon says of Hampden's character so far bears out Lord Nugent; and that they both conspire in this instance to reflect no additional honour on the patriot." "He begot many opinions and notions," says that historian, "the education whereof he committed to other men; so far disguising his own designs, that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded; and in many gross conclusions, which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed by majority of voices, he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might not seem to consent to so much visible unreasonableness."

It may assist Lord Nugent in his reflections upon the spirit of this encomiast, who reproaches him for being 'afraid of great questions like Strafford's attainder,' if he calls to mind the observation of Danton—the Ajax of the French Revolution, as he was called by his admirers—for he too had his admirers! When that profligate and merciless revolutionist was carried back from the revolutionary tribunal (which he had himself instituted) to the Conciergerie, breathing execrations upon his former associates, who had now sent him in his turn to the guillotine,—'After all,' said

said he, 'they are such brothers as Cain.' It was a just remark; but it is not among their brethren that revolutionists find *innocent* victims. He who fraternizes with them, for any half-way purpose of his own, knowing at what they aim, which he cannot choose but know, because it is loudly and insolently proclaimed by them, will one day (whatever may have been his own intentions) have cause, like Danton, in bitterness of soul to ask forgiveness of God and man.

But as regards Hampden's part in the persecution of Lord Strafford, the strength of the argument is on the hip-and-thigh professor's side. It is of little consequence in this tragedy, whether the attainder is to be considered as the last act of the piece, or as a second part to it; part of the same drama undoubtedly it is, and by the same joint authors, and the unity of design is preserved throughout. The case would be sufficiently scandalous for the promoters if it ended with the impeachment; for if the acts of imperious injustice, with which Strafford might justly be charged, had been tenfold greater and more numerous than they were, they could no more have amounted to treason than 'two hundred black rabbits can make a black horse;' as in a like case was said by Laud's honest counsel Herne in answer to Serjeant Wild. The malignity which preferred a charge of treason against him could only be equalled by the audacious falsehood of the accusation. 'I do not understand,' says Hobbes, 'how anything can be treason against the king, that the king, hearing and knowing of it, does not think treason. But it was a piece of that parliament's artifice to put the word *traitorously* to any article exhibited against any man whose life they meant to take away.' They accused him of traitorously assuming to himself regal power over the lives, liberties, persons, lands, and goods of his Majesty's subjects in England and Ireland; of detaining a great part of the revenues, and taking great sums out of the Exchequer, the better to enrich and enable himself to go through with his traitorous designs; of traitorously abusing the power and authority of his government, to the increasing and encouraging of papists; of maliciously endeavouring to stir up hostility with Scotland; and of traitorously breaking his trust as lieutenant-general of the army by wilfully betraying divers of his Majesty's subjects to death, and the army to a dishonourable defeat, to the end that by such loss and dishonour England might be engaged in a national and irreconcilable quarrel with the Scots. In framing these accusations, Hampden took an active part—accusations which he knew to be false, and being conscious that he himself had been engaged in treasonable practices with the Scotch.

These accusations were not mere technicalities, like the sober follies

follies which disgrace our law-craft,—which are not meant to be believed, and which deceive no one; they were preferred in serious malignity, with murderous intention, against a life which Pym, years before, had threatened to pursue. When Strafford was about to depart from Wentworth for the meeting of this parliament, he wrote thus to his faithful friend and kinsman, Sir George Radcliffe:—

‘I am to-morrow for London, with more dangers beset, I believe, than ever any man went with out of Yorkshire; yet my heart is good, and I find nothing cold within me. It is not to be believed how great the malice is, and how intent they are about it; little less care there is taken to ruin me than to save their own souls. Nay, for themselves I wish their attention to the latter were equal to that they lend me in the former, and certainly they will search heaven and hell, as they say, to do me mischief.’

The promoters of this persecution made it, in their malice, an article of accusation against him, that ‘flax, being one of the native commodities of Ireland, he had enforced the working it into yarn and thread, and ordering of the same in such ways wherein the natives of that kingdom were unpractised and unskilful!’ This was one of the benefits which Strafford had conferred upon Ireland; and his reward was to have it charged upon him as a crime! Before his administration the revenue in that kingdom had fallen short every year above 20,000*l.* In the course of seven years, it not only paid all its own charges, and discharged a debt of 80,000*l.*, but yielded more than 60,000*l.* yearly above all payment. He recovered for the church lands and titles ‘sacrilegiously introverted,’ above 30,000*l.* in yearly value. ‘He brought in all the laws in England in force at his time (except some penal ones which are commonly snares to the people), so that the Irish and English might live together as one people.’ Before his time the Moorish pirates not only infested the seas and ports, but used to land and carry away men for slaves; he secured the seas, and for every ton of shipping which he found there he left an hundred. He prevented smuggling, and made the merchants pay their customs more duly than they had done, to the displeasure of those whose illicit profits were thus curtailed, but so much to the public benefit, that ‘all lands throughout Ireland increased near double in yearly value and rents within the compass of those seven years.’

‘Here,’ says Whitaker of Whalley, ‘the province might be said to be made for the ruler, and the ruler for the province: Ireland, half-conquered, half-civilized, misgoverned by some former deputies, and never completely governed by any, required a strong and decisive hand, not over-solicitous about the forms of law, but anxious for the maintenance of order and the general welfare of the country; and precisely

precisely such a governor it found in Wentworth. He conducted his whole administration in a temper suited to times which revered authority, and knew how to be thankful for measures of rough beneficence; but it was at a period when mankind could no longer be grateful for anything, and had resolved not to be governed at all. Accordingly, his reward for all these national benefits was an impeachment; and he was accused of levying war upon the king, for having, in the king's service, quartered a corporal and four soldiers on a man who refused to pay his taxes.*

Strafford, triumphantly vindicating himself from charges which nothing but the deadliest malice could have preferred, said, that if the best endeavours of a subject might justly deserve any reward from his king and country, he craved leave to think that he rather deserved many thanks than the least punishment. But Pym told him, that 'he was like the harlot in the Proverbs,—he "wiped his mouth, and with a brazen face said he had done no evil." No wiping could clean the mouth which uttered such a speech!

'The verdict of many generations,' says Lord Nugent, 'has been passed upon the memory of Hampden and that of his reviler'—(so he calls Strafford, because of some contemptuous expressions concerning Hampden in his letters), 'and they must indeed be very sanguine enemies to the liberty of their country who can now hope to see that judgement reversed.' The verdict which has been reversed, and in all due form, is that by which 'the turbulent party then prevailing' condemned Strafford for accumulative treason, upon an act made for the special purpose of destroying him. The verdict which has been passed between him and those who sought his life, and took it by such means, will not be set aside upon any motion of Lord Nugent's; and a most wrong-headed friend to the liberty of his country must be he who wishes that it should! 'He suffered,' says Malcolm Laing, 'without legal evidence, from the violence of his accusers, and the secret conviction or the fear of his judges. The apprehensions of his escape, if the trial were interrupted, seem to have first suggested the bill for preventing the dissolution of parliament without its own consent.' 'Well,' said Laud, long before the expressive words bore any relation to his own fortunes, and that of his illustrious friend and fellow-martyr,—'Well, if any man thinks an act of parliament is an absolution from sin against the moral law of God, he is much out of his way; and it will be a poor plea at another bar!'

The conduct of Charles, in giving up his faithful minister, is condemned in no-mensured terms by Lord Nugent. It was indeed a case where to be weak was not only to be miserable, but

* *Life and Correspondence of Sir George Radcliffe*, pp. 271, 272.

to be wicked also ; and the weak and wicked concession deserves the severest censure that can be passed upon it. But it was deeply repented and rigorously punished ; and if the noble biographer does not recognize the course of Providence and of righteous retribution in the temporal punishment of this great crime, it might have been thought that natural generosity would lead him to notice the contrition with which Charles acknowledged his guilt—his declaration, that if he had recovered his authority it was his intention to do public penance for it ; and his avowal, that the judgements, with which it pleased God to afflict him, were means, he hoped, sanctified to the end of making him sufficiently penitent. When that poor king was upon the scaffold, and saw the block and the axe before him, he felt that, however nefariously on the part of man, he was brought there righteously as regards God's judgements, because he had committed this crime ; and in that punishment, and that feeling, in the sincerity of his repentance, he saw in himself, at that hour, an example both of God's justice and of God's mercy.

Little benefit will any one derive from history who, when he contemplates the course of human events, disregards the moral government of the world. The death of Strafford, more than any other single cause, may be said to have brought the sword upon this nation.

'The divisions and disturbances which his life could make were not greater,' says the parliamentary historian, 'than those that his death occasioned. How far the Earl of Strafford did, in his life-time, divide the king's affection from his people and parliaments (which was part of the charge against him) I cannot surely tell ; but certain it is, that his trial and death did make such a division in that kind, as, being unhappily nourished by degrees afterwards, has almost ruined the three kingdoms.' [May was writing six years after the execution.] 'The length of his trial, whilst two armies at a heavy expense were to be paid, and other business at a great stand, did divide some impatient people, at least in some degree, from the parliament : the manner of his condemnation divided the parliament itself ; and the eager pressing of his death did discover or cause a sad division of the king from his parliament. The worst consequence of all was, that the king's heart did upon this occasion appear to be quite alienated from the parliament.'

'What !' said Pym, 'has he given up Strafford ? Then he can refuse us nothing !' Upon that presumption the party proceeded, pressing upon the king, and closing their toils upon him, till he turned upon them and stood at bay. This kingdom, by God's mercy, recovered from the deep wounds of the civil war which was thus occasioned ; but the evils that were brought upon Ireland, by

by the removal and destruction of its ablest governor, have hitherto been found irremediable; and the wounds inflicted by that rebellion, which, in all human probability, his vigorous policy would have prevented, or certainly have crushed, are open and festering at this hour.

'Several,' Lord Nugent tells us, 'profiting by the experience of Strafford's life, but neglecting the moral of his death, deserted from the popular side.' In other words, 'the true meaning of the parliament was, that not the king, but they themselves, should have the arbitrary government, not only of England, but of Ireland, and (as it appeared by the event) of Scotland also: '* and they who perceived this, took part with the king, when the constitution was openly attacked by the root-and-branch men. There was this benefit in their defection, Hampden said, that they now knew who were their friends—that is, who were disposed to take risks to go all lengths. His biographer doubts whether this language was well-timed, or chosen with Hampden's usual prudence. It was that of one who should seem to have thought no dissimulation needful, and as Hampden had not reached that stage of the reformer's progress, it certainly appears to have been fore-timed. Lord Nugent is sufficiently indulgent to dissimulation, or to anything else which the enemies of Charles found expedient,—'dissimulation,' he says, 'was the weapon used by the many bad men with whom Cromwell had to deal, and Cromwell took it up and vanquished them.' And for his hero, Pym, it is sufficient excuse, that, 'when the citadel of public liberty was menaced, he defended it as one who thought, in such a battle, all arms lawful.' But he is indignant with Clarendon for saying, 'that there never was a man less what he seemed to be, than Mr. Hampden;' and with Hume, for affirming, 'that his discourse was polluted with mysterious jargon, and full of the lowest and most vulgar hypocrisy.' The former part of the charge was more intended for Sir Henry Vane, to whom it is sufficiently applicable; whether or not a charge of hypocrisy lies against Hampden, will presently be seen: it lay full in Lord Nugent's path, but he has carefully stepped over it.

When the measures of the parliament had been carried so far, that little more remained for them to demand, than what Hampden afterwards would have required from the king, 'that he should place himself with his children and all that he had in their hands,' Charles unexpectedly brought against Hampden and four other members, a charge of high-treason. Some of the accusations were, that they had traitorously endeavoured to subvert the fundamental

* Hobbes.

laws and government of this kingdom; to deprive the king of his legal power, and to place in subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power, over the lives, liberties, and estates of his majesty's liege people; that they had endeavoured by foul aspersions to alienate the affections of the people, and make the king odious to them; that they had traitorously invited and encouraged a foreign power to invade the kingdom; that they had endeavoured, so far as in them lay, by force and terror, to compel the parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs; and to that end, had actually raised and countenanced tumults against the king and parliament; and that they had conspired to levy and actually had levied war against the king. The biographer admits that Charles relied 'on the information, more or less authentic, which he had received in Scotland respecting the English leaders;' but that most of these charges were to the letter true, he leaves the reader to discover or not as he may. When these accused members attended in their places, Hampden, he says, 'rose, and on grounds, distinctly and powerfully stated, laid down the tests by which he desired, with respect to the matter of accusation, that his conduct might be tried; not entering on the particulars of the charges, the evidence not having been opened, but 'as was necessary when the terms loyalty, obedience, and resistance, had been so loosely employed, to particularise upon their several duties, as constituting the difference between a good and a bad subject.'

With this preface, Lord Nugent introduces, in his narrative, some passages from this 'learned and discreet speech of Master John Hampden,' by which title it was published at that time. If any other speech of his had been preserved at length, it has not come within our notice; but never could he have delivered one which would throw more light upon his character and his sincerity. Thus he began:—

'Mr. Speaker,—It is a true saying of the wise man, "That all things happen alike to all men, as well to the good man as to the bad." There is no state or condition whatsoever, either of prosperity or adversity, but all sorts of men are sharers in the same. No man can be discerned truly by the outward appearance, whether he be a good subject either to his God, his prince, or his country, until he be tried by the touchstone of loyalty. Give me leave, I beseech you, to parallel the lives of either sort, that we may in some measure discern truth from falsehood; and in speaking I shall similize their lives;—1st, in religion towards God;—2dly, in loyalty and due subjection to their sovereign,—in their affection towards the safety of their country.

'1st. Concerning religion; the best means to discern between the true and false religion is, by searching the sacred writings of the Old and New Testament; which is of itself pure, indited by the spirit of God, and written by holy men, unspotted in their lives and conversations;

tions; and by this sacred word may we prove, whether our religion be of God or no; and by looking in this glass, we may discern whether we are in the right way or no. And looking into the same, I find by this truth of God, that there is but one God, one Christ, one faith, one religion; which is the gospel of Christ, and the doctrine of the prophets and apostles. In these two Testaments is contained all things necessary to salvation. If that our religion doth hang upon this doctrine, and no other secondary means, then it is true; to which comes nearest the protestant religion which we profess, as I really and verily believe. And consequently, that religion which joineth with this doctrine of Christ and his apostles, the traditions and inventions of men, prayers to the Virgin Mary, angels, saints, that are used in the exercise of their religion,—strange and superstitious worshipping, cringing, bowing, creeping, to the altar,—using pictures, dirges, and such like,—cannot be true, but erroneous, nay devilish: and all this is used and maintained in the church of Rome, as necessary as the scripture to salvation; therefore that is a false and erroneous church both in doctrine and discipline. And all other sects and schisms, that lean not only on the scripture, though never so contrary to the church of Rome, is a false worshipping of God, and not the true religion. And thus much concerning religion, to discern the truth and falsehood thereof.

If this, which is more than a fourth part of the whole speech, is not exactly to be called canting, it is at least as near akin to it as John Hampden was to Oliver Cromwell. Reasonably indeed might Hume infer, that a person who made such a preamble upon such an occasion, was not free from hypocrisy in his discourse.

* Secondly, I come now Mr. Speaker, he pursued, 'to the second thing intimated unto you, which was, how to discern in a state between good subjects and bad, by their loyalty and due subjection to their lawful sovereign; in which I shall, under favour, observe two things: First, Lawful subjection to a king in his own person, and the commands, edicts, and proclamations of the prince and his privy council. Secondly, Lawful obedience to the laws, statutes, and ordinances made and enacted by the king and the lords, with the free consent of his Great Council of State assembled in Parliament.

* For the first, To deny a willing and dutiful obedience to a lawful sovereign and his privy council, (for as Camden truly saith, "The commands of the lords privy councillors, and the edicts of the prince is all one, for they are inseparable, the one never without the other,") either to defend his royal person and kingdom against the enemies of the same, either public or private; or to defend the antient privileges and prerogatives of the king, pertaining and belonging of right to his royal crown, and the maintenance of his honour and dignity; or to defend and maintain true religion established in the land, according to the truth of God, is one sign of an evil and bad subject.

* Secondly, To yield obedience to the commands of a king, if against

the true religion, against the ancient and fundamental laws of the land, is another sign of an ill subject.

'Thirdly, To resist the lawful power of the king, to raise insurrection against the king—admit him adverse in his religion,—to conspire against his sacred person, or any ways to rebel, though commanding things against our consciences, in exercising religion, or against the rights and privileges of the subject, is an absolute sign of a disaffected and traitorous subject.'

The whole of this noticeable passage Lord Nugent has faithfully given, 'without note or comment;' being too honest to suppress it, and too wary to invite attention to it; for he had previously said, that 'the principle of resistance had doubtless long before this received its justification in the minds of Hampden and the other principal men of that party.'

'And now,' continues Hampden, 'having given the signs of discerning evil and disloyal subjects, I shall only give you in a word or two the signs of discerning which are loyal and good subjects, only by turning these three signs already shewed on the contrary side.'

'First, He that willingly and cheerfully endeavoureth himself to obey his sovereign's commands for the defence of his own person and kingdoms, for the defence of true religion, for the defence of the laws of his country, is a loyal and good subject.'

'Secondly, To deny obedience to a king commanding anything against God's true worship and religion, or against the ancient and fundamental laws of the land, in endeavouring to perform the same, is a good subject.'

'3. Not to resist the lawful and royal power of the king; to raise sedition or insurrection against his person, or to set division between the king and his good subjects by rebellion, although commanding things against conscience in the exercise of religion, or against the rights and privileges of the subject, but patiently for the same to undergo his prince's displeasure, whether it be to his imprisonment, confiscation of goods, banishment, or any other punishment whatsoever, without murmuring, grudging, or reviling against his sovereign or his proceedings, but submitting willingly and cheerfully himself and his cause to Almighty God, is the only sign of an obedient and loyal subject.'

This passage, in which passive obedience is professed as plainly as it is inculcated in the 'Whole Duty of Man,' Lord Nugent has suppressed! and verily, unless his lordship is prepared to account hypocrisy and falsehood among a patriot's accomplishments, it cannot but be supposed, that 'that deep veneration for the memory of Hampden, which he felt to have grown in him upon enquiry,' must have been considerably blighted in its growth, while he was deliberating how much of this,—which (we believe) is Hampden's only recorded speech,—he might venture to insert in his history, and how much of it he might venture to omit, unwilling.

willing, as he must have been, either to incur a charge of unfaithfulness in the performance of his task, or to expose the saint of his political idolatry. With some dexterity, he has as far as possible avoided both, touching lightly upon the hypocritical part, inserting the shorter declaration of *passive obedience* without any remark thereon, omitting the reiterated and enlarged profession of that same principle, and referring, not to Nalson's Collection (vol. ii. pp. 817-819), where any one may find the speech at length, but to the original publication,—a pamphlet of four or five pages, of which, perhaps, there are not more than as many copies in existence. Some of the reflections which this speech called forth from Nalson may, even in this age, be not without their use:—

‘It is prodigious to see with what confidence some persons durst appeal to God and man, and certainly *ex ore tuo* may most truly be applied to this unhappy gentleman, who by his future actions, upon his own declared principles, proved himself to be that ill and disloyal subject, whom he doth here take such pains to delineate. Nor is it less remarkable, that as he was one of the first who was in actual hostility against the king, so contrary to his own avowed declaration here, so was he one of the first who fell in that unnatural rebellion, receiving his mortal wound in a skirmish near Chinnor in Bucks, upon the same turf, where he had assembled the county to frame those petitions which first led the nation into sedition, and afterwards into downright rebellion. From whence posterity may learn what little credit is to be given to the deepest protestations of loyalty and asseverations of innocence of such persons, whose guilt has drawn them to despair of any other security from the punishment of their ill actions, but what is to be hoped from doing worse,—that the professions of loyalty, in such cases, are but purely to palliate and hide their guilt.’

The king's ill-advised measure of going to the House of Commons to demand justice upon the five members, which his enemies, as he truly says, ‘loaded with all the obloquies and execrations they could,’ Lord Nugent, upon whom the temper of those enemies has descended, represents as the movement by which the Rubicon was crossed; ‘the boundary,’ he says, ‘which separates the empire of absolute violence from that of law was then passed;’ and from that hour ‘all reserve and scruple on the other side was at an end, except so far as related to the still disclaiming all violence to his person, or his lawful power.’ There had never been any scruple on that side; and for reserve, about as much was continued as had hitherto been used, that is, just so much as suited their convenience. They went on with their professions of loyalty and their preparations for rebellion. Tumultuary assemblies which had already been employed against the bishops, and for procuring the judicial murder of Strafford, were now more

systematically brought into play; 'it was a dismal thing,' says Whitelock, 'for sober men, especially members of parliament, to see and hear them.' When Hampden and the other accused members were escorted by an armed force, in triumphant procession, from their retreat in the city to the House of Commons, a large body of Buckinghamshire men, who had ridden up from the country, and formed part of the triumph, presented a petition, in the name of their county, to the house, making a tender of their services, and remaining, they said, 'in expectation of their commands and orders, at the execution whereof, they should with all alacrity address themselves,—ready to live by them, or die at their feet, against who-soever should in any sort illegally attempt upon that house.' And they prayed, that the popish lords and bishops might be forthwith ousted the House of Peers, and that all evil councillors, the Achans of the commonwealth, might be given up to the hand of justice. Six thousand these horsemen reported themselves to be in number, the rest of them remaining at Uxbridge. They presented also a petition to the king, as being countrymen and neighbours of John Hampden, knight for their shire, finding him, they said, to their no less amazement than grief, accused with other members of parliament of treason; and having taken to their serious consideration the manner of their impeachment, they conceived that he oppressed the rights of parliament, to the maintenance whereof they were by their protestations bound; and imputing the foul accusation to malice, in the enemies of the king, church, and commonwealth; 'who do likewise,' they conclude, 'through their sides wound the judgment and care of us, your petitioners and others, by whose choice they were presented to the house.' The king who was then at Windsor (for he had left London—never to return till he was brought thither as a victim), returned a mild and dignified answer, saying, 'that to let his subjects understand his care not knowingly to violate in the least degree any of the privileges of parliament, he had, because of the doubt which had been raised of the manner, waived his former proceeding against Master Hampden and the rest, and intended to proceed in an unquestionable way;' and then, says his Majesty, 'it will appear that he had so sufficient grounds to question them, as he might not in justice to the kingdom, and honour to himself, have foreborne; and yet his Majesty had much rather that the said persons should prove innocent, than be found guilty. However, he cannot conceive that their crimes can in any sort reflect upon those, his good subjects, who elected them to serve in parliament.' Of this march of Hampden's six thousand neighbours to London (which is by far the most important transaction in the annals of the Buckinghamshire dragoons), Whitelock significantly observes, 'probably he

was not altogether ignorant beforehand.' 'From this day,' says Clarendon, 'we may reasonably date the levying of war in England; whatsoever hath been done since, being but the superstructures upon those foundations which were then laid.' And one week only had then passed since Hampden had made his double declaration of passive obedience.

It is not necessary here to follow Lord Nugent through the civil war so far as his subject leads him; but it may be useful to see how that war and its political consequences are described by two contemporaries, both of considerable note, one being secretary for the parliament, the other no less a person than one of the five members:—

'The fire, when once kindled,' says May, 'cast forth, through every corner of the land, not only sparks but devouring flames; inso-much that the kingdom of England was divided into more seats of war than counties; nor had she more fields than skirmishes, nor cities than sieges; and almost all the palaces of lords and other great houses were turned everywhere into garrisons of war. Throughout England (who could but lament the miseries of his country!), sad spectacles were seen of plundering and firing villages, and the fields, otherwise waste and desolate, were rich only and terribly glorious in camps and armies.'

The political consequences were equally certain, though they might not have been so obviously foreseen and surely predicted:—

'The meanest of men,' says Holles, 'the basest and vilest of the nation, the lowest of the people, have got the power into their hands—trampled upon the crown; baffled and misused the parliament; violated the laws; destroyed or suppressed the nobility and gentry of the kingdom; oppressed the liberties of the people in general; broke in sunder all bands and ties of religion, conscience, duty, loyalty, faith, common honesty, and good manners; cast off all fear of God and man, and now lord it over the persons and estates of all sorts and ranks of men, from the king on his throne to the beggar in his cottage; making their will their law, their power their rule, their hair-brained, giddy, fanatical humour, and the setting up of a Babel of confusion, the end of all their actions.'

Protesting, and no doubt with sincerity, his own good intentions, but still unconcerned how fatally he had erred in judgment, he says of his former associates, whom he too had discovered to be such brethren as Cain:—

'I would not be conceived to attribute so much of wisdom and foresight to these men as to believe they had laid this whole design, with the several circumstances and steps of proceeding from the beginning; which not the devil himself was so politic and foreknowing as to have done. But I am persuaded that they had it in their general aim, and laid it as a foundation for all their superstructures, to do as much

much mischief as would make the disorder as great, the change as universal, as possible; and still to improve all opportunities and occasions *ex re natâ*, putting on for more as they prevailed in anything, till at last, even beyond what either they could hope, or we could fear, their design was brought to this perfection.'

Hampden did not live to see this stage of the revolution which he had laboured so zealously to bring on; but he lived to see and to feel some of the effects of civil war, and to assist in laying upon the people far greater grievances, far worse oppressions, than he and his party ever had complained of; ('their little finger,' says Holles, 'has been heavier than the loins of monarchy!') He lived also to see that the strong sense of duty which was called forth in the king's cause made the issue, even to the most sanguine of his enemies, appear doubtful. Earthly probabilities were more than once greatly in Charles's favour, but the sins of the nation, more than the strength of those enemies, prevailed; and he himself, for consenting to the death of Strafford, deserved the temporal punishment which was assigned him. The noble biographer exults, with a feeling, which Buckinghamshire associations may account for, in the exertions and exploits of his hero. 'It was under the woody brows of his own beauteous Chilterns,' he tells us, 'that Hampden first published the ordinances to marshal the militia of his native county.' The green coats, which his regiment wore, as being the colour of his serving-men, figure in these volumes; and his 'prodigious activity,' 'his various, unceasing, and important labours,' political and military, receive the warm encomiums which, if they had been exerted in a better cause, they would have deserved. From Aylesbury he began to form the union of the six associated midland counties; 'he conducted the correspondence, he arranged the detail, he allayed the jealousies which beset the first formation of the plan:' 'in concert with Lords Say and Kimbolton he gradually brought all the materials which those counties could separately supply, to act as one compacted machine. He lived not indeed to see the engine working, with all the power which belonged to it, but before his death it began to be adopted as a model in other parts of England, and afterwards furnished Cromwell with the means which his great genius and energy made successful:—To what end, it was no part of Lord Nugent's object to state.

On Sunday morning, the 18th of June, 1643, being the second year of the war, he was mortally wounded, in a skirmish on Chalgrove-field, near the scene of his school-boy life—Thame.

'It is a tradition, that he was seen first moving in the direction of his father-in-law's house at Pyrtou. There he had in youth,' says Lord Nugent, 'married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have

have gone to die; but Rupert's cavalry were covering the plain between. Turning his horse, therefore, he rode back across the grounds of Hazeley, in his way to Thame. At the brook which divides the parishes he paused awhile, but it being impossible for him, in his wounded state, to remount, if he had alighted to turn his horse over, he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs, and cleared the leap.'—vol. ii., p. 434.

These circumstances his biographer has collected from tradition. He reached Thame in great pain and almost fainting, and there, at the house of one Ezekiel Brown, and on the anniversary of his wedding, he expired, after six days of cruel suffering. While his strength sufficed it was employed in 'despatching letters of counsel to parliament, whose affairs were at that time in a most unprosperous state; when it failed, he disposed himself religiously for death.'

His death is ascribed here to a wound in the shoulder, 'with two carbine balls, which, breaking the bone, entered the body;' and in a note Lord Nugent repeats, and discredits the tradition, that he died from the bursting of his own pistol. Was then the narrative a fictitious one, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1828, and the substance of which was inserted in most newspapers, and said to have been compiled either by or under the direction of Lord Nugent? In that narrative it is said, that Lord Nugent obtained permission to disinter the body of Hampden for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of his death. Accordingly, the vault was opened in his presence, in that of 'Counsellor Denman,' and several other persons; and the leaden coffin having been cut open, and the lids of two inner ones raised, Lord Nugent descended into the grave, and himself unrolled the cere-cloths. An indentation was observed in the left shoulder; and as there was a difference of opinion concerning it, the coffin was raised up, and placed on trestles in the middle of the church, that a more accurate examination might be made. It was then found that the left shoulder had been dislocated, but that there was no fracture, and this, therefore, was accounted for by supposing that he had fallen from his horse when wounded; for the right hand had been amputated, and the remains of its bones were found inclosed in a separate cere-cloth; the flesh of that arm had wasted away for about six inches up, being evidently smaller than that of the left arm. The spectators were then perfectly satisfied, that the tradition, preserved in one branch of his family, was true, and that his own pistol bursting, had shattered the hand and occasioned his death.

Whether the motive were sufficient to justify this disturbance of the dead, and the cutting the arms off with a penknife 'to remove all doubt,' may be questioned; and possibly a feeling of this kind may

may have induced Lord Nugent (if the narrative be a true one, and of that we believe no doubt has been entertained) to omit all mention of it in his book; but there seems no reason why the tradition, which the examination had verified, should have been represented as unfounded, if such an examination actually took place. A German physician of the seventeenth century collected, with unweariable industry, all the facts which he could find recorded concerning the human body in its changes after death, and published them in a most curious volume, which he entitled, *De Miraculis Mortuorum*. A more curious, or a more ghastly circumstance is not related there, than Lord Nugent and his friends are said to have witnessed at this disinterment of Hampden. When Lord Nugent descended into the grave, the narrator says, that he

'first removed the outer cloth, which was firmly wrapped round the body, then the second, and a third,—such care having been extended to preserve the body from the worm of corruption. Here' (it is the narrator who speaks) 'a very singular scene presented itself. No regular features were apparent, although the face retained a death-like whiteness, and showed the various windings of the blood-vessels beneath the skin. The upper row of teeth were perfect; and those that remained in the lower jaw, on being taken out and examined, were quite sound. A little beard remained on the lower part of the chin; and the whiskers were strong, and somewhat lighter than his hair, which was a full auburn brown. The upper part of the bridge of the nose was still elevated, the remainder had given way to the pressure of the cloth which had been firmly bound round the head. The eyes were but slightly sunk in, and were covered with the same white film which characterized the general appearance of the face.'

This was ghastly enough for persons who were neither accustomed to act as resurrectionists, nor had gone through a course of experiments like Frankenstein in his laboratory when he manufactured his monster. But—

'in order to examine the head and hair, the body was raised up and supported with a shovel; on removing the cloths which adhered firmly to the back of the head, we found the hair,' says the writer, 'in a complete state of preservation. It was a dark auburn colour, and, according to the custom of the times, was very long—from five to six inches. It was drawn up and tied round at the top of the head, with black thread or silk. The ends had the appearance of having been cut off. On taking hold of the top-knot it soon gave way, and came off like a wig. Here a singular scene presented itself; the worm of corruption was busily employed, the skull in some places being perfectly bare, whilst, in others, the skin remained nearly entire, upon which we discovered a number of maggots and small red worms on the feed with great activity. This was the only spot where any symptom of life was apparent, as if the brain contained a vital principle within it, which engendered

engendered its own corruption ; otherwise how can we account, after a lapse of near two centuries, for finding living creatures preying upon the seat of intellect, when they were nowhere else to be found in any other part of the body ?

The phraseology of this passage, not coming from a professional body-lifter, appears coarse ; and its physiology may speak for itself ; but a more hideous fact has never been revealed by the grave !

Whatever may be thought of dragging Hampden's body 'from its dread abode' for such an examination, there is an evident propriety in bringing his conduct into broad day-light, when we are required to bow down before his shrine. The hip-and-thigh men will abate none of their admiration for him ; neither will his solemn professions of passive obedience lessen him in the esteem of those politicians who, without learning wisdom from Machiavelli's pages, have sucked the congenial venom which they found there. But Whitelock's exposure of the transaction concerning Strafford, and the single speech which (though far more important than that for which single-speech Hamilton is remembered) has hitherto been so little noticed, will prevent many an honest heart and generous mind from worshipping the idol which Lord Nugent has set up.

There are three stages of Hampden's public life.—During the first, to whatever extent his wishes or intentions may have gone, his conduct was open, manly, and legal ; to the time of his embarkation for America it is so far without reproach. In the latter stage he stands forward in the rebellion as a brave and skilful soldier, equally efficient in the council and in the field. But in the intervening stage Clarendon has characterized him with strict as well as severe truth. For secret conspiracy which prepares the way for rebellion, for injustice that dips its hands in blood, for hypocrisy, and for voluntary, deliberate, solemn falsehood, there can be no vindication ; and of these, by the eulogium of his biographer, by the testimony of his friends, and by his own recorded words, Hampden is convicted.

Could these ineffaceable stains be overlooked, there would remain an excuse for him, which holds good for those who, not having contracted in other respects the same guilt, took the same side, not from sinister and selfish views, but believing erringly that they were acting according to their duty ;—they ventured upon an experiment which had not before been tried ; they hoped by means of a great and violent change to establish a government of more freedom than had yet existed in England ; and how egregiously they were mistaken is known to every one who knows anything of the history of his country. For in this experiment they entered upon a course which brought them more than once into imminent danger
of

of total defeat by the king's army, and which ended in totally subjecting them to their own. And there was no rest for this unhappy country, till, after twenty years of revolution, the church and the monarchy were restored by the hearty desire of the nation, and the repentant hands of some who had been most active in bringing about the overthrow of both.

With this example, and with the example of France,—its first revolution leading through all the stages of anarchy, blood, and military tyranny, to a restoration,—and its second, having now, at the end nearly of its second year, done nothing but destroy the prosperity which had been enjoyed under the restored government;—with these examples before them, what excuse before God and posterity can be made for those statesmen, who, not contented with troubling the waters, have poisoned them, and have wilfully brought this country into its present danger?—*crisis* it cannot be called,—a crisis ends either in death or in recovery; recovery they have rendered all but impossible, and the other alternative for a nation is far worse than death—it is a series of sufferings to which no end can be assigned by human foresight. Our revolution, if to this it must come, will begin where that of our forefathers ended,—in that dissolution of principle, that destruction of order, that anarchy of opinions, that disruption of society, that monstrous fanaticism, that more monstrous impiety,—that triumph of all that is base, all that is flagitious,—from which God in his mercy delivered us once.

Hope, nevertheless we entertain,—a strong and abiding hope, though it rests not upon human wisdom, nor upon human strength. It is upon that religious feeling in the British people, which, in spite of all the efforts that are made to trample it beneath the hoofs of faction, schism, and their yoke-fellows, infidelity and atheism, still sends up its incense to heaven from every corner of the land. The fearful resemblances between these times and those of Charles I., have been most ably pointed out in a pamphlet, to which we have lately invited the attention that it deserves.*—Here is the single point of resemblance in which there is hope. When the first mo-

* The same writer has since published a continuation of his revolutionary parallels, under the title of 'Prospects of England.' In this second tract he has taken all his quotations concerning the great rebellion from writers of the anti-royalist party; and this circumstance will shut the mouths of those who had the brazen impudence to carp at the authorities of his former essay. Both of them deserve to lie in the hands of every honest reader; if the facts they offer do not make a deep impression, the fault is neither with the facts, nor with the industrious hand that has compiled them, nor with the manly and sincere mind that has so eloquently and touchingly, and withal so modestly, commented on them.—We may also point attention to a little volume, just printed, 'Trials of Charles I. and some of the Regicides, with Biographies of Bradshaw, Ireton, Harrison, and others.' It also is a very careful compilation, the work evidently of a sound lawyer and elegant scholar, and in our opinion a better timed *cheap* publication than the 'History' of the Three Glorious Days of July, 1830, recently ushered forth by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge.

tion was made for appointing a day of humiliation on account of the then approaching pestilence, a distinguished foreigner observed, that the manner in which it was received by the House of Commons, bore strong testimony to some yet remaining excellence in the English character. Had such a motion, he said, been made in the Chamber of Deputies, it would have been roared down instantaneously, with every expression of blasphemous and hellish outrage, that could be imagined from the mouths of Belial and Moloch.

A profanation of the day was got up in London, and in a few other large cities, by some of those men whose all but *licensed* business it now is to insult and defy the laws. But it was observed throughout the country, in a manner to show that old English feeling and old English piety answered the appeal. Nor can we conclude this paper more appropriately, than with some verses upon this subject, which affiliate themselves, and which would give additional proof, if it were needed, that the highest intellect of the country is on the same side with that piety and that feeling.

SONNET UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

Reluctant call it was, the rite delay'd ;
And in the senate some there were who doff'd
The last of their humanity, and scoff'd
At providential judgement, undismay'd
By their own daring. But the people pray'd
As with one voice ; their flinty heart grew soft.
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, ' God us aid !'
O that with soul-aspirings *more* intense,
And heart-humiliations *more* profound,
This people, long so happy, so renown'd
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill,—the Pestilence
Of Revolution, impiously unbound !

ART. VII.—*History of the War of the Succession in Spain.* By Lord Mahon. London. 8vo. 1832.

THE natural and laudable desire to explore the minutæ of a great ancestor's personal career appears to have led Lord Mahon into the course of study, of which this volume presents us with the first—not we hope with the last—fruits. James Stanhope, the founder of the peerage to which his lordship is heir, was grandson to the first Earl of Chesterfield, and son of the Hon. Alexander Stanhope, who was for some time English ambassador
at

at the court of Charles II. of Spain. Having passed his youth in his father's house in Madrid, he was thoroughly skilled in the language and manners of that country; and before the war, of which his descendant treats, broke out, he had signalized himself both at home in the House of Commons and under Marlborough in Flanders. His knowledge of Spain, his character for skill in state affairs, and his military reputation, united to point him out as a fit person to be employed, when the English cabinet determined to assist the Austrian competitor by sending forces to the Peninsula; and through every scene of the struggle that ensued he bears a prominent part. He commanded, as lieutenant-colonel, the vanguard of the British troops that landed in the bay of Cadix in 1702; his prudence and gallantry were alike conspicuous in those campaigns of the allies which had Lisbon for their basis; after the disappearance of the eccentric genius of Peterborough from the Spanish scene, he rose to be commander-in-chief in that department of the war, and conducted, first the daring and fortunate expedition against Port Mahon, in 1708, of which his representative's second title is the monument,* and subsequently all those brilliant operations in Catalonia and Arragon in 1709 and 1710, which, but for circumstances beyond his controul, must have determined the question in the archduke's favour. He became, in the sequel, as Earl Stanhope, First Lord of the Treasury in England; and having thus reached the pinnacle both of military and of civil station, he bequeathed to his posterity, not only his fortune and honours, but the talents by which he had won both. The rust of mediocrity has never as yet tarnished his coronet; and, whatever may be the fate of coronets, the book before us would of itself be sufficient to guarantee for our time the distinction of his name.

The Manuscript Correspondence of this eminent person, preserved at Chevening, has enabled Lord Mahon to portray, far more fully and faithfully than any preceding writer, the Peninsular part of the war of the Spanish succession. Though the series of campaigns which form his subject presented many very interesting features, and, indeed, developed some of the most striking characters of that age, they were at the moment obscured by the dazzling splendour of Marlborough's gigantic combinations and decisive triumphs; and the unexpected change at Vienna, which rendered their ultimate issue a matter of slender importance to Europe at large, accounts for much of the neglect which they

* The name of this celebrated harbour is supposed to be derived from that of Mago, the brother of Hannibal. Crillon, who retook it from the English in 1782, was rewarded by his Catholic Majesty with a grandeeship and the title of Duke of Mahon. There is an old Spanish proverb which declares, that the three best harbours in the Mediterranean are June, July, and Port Mahon. (See p. 253.)

have since met with at the hands of historians. They deserved, however, to be rescued;—and the pen, which feelings of domestic veneration set in motion, was fortunately one excellently qualified for the public task. Lord Mahon's narrative reflects a singularly well-ordered mind;—it is comprehensive, clear, and lively. The style is in general plain, flowing, mellow, and so happily balanced in tone that it can rise, without apparent effort, to a pathetic and sententious dignity, and yet descend, on occasion, without stirring any sense of indecorum, to the details of a court intrigue or even the record of a garrison jest. The reflections which the author interposes are often so originally profound, that the perusal of his volume has called for and repaid more time than any one of similar bulk we had for a long while encountered; and, on the whole, unless it be that these *γνώμαι* are now and then rather too formally introduced, we know of no book from which a stranger would be likely to draw so very erroneous a notion as to the age of its author.

The story which he tells derives a new interest from what our own time has witnessed on the same field of action. The reader, familiar with the details of that illustrious conflict, in which England and France but yesterday determined the fate of Spain, has his curiosity pleasingly excited by the spectacle,—never before adequately unfolded,—of the same great nations struggling a century ago, on the same theatre, and for the same prize; and though the earlier contest cannot pretend (as, indeed, what other episode in modern history can?) to match the spirit-filling collision of two great *principles*, in which the eternal interest and glory of the war of Independence consist, yet, as to many subordinate features, the resemblances and the contrasts are alike suited to stimulate reflection. The rival incarnations, so to speak, of order and jacobinism, are not here; nor does the English reader bear with him the proud consciousness, that the war in which his countrymen are engaged is to have a triumphant issue for them. But the unchangeable features of the soil on which French and English oppose their strength, serves to make their old conflict appear, ever and anon, a mere rehearsal of the new; and the equally unchanged peculiarities of the Spanish race, its sullen enthusiasm, pride, obstinacy, devotion, and superstition, projected in like boldness of relief at both periods, seem to remind us of some chorus of immortals filling up every pause in a reverseful drama, with the same statuesque severity of attitudes, and sublime monotony of prayers and curses.

This applies, however, only to the opening part of Lord Mahon's story. The Spaniards had a far more effective share in the peninsular war of the eighteenth, than in that of the nineteenth century;

century; and, undoubtedly, the principal interest of the present narrative arises from the noble outburst of feeling on the part of that nation, which, after ten years of doubtful campaigning, through which victory had hesitated between French and English, at last put an end to the struggle by the decisive impetuosity of a few glorious days of *patriotism*. The contrast which a really national movement presents to mere military manœuvring is a lofty one—and our author's feelings, as an Englishman and a Stanhope, do not prevent his doing full justice to the heroic resolution which reaped its reward in the ultimate discomfiture of his countrymen and his ancestor.

He begins with a spirited picture of the degraded condition into which the Spanish monarchy and court had fallen during the reign of Charles II.; the anxious intrigues of the cabinets of Vienna and Versailles, which had for their object the settlement of that feeble prince's succession; the secret treaties of partition which the rival expectants tampered with; and the consummate art by which Louis XIV. was at length enabled to overcome Charles's natural leaning towards the house of Austria, and extort from him the celebrated document which bequeathed the whole of his vast dominions to a younger branch of the *Bourbons*. The author then traces very adroitly the course of those various threads of hope and fear which led to the general acknowledgment of the Duke of Anjou as king of Spain by all foreign powers, except only the Emperor Leopold, father of the disappointed candidate; and the circumstances of young Philip's departure for France, and reception at Madrid. Then opens the dark view of Louis XIV.'s selfish plots upon the Netherlands, and the proud contrast of the zeal and energy with which our William III., though then in the last stage of bodily feebleness, immediately prepared to guard against his old enemy's encroachments in that quarter. The Grand Alliance of 1702 is formed in consequence; and then, as if the object of his life had been accomplished, William of Orange dies. Forthwith the war rages in the Low Countries, in Germany, in Italy—but Lord Mahon passes lightly over everything except what is immediately connected with the Spanish peninsula itself. In this first chapter there occurs some highly interesting sketches of character—while of Philip of Anjou himself, of the Princess Orsini, the Cardinal Portocarrero, and the heroic Marquis of Villadarias, we have masterly full-lengths.

The narrative proceeds to lay before us the allied expedition under the Duke of Ormond and the Prince of Darmstadt to Cadiz—its failure there, and success, on its way back, in capturing the Spanish galleons at Vigo—the consternation with which the loss of so much treasure filled Madrid—the fermentation of party spirit
in

in the court, the defection of the Admiral of Castille, and through him the accession of Portugal to the cause of the Grand Alliance. The Portuguese campaigns which ensue are particularly interesting from a cause already adverted to, namely, the number of coincidences which they offer to those familiar with the history of Wellington, Massena, and Soult; and besides they present one of those odd combinations which arrest the fancy. The English were commanded by a Frenchman, De Ruvigny, one of the Nantes refugees, who had risen to be Earl of Galway in this country, while the General of the French was an English exile, the famous Duke of Berwick, natural son of King James II., by Arabella Churchill, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough.

We must leave, however, the detail of the campaigns of 1702-3-4, to be gathered from the book itself. Towards the middle of 1705 a new English expedition appears on the opposite side of the Peninsula, under the command of a personage, compared to whom the Darmstadts and Galways shrink into insignificance—

‘ Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.
Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne’er to be matched in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden.’

This friend of Swift is thus introduced by Lord Mahon:—

‘ Closely resembling in his character the ancient heroes of that nation which he was sent to gain over or subdue, Lord Peterborough may be called the Don Quixote of history. Like the renowned Knight of La Mancha, much that appeared little and ridiculous was singularly blended in his mind with much that was great and noble. His chivalrous turn of mind seemed to soar above the low and selfish level of modern times; but, whenever shut out from any adequate employment, would waste itself, and degrade him by freaks and eccentricities. At eighteen, he had fought against the Moors in Africa; he had been the first English nobleman to join William the Third in Holland; and was now in his forty-seventh year. Though devoting all his intervals of leisure to frivolous and fickle amours, he yet, at any call of duty or any pressure of danger, shone forth a skilful general, an unwearied and enterprising soldier. His talent for partisan warfare, more especially, has very seldom been equalled, hardly ever exceeded. On every occasion we may admire both the secrecy with which he planned, and the speed with which he executed, his designs. His courage was carried to the verge of rashness, his generosity to the verge of profusion. He was rapid in decision, and fertile in expedients; but all his great qualities were often counterbalanced by the high opinion which he himself entertained of them,—by a fretful and irritable vanity, which never left him in repose, which urged him to unceasing journeys

journeys and intrigues, and made him, as was usually said of him, see more kings and postilions than any other man in Europe. Under the influence of this froward temper, he was often as dangerous to his friends as to his enemies, and far better fitted to encounter the latter than to conciliate the first. Perhaps his very inconsistencies might tend to enhance his reputation with his contemporaries; for the most capricious freaks of great men are often admired by the multitude as deep-laid designs: but the impartial tribunal of history, while it admires Peterborough's genius, and praises his disinterestedness, must lament that his conduct was so frequently guided by wounded vanity and personal resentment, and seemed always to proceed from momentary impulse, instead of settled resolution.

The calm and clear-headed, though most gallant, Stanhope (now a Brigadier-General) accompanied the romantic Mordaunt on this occasion; and throughout the succeeding campaigns in Catalonia, the historian derives, accordingly, most valuable details from his ancestor's MS. correspondence. Although, at a subsequent period, Peterborough and Stanhope not only differed as to the course of tactics to be pursued in Spain, but became also political and even personal enemies here at home, Lord Mahon's narrative certainly leaves an impression of the Quixotic Earl's military talents considerably above what we had previously formed; and we shall, in justice to both, extract one of the most striking episodes of this campaign of 1705.

On reaching the coast of Catalonia, Lord Peterborough proposed to march at once upon Madrid. By this bold step he doubted not he should overawe, distract, and divide the Castilian nobles; and if the French army, under Berwick, should rush from the Portuguese frontier, they must be pursued by the allies under Galway,—so that the enemy would be placed between two fires, and the fate of the rival princes brought to the issue of one great field. But the Archduke, calling himself Charles III. of Spain, had by this time joined the Earl's camp, and both he and his countryman Darmstadt protested against so hazardous a game. Peterborough, unable to overcome their resistance, was, therefore, obliged to fix on some more isolated object of attack, and the result was that first, and, perhaps, greatest, feature of his Spanish story—the siege of Barcelona. The Earl himself would have much preferred either to pass over into Italy, which his instructions allowed him to do, if he should think fit, or to attack some town on the Spanish coast less efficiently fortified and garrisoned than Barcelona; but Darmstadt's reiterated assurances that the inhabitants were much divided in political sentiments, and that the majority were for the Archduke, at length determined the landing of the army near that city on the 27th of August. The German's hopes

hopes of a popular insurrection proved abortive—only 1500 Miquelets joining the standard; and the defences of the place appeared, on closer inspection, so formidable, that they who had urged and procured the descent were now eager for a re-embarkation. But Peterborough, having once put his foot on the soil, would not draw back; and, supported by almost the solitary opinion of Stanhope, he determined to sit down in form before Barcelona. During three weeks he persevered, without making almost any progress. 'In moments of peculiar suffering or difficulty,' says our shrewd author, 'men usually take care to fill up the measure of their calamities by discord;' and thus it was with the allies. The Archduke, Prince Darmstadt, the Dutch Admiral, all protested against the enterprise which themselves had prompted, as 'visible ruin, without any prospect of success, and against all military rules.' Even the English troops caught the sentiment of the foreign chiefs: they professed themselves quite hopeless of success, and only willing to make some attack on the city that they might not, in their own phrase, 'be taunted with first coming like fools, and then going back like cowards.'

'These obstacles, which might have dismayed and overpowered any common mind, only animated the genius of Peterborough. A careful consideration of the localities around him, enabled him to devise a most skilful though daring design. The city of Barcelona is commanded on one side by the strong fort or citadel of Montjuich, built on the last summit of a rugged ridge of hills, and both from its position and its works considered nearly impregnable. At all events its siege was universally looked upon as consequent only upon the reduction of the city; and the idea that it might be stormed and taken the first, never seems to have occurred to either party. This very conviction in the public mind, raised up in Lord Peterborough a hope that the garrison of Montjuich might be lulled into remissness by their fancied security, and open to some sudden attack. Unknown to any person but an aide-de-camp who attended him, he went out to view the fortifications; and having convinced himself by personal observation that his conjecture was well-founded, and the garrison negligent and unguarded, he formed his plan with extraordinary boldness, and kept it with as extraordinary secrecy. To none, not even to his confidential friends, Stanhope and Methuen (the same who was afterwards ambassador in Portugal), did he impart the least hint of his intentions, but announced to all alike his resolution of raising the siege on a particular day, and passing over with his troops to Italy. Accordingly, the heavy artillery landed for the siege was again sent on board, and every thing made ready, in appearance, for the immediate embarkation of the soldiers; during which time Peterborough bore, with immovable firmness, all the taunts and upbraidings of Charles and his German courtiers. So well did these seeming preparations for retreat dis-

guise his real purpose, that, on the very night when his troops were on their march to the attack of Montjuich, there were public entertainments and rejoicings in Barcelona for the raising of the siege.

'On that memorable night (the 13th of September), the Prince of Darmstadt, when staying at his quarters, was suddenly told that the Earl of Peterborough, with whom he had not exchanged one word for above a fortnight, was there, and desired to speak with him. The English General soon appeared, advancing at the head of twelve hundred foot and two hundred horse. "I have determined," said Peterborough, "to make, this night, an attempt upon the enemy. You may now, if you please, be a judge of our behaviour; and see whether my officers and soldiers really deserve the bad character which you, of late, have so readily imputed on them." The Prince, much astonished at this sudden intelligence, immediately called for his horse, and joined them; and these two brave men, so lately enemies, went on together, side by side, to the onset.

'Lord Peterborough had previously taken care to get ready some light field artillery, and to post a reserve of one thousand men, under Stanhope, at a convent midway between the camp and the city. He himself, leading his troops, by a circuitous route, along the foot of the heights, made his way, unperceived, under the hill of Montjuich, not a quarter of a mile from the outer works. It being then two hours before daylight, it was taken for granted, by his men, that, whatever might be the design of the General, he would avail himself of the darkness for its execution; but Peterborough, now calling the officers together, unfolded his plan, and his reasons. He showed them that there could be no chance of success, unless the enemy should come forth into the outward ditch to meet them; and that then the English, after receiving their first fire, might leap in upon them, drive them into the upper works, and, by following them close, might succeed in storming the fortress. For this purpose, Lord Peterborough observed that it was necessary to wait till the dawn; and concluded by promising ample rewards to such as should discharge their duty with zeal. He then distributed his men into several parties, taking with himself, and the Prince of Darmstadt, two hundred and eighty to the post of the greatest danger—the assault of a bastion on the side of the town.

'At break of day, and at an appointed signal, this detachment advanced to the charge, and, according to the General's plan, after the first fire of the Spaniards, came rushing pell-mell amongst them; who, being thus boldly attacked by the foremost, and seeing others pouring in upon them, retired in great confusion. The Earl and Prince, to push their advantage, pursued the flying forces through the covered way, and in a few moments found themselves masters of the bastion. Fortunately for them, there lay in the gorge of the bastion a pile of large stones for the repairs of the rampart, with which the troops made a sort of breastwork to protect themselves, before the Spaniards could recover from their surprise, or direct any considerable fire against them from the keep or inner fort. Meanwhile the

Spanish

Spanish commander, expecting no other attack, called off to his assistance the men from the western and most distant part of Montjuich; so that the English party which had been sent to that quarter scaled the outer wall, and got possession of three pieces of cannon, without almost any opposition. They had even leisure to cast up a little entrenchment, and made use of the guns they had taken to defend it. "In this situation," says Captain Carleton, "the enemy in the keep would have been exposed to our fire from the places we were possessed of, had they offered to make any sally or other attempt against us. Thus we every moment became better and better prepared against any effort of the garrison. And as they could not pretend to assail us without evident hazard; so, on the other hand, nothing remained for us to do till we could bring up our artillery and mortars. Now, therefore, it was that the General sent for the thousand men, under Brigadier Stanhope's command." Thus for a short time there ensued a total cessation of hostilities; the soldiers on both sides being under cover. But the Viceroy, Velasco, having heard the former firing, immediately sent off four hundred dragoons from Barcelona, with orders that half of them, dismounting, should reinforce the garrison of Montjuich, and the other two hundred return with their horses to the city. These orders, judiciously given, were no less successfully executed; the two hundred dragoons reached the keep, and were welcomed by their comrades within it by loud shouts of exultation. These the Prince of Darmstadt unhappily mistook for signals of surrender, and incautiously advanced at the head of near three hundred men, who followed him, without any orders from the general-in-chief. The Spaniards allowed them to enter the ditch of the keep, and, then suddenly sallying forth and surrounding them, took two hundred of them prisoners, and opened a fire on the rest as they fled back again. Hearing these discharges, Lord Peterborough hastened to the spot in person, and met the Prince retiring with his men; but had scarcely exchanged a few words with him, when a shot from a second fire struck the Prince in the artery of the thigh, and laid him lifeless at the feet of the General.

At almost the same moment that the allies thus lost one of their bravest officers, an aide-de-camp came up with the intelligence, that a large body of troops, at least three thousand strong, was on its march from Barcelona to the fort. Lord Peterborough immediately mounted, and rode out of Montjuich, to take a nearer view of these forces, leaving all the posts well secured and manned, with the allotted numbers of officers and soldiers. His momentary absence, however, displayed how much the genius of one man can decide the success of enterprises, and how soon they miscarry whenever that genius is withdrawn. A sudden panic seized upon the soldiers; which influenced, if it did not reach, their commander, Lord Charlemont,—a man of personal, but no moral courage; and, under this prevailing terror, the troops quitted their stations, and marched, or rather fled, out of the fort. A few moments more, and all would have been lost; but

Captain Carleton, on the first appearance of the panic, instead of losing time in remonstrance, had hurried after Lord Peterborough, to acquaint him with what he truly called "this shameful and surprising accident." The Earl, with one indignant exclamation, "Good God! As it possible!" put spurs to his horse, and galloped up the hill of Montjuich, till he met his troops, who were already half way down. As soon as he came up to them, he sprung from horseback, snatched the half-pike from Lord Charlemont's hand, and turning to the officers and soldiers, told them, that if they would not face about and follow him, they should have the scandal and eternal infamy upon them of having deserted their posts, and forsaken their general. "It was surprising," says an eye-witness, "to see with what alacrity and new courage they faced about, and followed the Earl of Peterborough. In a moment they had forgot their apprehensions: and, without doubt, had they met with any opposition, they would have behaved themselves with the greatest bravery. But as these motions were unperceived by the enemy, all the posts were regained, and anew possessed, in less than half an hour, without any loss; though, had our forces marched half a musket-shot farther, their retreat would have been perceived, and all the success attending this glorious attempt must have been entirely blasted."

"During this time, the Spaniards in the keep sent down to Barcelona the two hundred prisoners they had made from the party of the Prince of Darmstadt. These were met by the three thousand men coming from the town; and being examined separately by the commander of that force, all agreed that both Peterborough and Darmstadt were at Montjuich. The Spanish officer, naturally concluding that the General and the Prince would not have headed so desperate an enterprise without their whole army to support them, and that there was now some design on foot to intercept him, gave orders for retreating to the town. Thus it so happened, that the loss of these two hundred men turned to the advantage of the English, by preventing the attack of the enemy at a most critical moment, and against a very inferior force. Soon afterwards, Stanhope's thousand men came up, and the place was then fully secured against any future attempt from the Spaniards. By the General's orders, the cannon were again landed, and brought to bear upon the keep. It could not, in any case, have held out very long; but its fall was hastened on the second day, by one of the shells, which, alighting upon its powder magazine, caused a terrible explosion; killed the governor, and many principal officers then at dinner with him, and blew up the face of one of the bastions. The vigilant Miquelets below the hill, perceiving the rent in the wall, immediately ran up, and rushed into the works; while Lord Peterborough supported them on the other side, and by his presence saved the garrison from the cruelty of the Catalans. Nor had he neglected during the bombardment to pay proper funeral honours to the gallant Prince of Darmstadt. His body was first laid out in state: "it lies" (I quote the singular description of an eye-witness) "at a convent hired

hired by the Earl of Peterborough for that purpose. He is dressed with his wig, hat, and usual clothes, with his boots on, a sword in one hand, and a cane in the other; a priest is continually about his corpse, praying, and the place is ever crowded with Spaniards who come to see him."

"In spite of the reduction of Montjuich, the siege of Barcelona still appeared a matter of considerable difficulty. But the enthusiasm which always follows any unexpected success, now acted on the minds of the soldiers; and even the seamen, forgetting their element, formed into companies on shore, and regularly worked in the trenches. Large reinforcements, too, of Miquelets began to pour in; and the heavy cannon and mortars being placed in battery against the ramparts played upon them with great effect. These works were directed by General Stanhope, who pitched his tent close to the trenches, and there received every day both the English officers and the Catalan chiefs. An affecting incident, which took place on one of these occasions, was witnessed by Captain Carleton, and cannot be told better than in his own words. "I remember I saw an old cavalier, having his only son with him, (who appeared a fine young gentleman, about twenty years of age,) going into the tent to dine with the Brigadier. But whilst they were at dinner, an unfortunate shot came from the bastion of St. Antonio, and entirely took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, he crossed himself, and only said, 'FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA!' and bore it with a wonderful patience. It was a sad spectacle, and truly it affects me even now whilst I am writing." How lightly are such private calamities touched upon in history, and yet how many go to the making of every military exploit recorded in its pages!

"By the constant cannonade a breach was soon made in the walls, and everything prepared for a general assault. The Viceroy, Velasco, still stood firm; and, sooner than surrender the city, declared that he would bury himself under its ruins. His soldiers, on the contrary, were either disaffected or disheartened; and obliged him, however unwillingly, to enter into terms. It was agreed that Barcelona should be surrendered in four days, should no succour arrive before that time; that the garrison should march out with all the honours of war, and be escorted to Gerona, Tortosa, or some other neighbouring fortress. But the very night after this treaty (the 9th of October), matters were unexpectedly hurried to a more speedy conclusion. The Viceroy had, in such difficult times, been driven to many acts of necessary rigour, which had hitherto upheld his tottering authority. Now, however, that this authority was about to close, and that it had, moreover, been nearly overthrown, by the mutiny which compelled him to surrender, the Austrian party in Barcelona determined to take this opportunity of wreaking its vengeance upon him. Great numbers of the Miquelets from the English camp had also found means (as was always done afterwards in the War of Independence) to introduce themselves by stealth

stealth into the city. Early next morning, accordingly, they and many insurgent townsmen rose to arms; and, not succeeding at first in discovering the retreat of Velasco, threatened all his friends and adherents with their fury. The whole city was full of tumult and alarm, plainly distinguished even in the English camp. Lord Peterborough perceived that nothing but his own ascendancy could prevent a general pillage, or perhaps a general massacre. The populace of cities, like young tigers brought up tame, may go on many years without any symptoms of ferocity; but if they only once taste human blood, they acquire an appetite for it. Without a moment's delay, Peterborough mounted his horse, and rode up to one of the gates, attended by several officers, and amongst others by Captain Carleton. He demanded admittance: the Spanish guard, under fear and surprise, opened the wicket, and the English general found himself in the midst of the enemy's town. His first act was to rescue a lady of apparent high rank and undoubted beauty (she afterwards proved to be the Duchess of Popoli) whom he met flying from the fury of the Miquelets. By his presence and authority he awed the rioters into submission, suppressed the tumult, and succeeded in saving the life of the Viceroy, whom he had privately embarked, and conveyed by sea to Alicant. He then left the town, though quite at his mercy, refusing to take possession of it before the stipulated term; but Velasco, with equal generosity, left orders, at his embarkation, that it should be immediately given up to its preserver. The English troops, accordingly, marched in; and thus did the genius of Peterborough succeed in reducing a city which, in the judgment of Napoleon, might for some time be defended against an army of eighty thousand men.—pp. 143-154.

The wise and generous method in which Peterborough improved this conquest, determined the hitherto wavering Catalans to embrace heartily the Austrian cause. The flame spread through Aragon and Valencia; and there can be little doubt that, divided as the sentiments of Castille yet were, that cause would have ultimately triumphed, but for the wretched avarice and ignorance of Charles's German ministers, Lichtenstein and Zingerling, who were entirely incapable of entering into the views of the English general. Shrinking from everything that looked like enterprise, thinking of nothing but makeshifts, expedients, and their own places and purses, 'their minds,' said a Spaniard, 'seem to me like our goats' horns in Catalonia, narrow, hard, and crooked.' The letters of Peterborough and Stanhope abound in the bitterest sarcasms upon these mischievous pedants of diplomacy.

The English Earl, nevertheless, contrived to pursue a brilliant career of success; and Tortosa, San Mateo, Murviedro, Valencia, and Fuente de Figuera, added so many new laurels to his fame. We know not whether to admire him or Stanhope the most for the famous relief of Barcelona, when invested by the

French

French and Spaniards in 1706; or whether to blame more severely the dilatoriness of Lord Galway, or the pompous formalities of the Archduke, which, together, caused the failure of the ensuing occupation of Madrid, and the consequent disgust under which Peterborough quitted Spain for Italy, at the close of that campaign.

These errors, however, would have weighed but lightly in the scale, had not a new and unconquerable spirit of loyalty burst forth in Castille. Throughout all history there are few national movements more beautiful and striking than the manner in which a prince, by no means popular when firmly seated on the throne, rallied round him the hearts of his subjects by that very evil fortune which would commonly have lost them. The Spaniards are, indeed, imbued more, perhaps, than any other nation, with that romantic generosity which makes them naturally incline to the weak and fallen, and prefer him who must beseech, to him who can bestow protection. Their reverence towards the man, once acknowledged as their king, is also of a higher and more sacred nature than ours. The same title, "His Majesty," is applied by the Spaniards to their God, as to their sovereign: their feeling towards the former, is a sort of loyalty; their feeling towards the latter, a sort of devotion; and both are inseparably mingled in their minds. In addition to these causes, there was amongst the Castilians (as the Admiral of Castille had foreseen there would be), a great aversion to any monarch who came to them, either from the Catalans, or the Valencians. The former they hated, as fierce, and frequent in rebellion; and as to the latter, their delicious climate and enervating luxuries only excited their contempt. It had even become proverbial amongst them to say, in a sort of couplet, that at Valencia the meat is grass, and the grass water; the men are women, and the women—nothing. "The continent of Spain," observed General Stanhope, "is now divided into the parties, as formerly into the crowns, of Castille and Aragon. All the latter we are possessed of; and, I believe, the provinces which compose it would be very well pleased to continue thus separated. But this is the thing in the world we ought to fear most; since such a division would render Spain perfectly insignificant in the balance of Europe." Every town and every village rose in arms. The English and Portuguese were masters of no more ground than their armies stood upon, and even there had to fear the nightly thrusts of the knife. At Salamanca, the allies had no sooner left the town, than the inhabitants disclaimed their authority, and levied a body of light troops, which hovered on the frontier, and cut off their communication with Portugal. The Andalusians, according to the expression of Berwick, did miracles for the cause, raising on this sudden emergency, and entirely by their own exertions, fourteen thousand regular foot, and four thousand cavalry. Poor as were the provinces, they all vied with each other in offering supplies of money: the spirit, in short, was general; but two more particular instances of it may, perhaps, be allowed me. A brother of the Conde de Santa Cruz, an archdeacon of Cordova, had no sooner
heard

heard of his brother's betrayal of the Spanish galleys and treasure to the enemy, than he hastened to the baptismal register of the city, and tore out the leaf which contained the Conde's name, indignantly exclaiming, "May no record of so vile a wretch remain amongst men!" At the court of Philip a country priest obtained an audience of the Queen, and offered her one hundred and twenty pistoles from a small village with only the same number of houses. "My flock," he added, "are ashamed at not being able to send a larger sum; but they entreat your Majesty to believe that in the same purse are one hundred and twenty hearts faithful even to death." "The good man wept as he said it," observes Princess Orsini, who relates the occurrence, "and truly, we wept also as we heard him." New levies thronged on every side to the standards of Philip and Berwick. Philip himself shook off, for the time, that torpor which usually benumbed his natural talents: he addressed the troops with much spirit and effect; denied the reports of his intending to leave Spain; and pledged his royal word to die at the head of the last squadron that remained faithful to his service.—pp. 200—204.

Peterborough appeared again for a brief interval in Spain, but from this time the chief guidance of the English army there may be considered as having devolved upon General Stanhope. His expedition to Port Mahon formed his brilliant début in this new character, and he continued, during two campaigns, to contend with honour against far superior forces, directed first by the consummate skill of the Duke of Berwick, and afterwards by the lofty and daring genius of the Duke of Vendôme. In the course of these eventful years, however, the Castilian spirit had become more and more roused, and the English general continued all along to see in that spirit the ultimate discomfiture of the allied cause. In 1709 the Castilians were put to the severest proof of all. Louis XIV., in consequence of Marlborough's unprecedented triumphs, found himself in so low a condition that he was willing to purchase peace for himself at the expense of abandoning his grandson. He all but signed a treaty with England and Holland for the dismemberment of the Spanish dominions. His ambassador received instructions to prepare Philip to relinquish Spain:

"But the young monarch, whose character always appears as lofty in distress as it was low and little in prosperity, spurned any such idea. "My resolution," he wrote to Louis, "has long been taken. God has placed the crown of Spain on my head, and I will maintain it as long as a drop of blood flows in my veins. Were I capable of meanly yielding it, you would, I am convinced, disown me for your grandson. Rather let me perish in Spain, fighting the ground foot by foot, than betray the love of my subjects, or tarnish the honour of my house!" In this high-spirited resolution he was upheld by his queen and Princess Orsini, both fondly attached to the power and the pomp of royalty; and, under their guidance, he threw himself upon his people, whose loyalty, like his character, always rose highest in adversity.

adversity. As a public pledge of his intention never to forsake them, he convoked the registry Cortes of Castille and Aragon, that they might acknowledge his infant son as Prince of Asturias and heir to the Spanish throne. This ceremony was performed at the church of San Geronymo del Prado, with great splendour, and amidst the loudest acclamations. Very shortly afterwards, he assembled a council of all the principal statesmen and grandees; stated to them, in an affecting speech, his determination to die rather than to yield; appealed to their loyalty; and expressed his wish and intention to be guided by their judgment. A deep, but not an indifferent silence ensued; till Cardinal Portocarrero rose. His long retirement from office, and his venerable age, added fresh weight to the words of a man long accustomed to lead the minds of others. His exhortations, and, still more, his example—for mankind are swayed much more by examples than by arguments—wrought the whole assembly to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and they professed themselves as much led by affection as bound in duty to support Philip on the throne. With a just national feeling, they exclaimed against the arrogant pretensions of England and Holland to parcel out their monarchy; and declared that, if the King of France were obliged to withdraw his assistance, all Spaniards, without distinction of age, rank, or profession, should rise as one man, and stand forward to defend their king, their country, and their honour.—pp. 271—273.

Lord Mahon adds a paragraph which does honour to his feelings:—

‘He died on the 14th of September in this year, very suddenly, having been in apparent good health, and conversing with his nephew, the Conde de Palma, till twelve o’clock the night before; but he was above eighty years of age. His tomb and epitaph (both according to his own directions) still remain in the Cathedral of Toledo; and when I trod upon a plain slab inserted in the pavement, and inscribed with only the striking words, “*HIC JACET PULVIS CINIS ET NIHIL*,” I was informed that I was treading on the grave of Portocarrero.’—p. 274.

From this point the war becomes, on the side of Philip, a thoroughly national one, with the single but important exception of Catalonia, which province had espoused, and continued to maintain, the interest of the Austrian, with quite as much devotion as the rest of Spain could manifest for the Bourbon prince. The military reader will find much to interest, and we venture to say instruct him, in the details which General Stanhope’s diary enables Lord Mahon to lay before us of the strategical history of the two following years. The battles of Almenara and Zaragoza established Stanhope’s rank in the highest order of his profession; and his subsequent march on Madrid was as bold and as skilful a movement as occurred in that department of the war; but the main interest, even for English readers, is with the nation in arms for the soil. We must, however, extract part of our author’s account of the great day of Almenara, July the 27th, 1710. The army of Philip

Philip having entered Catalonia, and been repulsed by the allies, were in retreat upon Lerida, and Stanhope for some days urged in vain on Charles and his German general, Staremberg, the folly of not endeavouring to force them to a decisive battle before they could reach that fortress. At length the braver counsels prevailed, and, after a series of movements and countermovements which we must pass over, Stanhope's wishes were fully gratified:—

“The armies on both sides gradually came up in the course of the morning; and Stanhope was very urgent to attack the enemy's horse, which was marching at a great distance from the foot, and must, therefore, have been deprived of its assistance. The Archduke and Marshal still refused; but, about six in the evening, the Spaniards, having brought up all their cavalry, sent as a bravado several squadrons down the hill before them; upon which the whole English army cried out “Shame!” and the English general assumed a higher tone, and said aloud, in presence of Charles and Staremberg, that if they let slip so fair an opportunity, he had orders—which he would obey—to withdraw his troops, and leave the country. This threat at length wrung from them a reluctant consent; but it wanted now only half an hour of sunset: there was little time to gain, and none to improve, a victory. Stanhope formed his cavalry in two lines, with ten squadrons in the first, and twelve in the second; the ground before him not admitting of a larger front. “Keep very close,” he cried to the men; “and do not break yourselves,—the only danger; for I am sure that you will be as firm as rocks, and that all the enemy's squadrons will not be able to break you.” So saying, he led them forward against the enemy. On the other part, the advanced squadrons of the Spanish no sooner saw the English move than they retired up the hill to rejoin the main body of cavalry, which Stanhope found drawn up in two lines; the first of twenty-two squadrons, and the second of twenty, with a battalion between them, and a brigade of foot on their right. They were headed by General Amezaga, and comprised the flower of the Spanish army, more especially the royal guards. Finding their number so large, and the ground wider than that from which he had set out, the English general, after ascending the hill, halted for a few minutes, to bring up six squadrons from the second line; so that his first now consisted of sixteen in all: four Dutch, six English, and as many German. As soon as these were formed, the order to charge was given, and most gallantly obeyed. In the onset, Stanhope's and Amezaga's horses closed, and the two generals engaged in single combat; an event between opposite commanders not often seen in any age, but almost without a parallel in modern times. Stanhope killed the Spaniard with a stroke of his sword; and the troops, animated by this example, fought with spirit as well as steadiness; soon retrieved, by their united valour, a first repulse of the German cavalry, pushed the first line of the enemy upon the second, and at length completely routed them. Great bravery, however, was shown on both sides, as is sufficiently evident from the number of the killed and wounded. Amongst the English, both the first and second in command, Generals

nerals Stanhope and Carpenter, were slightly wounded; and the army had to deplore the loss of several excellent officers, especially Count Nassau and the young Earl of Rochford. The total number of killed and wounded on this side was about four hundred; whilst the Spaniards lost above fifteen hundred, amongst whom were the Duke of Sarno, the Marquis of Gironella, and other distinguished officers. A great part of their baggage (including some of Philip's plate) was taken, together with all their tents, and several pieces of cannon. The night gave them an opportunity to retire under the ramparts of Lerida; "but if," says Stanhope, "we had had but two hours more of daylight, you may be assured that not one foot soldier of their army could have escaped." Philip himself was present at the battle, and had nearly been taken prisoner, but was rescued from the danger by the intrepidity of the Marquis of Villadarias and Don Joseph Vallejo, who put themselves at the head of some light cavalry. Several of the soldiers also, with true Castillian spirit, sacrificed their lives for his, by throwing themselves upon the English horsemen, and obtaining by their own deaths some moments of delay in the pursuit; and I regret that we have no record of the names of such gallant subalterns, which seem to me not less worthy of a place in history than those of the most successful generals.'—pp. 301-305.

This was the last but one of our English victories in that peninsular war. It lingered on for some time longer; but the disasters of Brihuega and Villaviciosa, the death of the Emperor Joseph I. (17th April, 1711), which left the Archduke Charles in possession of the Austrian states, and of course essentially changed the views of England and Holland, who had originally formed the Grand Alliance for the express purpose of preventing the Spanish dominions from being permanently thrown into the scale of another great power—but more than all, that change of ministry in England which involved the downfall of the Duke of Marlborough, the abandonment of all his plans, and, as far as faction's spite could annul them, the obliteration of all his glories;—these events were sufficient to close the account abruptly. The Spanish Netherlands were given to the new emperor; by which means undoubtedly one primary object of the war, namely, the interposition of a great independent power between France and Holland, was for the time secured, and Philip of Anjou was presently acknowledged king of all the rest of the Spanish dominions by every European cabinet.

It is painful to dwell on the atrocious *appendix* to the main narrative of these military struggles, which the profligate heartlessness of Harley's government has entailed upon the pen of the historian of this epoch. The brave Catalans, who had for so many years maintained the doubtful cause of the Austrian competitor, were, at this general settlement of affairs, abandoned to their fate. The gallantry with which they bore up to the last moment of direst necessity against the overwhelming forces of Philip; the desperate

desperate fury with which they defended Barcelona, and the merciless catastrophe of their ruin, were such that, in Lord Mahon's language, 'to point out any parallel we can only refer to the forefathers or the descendants of the same heroic people—we must look back to Numantia and Saguntum, or forward to Zaragoza or Gerona.' We may add, that the story of Barcelona is told by Lord Mahon with a vigour and a pathos hardly surpassed even by Southey's masterpiece, the siege of Zaragoza.

His lordship closes with some general observations, so just and well put, that we also are tempted to conclude with quoting one of them:—

'This narrative exhibits, in the strongest point of view, the contrast between the French and the Spaniards as to the relative importance of their capitals. Paris is everything to France; Madrid is but little to Spain. Experience has shown, that any foreign invader, attempting an approach to Paris, will indeed be met by the most spirited resistance: he must cut his way through many brave battalions, and wade deep in blood; but let him once succeed in reaching that city, and all resistance immediately ceases, and any new government there established gives the law to the submissive departments. In civil discord, likewise, that ruler who can gain or overawe the mob of Paris, who can either buy its cheers or disarm its enmity, is readily acknowledged and obeyed throughout the kingdom. Any ruler, on the other hand, who has not discovered that true secret of French government, and sets Paris at defiance, were it even for the benefit of the provinces, will infallibly lose the latter in losing the former. Never was there any slavery more complete or more unjust than this blind obedience of so many worthy, and reflecting, and religious countrymen, to the veering dictates of one giddy and unprincipled town-mob,—this prostration of sound intellect before capricious vanity; of the people of France before the populace of Paris! In Spain, on the contrary, it was shown in the War of the Succession, as again, more lately, in our own times, that the possession of the chief city is of scarcely any avail, either to the foreign enemy or to the native partisan. Twice did the Archduke Charles, three times did Joseph Buonaparte advance in triumph to Madrid; and as often did they learn, that it is one thing to seize the Castilian capital, and another thing to subdue the Castilian people. Thus, what in France is the consummation of conquest, with the Spaniards is hardly its commencement; and thus, under every possible disadvantage, from wretched armies, wretched generals, wretched laws, and wretched governments, they have maintained, and will continue to maintain, their independence.'—pp. 393, 394.

It is impossible to close either the *Life of Belisarius** or this volume, without having formed very high anticipations of the author's

* Is Lord Mahon, by the way, aware that his *Belisarius* has called forth a very elaborate dissertation from the great critic and archaeologist of Vienna, M. von Hanmer? The notice which so distinguished a foreigner has bestowed on his literary

author's future career as a historical writer, in case he should not be withdrawn from it by those many temptations to a life of active politics which must of necessity await a young nobleman so descended and connected, and who has already earned much personal distinction in parliament. He combines, evidently, most unfashionable habits of indefatigable industry and conscientious research, with deep and sagacious views of human nature, a spring of generous sentiment worthy of his blood, and a taste for manly simplicity in composition, in which, surrounded as we are by mawkish affectation, and the exaggerations of straining imbecility, we would fain hail an

'Auspicium melioris horæ
Et specimen venientis ævi.'

ART. VIII.—1. *Mechanism of the Heavens.* By Mrs. Somerville. London. 8vo. 1832.

2. *Mécanique Céleste.* By the Marquis de la Place, &c. Translated, with a Commentary, by Nathaniel Bowditch, LL.D., &c. Volume I. Boston. 1829.

THE close of the last century witnessed the successful termination of that great work, commenced by Newton, and prosecuted by a long succession of illustrious mathematicians, by which the movements of the planetary system were reduced under the expression of dynamical laws, and their past and future positions with respect to their common centre and to each other, rendered matter of strict calculation. A wonderful result, which will for ever form a principal epoch in the history of mankind, was at length arrived at in the announcement of the fact, that a brief and simple sentence, intelligible to a child of ten years of age, accompanied with a few determinate numbers capable of being written down on half a sheet of paper, comprehends within its meaning the history of all the complicated movements of our globe, and the mighty system to which it belongs—the mazy and mystic dance of the planets and their satellites—'cycle on epicycle, orb on orb'—from the earliest ages of which we have any record, nay, beyond all limits of human tradition, even to the remotest period to which speculation can carry us forward into futurity. By the announcement of this law and the establishment of these data, an indefinite succession of events is thus combined into one great

coup d'essai ought to be highly flattering to him; and, amidst the praises which M. von Hammer so liberally showers on him for his corrections of Gibbon, he will find one or two corrections of his own statements which ought to be made use of in a second edition of the book. We think, for example, that M. von Hammer has at length completely settled the question as to the descent of the greatest of the Byzantine generals. The name is, as he shows, a Slavonic one—*Beli-tzar*, i.e. *The White Chief*; and the *Гѣмава*, mentioned as the place of his birth, is not, as Lord M. had supposed, *Germany*, but a village in Illyria, still bearing that identical designation.

fact,

fact, and may be considered as a single feature in creation, independent of the lapse of time, and registered only in the unprogressive annals of eternity.

In the course of the investigations which have terminated in this result, another fact, of a no less high and general order, has come to light, of which Newton could have formed no anticipation, that, namely, of the stability of our system, and the periodic nature and restricted limits of its fluctuations, which preclude the possibility of such deviations from a mean or average state as may lead to the subversion of any essential feature of that happily balanced order which we observe at present to subsist in it. This noble theorem forms a beautiful and animated comment on the cold and abstract announcement of the general law of gravitation. A thousand systems might have been formed of which the motions would, for a time, have been regular and orderly enough, but which would either have ended in a collision of parts subversive of the original conditions, or would pass through a succession of phases or states, endless in variety, among which some would be found no less incompatible with life than such collisions themselves—whether from extreme remoteness or proximity of the source of light and heat, or from violent and sudden alternations of its influence—or in which, at all events, that beautiful and regular succession of seasons—that ‘grateful vicissitude’ we admire and enjoy, and those orderly and established returns of phenomena which afford at once the opportunity and the inducement to trace their laws, would have been wanting; while in their place might have reigned a succession of changes reducible to no apparent rule; variety without progressive improvement; years of unequal length and seasons of capricious temperature; planets and moons of portentous size and aspect, glaring and disappearing at uncertain intervals, and every part of the system wearing the appearance of anarchy, though, in fact, obeying, to the letter, the same general law of gravitation, which must yet have for ever remained unknown to its inhabitants.

Among infinite systems equally possible, such, we have no reason to doubt, might exist—but our own is not, nor can it ever, in its own natural progress, pass into such a one: In the choice of its arbitrary constants, (to use the language of geometers,) in the establishment of the relations of magnitude, speed, and distance of its parts, such a case is expressly provided against. In the circulation of its members all in one direction—in the moderate amount of the eccentricities and inclinations of all the planetary orbits, and the extremely small ones of those of its more important bodies, but more especially in the mode in which the general system is broken up into several subordinate ones, and in the individual attachment and allegiance of each member to its immediate superior,

superior, we must look to the safeguards of this glorious arrangement.

This last-mentioned condition may require some illustration. Had the Earth and Mars, for instance, formed a binary combination separated by an interval no greater than the moon's actual distance from the earth, there is no doubt that such a double planet might have continued to circulate round the sun nearly as the earth and moon do at present. But with such a combination the moon could not have coexisted, without a complete breach of the law of regular periodicity. Its path would be alternately commanded by one and the other of its great equipollent centres, whichever, for the moment, occupied the most advantageous position; and should its primitive velocity be so adjusted that it could neither throw itself to a sufficient distance from both to escape from the influential attraction of either, and become a separate planet, nor attach itself so closely to one of them as to be carried about it as a mere appendage, it must continue to wind, for ever, an intricate and sinuous course around and between them, in which occasional collision with one or other would, by no impossible or improbable contingency, afford a tragic epoch in the history of so ill-adjusted a system.

It is, moreover, well worthy of remark, that the mode in which the stability of our system is accomplished is by no nice mathematical adjustment of proportions,—no equilibrated system of counterpoises satisfying an exact equation, and which the slightest deviation in any of the data from its strict geometrical proportion would annul. Such adjustments, it is true, are not incompatible with the law of gravitation, even in a system composed of several bodies. Geometers have demonstrated, for example, that three or even more bodies, exactly adjusted in their weights and distances, and in the velocities and directions of their motions at any one instant, might continue for ever to describe conic sections about each other, and about their common centre of gravity. But without supposing any such adjustment of the weights and distances of the members of a system subjected to the law of gravitation, and taking them as they are actually in our own, there is yet another supposition in which the absence of secular perturbation might have been ensured,—that, namely, in which the planetary motions should be performed all in one plane, and all in perfect circles about the sun,—realizing, in fact, the old Aristotelian notion of celestial movements, all which he considered to be of necessity exactly circular. We do not remember to have seen any mention made of the possibility of this case. It follows, however, immediately, from the general proposition demonstrated by Lagrange and Laplace, which establishes an invariable relation among the eccentricities of any number of perturbed orbits; viz,
that

that the sum of the squares of all the eccentricities, each multiplied by an invariable coefficient, is itself invariable, and subject to no change by the mutual action of the parts of the system. For it is evident, that had the orbits been all originally circular, or if at any one instant of time each of the eccentricities were, by some external agency, destroyed, so as to render these orbits at once all circles, after which the system should be abandoned to its own reactions, the sum in question would also vanish at that instant, and therefore at every subsequent instant, which would be impossible, (since none of the coefficients are negative,) unless each several eccentricity were to remain for ever evanescent *per se*, or each several orbit a perfect circle.

If we depart from the law of gravitation, and inquire whether, under other conceivable laws of central force, a system might not exist essentially and mathematically free from the possibility of perturbation, and in which every movement should be performed in undeviating orbits and unalterable periods, we have not far to search. Newton has himself demonstrated, in his '*Principia*,' or at least it follows almost immediately from the 89th proposition of his first book and its corollary, that this wonderful property belongs to a law of attractive force in the *direct* proportion of the distance; and, however extravagant such a supposition may appear, if we consent to entertain it as a mere mathematical speculation, it is impossible not to be struck with the simplicity and harmony which would obtain in the motions of a system so constituted. Whatever might be the number, magnitudes, figures, or distances of the bodies composing an universe under the dominion of such a law—in whatever planes they might move, and in whatever directions their motions might be performed—each several body would describe about the common centre of gravity of the whole, a perfect ellipse; and all of them, great and small, near and remote, would execute their revolutions in one common period, so that, at the end of every such period, or *annus magnus*, of the system, all its parts would be exactly re-established in their original positions, whence they would set out afresh, to run the same unvarying round for ever.

We may please ourselves with such speculations, and enjoy the beauty and harmony of their results, in the very same spirit with which we rejoice in the contemplation of an elegant geometrical truth, or a property of numbers, without presumptuously encroaching on the province of creative wisdom, which alone can judge of what is really in harmonious relation with its own design. The stability of our actual system, however, rests on a basis far more refined, and far more curiously elaborate. It depends, as we have before observed, on no nice adjustments of quantity, speed, and distance. The masses of the planets, and the constants

of their motions, might all be changed from what they are, (within certain limits,) yet the same tendency to self-destruction in the *deviations* of the system from a mean state, would still subsist. The actual forms of their orbits are not ellipses, but spirals of excessive intricacy, which never return into themselves; yet this intricacy has its laws, which distinguish it from confusion, and its limits, which preserve it from degenerating into anarchy. It is in this conservation of the principle of order in the midst of perplexity—in this ultimate compensation, brought about by the continued action of causes, which appear at first sight pregnant only with subversion and decay—that we trace the master-workman, with whom the darkness is even as the light.

This momentous result has been brought to light slowly, and, as it were, piecemeal. The individual propositions of which it consists have presented themselves singly, and at considerable intervals of time, like the buried relics of some of those gigantic animals which geologists speak of, each, as it emerged, becoming a fresh object of wonder and admiration, proportioned to the labour of its extraction, as well as to its intrinsic importance; and these feelings have at length been carried to their climax by finding the disjointed members fit together, and unite into a regular and compact fabric.

It is to our continental neighbours, but more especially to the geometers of France, that we owe the disclosure of this magnificent truth: Britain has taken little share in the inquiry. As if content with the glory of originating it, and dazzled and spell-bound by the first great achievement of Newton, his countrymen, with few and small exceptions, have stood aloof from the great work of pursuing into its remote details the general principle established by him. We are far from being disposed to attribute this remarkable supineness to the prevalence of any of the meaner or more malignant feelings of national pride, prejudice, or jealousy. Some irritation and distaste for the continental improvements might be, and no doubt were, engendered, and, to a certain extent, continued by the controversies which excited so lively a sensation among the contemporaries of Newton; but, on the other hand, it could not have been, at first, reasonably presumed, (what proved afterwards to have been really the case,) that the applicability of Newton's mode of investigation should terminate almost at the very point where he himself desisted from applying it—still less that algebraic processes, which were regarded by him as mere auxiliaries to geometrical construction and demonstration, should be destined to acquire such strength and consistency as to supersede all others, and leave them on record only as scientific curiosities. It is rather to the barrier thrown by our insular situation in the way of frequent personal communication between our ma-

thematically and those abroad, to the want of a widely diffused knowledge of the continental languages, and to the consequent indifference in the reading part of the public as to the direction which thought was taking, in the loftier regions of its range, in other lands than our own, that we are inclined to refer what cannot but appear an extraordinary defect of sympathy in so exciting a course of discovery. Much, too, must be attributed to that easy complacency with which human nature is too apt to regard progress already made as all that can be made;—which dwells with admiring and grateful satisfaction on achievements performed and laurels won, while it neglects to body forth the possibilities of a yet richer and more glorious future;—suffers a short breathing time to become prolonged into a state of languor and indifference; and consigns to other and fresher aspirants the toil and the reward of penetrating farther into those thorny and entangled thickets of unexplored research which bound our actual horizon, and by the force of habit and repose come at length to hedge in our thoughts and wishes.

Whatever might be the causes however, it will hardly be denied by any one versed in this kind of reading, that the last twenty years of the eighteenth century were not more remarkable for the triumphs of both the pure and applied mathematics abroad, than for their decline, and, indeed, all but total extinction, at home. From the publication of Waring's profound but cumbrous and obscure '*Meditationes Algebraicæ*,' and Landen's researches on the motions of solids, and his remarkable discovery of the rectification of the hyperbola by two ellipses, we may search our libraries in vain for investigations of the slightest moment in the higher analysis, or, indeed, for any evidence of its abstruser parts being so much as known to our mathematical writers. While the academical collections of Turin, Paris, Berlin, and Petersburg, were teeming with the richest treasures of the analytic art, poured forth with unexampled profusion, our own presented the melancholy contrast of entire silence on all the great questions which were then agitating the mathematical world,—a blank, in short, which the respectable names of Vince and Hellins only served to render more conspicuous.

It was with the commencement of the present century that a sense of our deficiencies, and of the astonishing and disreputable distance to which we had fallen behind the general progress of mathematical knowledge in all its branches, began to make itself felt; but to remedy the evil was more difficult than to discover its existence. Great bodies move slowly. It requires time, where national tastes and habits are concerned, to turn the current of thought out of its smooth-worn track into untried and, at first, abrupt channels; and, besides, the means were wanting. A
total

total deficiency of all elementary books in our own language in which the modern improvements could be studied, precluded beginners from obtaining any glimpse beyond the narrow circle in which their teachers had revolved. The student is guided in his early choice of books by sanction and by usage. He may not, without hazard, venture to chalk out for himself a course of reading unusual and remote; and, rejecting the writers of his own country, choose foreigners for his instructors. To come to such a resolution presupposes a discrimination and a preference which is incompatible with entire unacquaintance with his subjects. It was only, therefore, when, although well instructed and perfect in the usual routine, he found himself arrested at the very first page of any of the elaborate works of the foreign geometers which chance might throw into his hands, that he could acquire the painful but necessary conviction of having all to begin afresh—much even to unlearn;—to forget habits—to change notations—to abandon points of view which had grown familiar—and, in short, put himself once more to school.

The late Professor Woodhouse seems to have been among the first of our countrymen who experienced this inward conviction, with its natural concomitant, the desire to propagate forward to other minds the rising impulse of his own. His papers on the independence of the analytical and geometrical modes of investigation, and on the evidence of imaginary symbols, as well as his treatise on the principles of analytical calculation, contributed largely to produce this effect; and in his *Trigonometry*, in which, for the first time, this important part of geometry was placed before the English reader in a purely analytical form, and with all that peculiar grace and flexibility which belongs to it in that form, he conferred a most essential benefit on the elementary mathematics of his country. We owe also to him a treatise on the *Calculus of Variations*, not indeed very luminous, nor very extensive, but which had one pre-eminent merit, that of appearing just at the right moment, when the want of any work explanatory of what is merely technical in that calculus was becoming urgent.

An increasing interest in mathematical subjects was now also manifested by the occasional appearance of papers of a higher class in our learned *Transactions*, (such as that of Dr. Brinkley, now Bishop of Cloyne, on the exponential developments of Lagrange, a memoir of curious and elaborate merit, and, though somewhat later in point of time, the curious investigations of Mr. Babbage on the theory of functional equations,) as well as of distinct works on subjects of pure analysis. The most remarkable of these is the '*Essay on the various Orders of Logarithmic Transcendents*,' by the late W. Spence of Greenock, the first

formal essay in our language on any distinct and considerable branch of the integral calculus, which had appeared since the publication of Hellins's papers on the 'Rectification of the Conic Sections.' A premature death carried off, in Spence, one who might have become the ornament of his country in this department of knowledge. His posthumous essays, which were not, however, collected and published till 1819, prove him to have been both a learned and inventive analyst. He appears to have studied entirely without assistance, and to have formed his taste and strengthened his powers by a diligent perusal of the continental models. In consequence, he was enabled to attack questions which none of his countrymen had entered upon, such as the general integration of equations of finite differences, and others of that difficult and elevated class.

Among our Scottish countrymen, indeed, the torch of abstract science had never burnt so feebly nor decayed so far as in these southern abodes; nor was a high priest of the sublimer muse ever wanting in those ancient shrines, where Gregory and Napier had paid homage to her power. The late Professor Robison, though his taste for the older geometry led him to undervalue both the evidence and the power of the modern analysis, was yet a mathematician of no inconsiderable note. The remarkable papers of Professor Playfair on Porisms show how deeply the mind of that sound mathematician and elegant writer was imbued with the spirit of the analytical methods and a sense of their superior power—a power, however, which he was content to admire and applaud, rather than ready to wield. It may indeed be questioned whether, by any researches of his own, however successful, he could have given a stronger impulse to the public mind in this direction than what his admirable review of the *Mécanique Céleste* communicated.

To this school also we owe the only British geometer who, at this period, seems to have possessed, not only a complete familiarity with the resources of the higher analysis, but also the habit of using them with skill and success in inquiries of moment in the system of the world—we mean Professor Ivory. The appearance of his 'Memoirs on the Attraction of Spheroids,' which are deservedly considered masterpieces of their kind, and which at once placed their author in the high rank among the geometers of Europe which he has ever since maintained, was almost simultaneous with that of Spence's work, a coincidence which might seem to warrant the most sanguine hopes of the speedy re-establishment of our mathematical glories. But the national taste and acquirements had sunk so low, that the stimulus of these examples was yet for a while unfelt. The 'Essay on Logarithmic Transcendents' attracted little immediate notice,

notice, and the *Memoirs of Ivory*, though received abroad with the respect and admiration they so justly merited, met with slender applause and no imitation at home. Their effect was, to seat their author on a solitary eminence, equally above the sympathy and the comprehension of the world around him. Since that period, however, a change has been slowly but steadily taking place in mathematical education. Students at our universities, fettered by no prejudices, entangled by no habits, and excited by the ardour and emulation of youth, had heard of the existence of masses of knowledge, from which they were debarred by the mere accident of position. There required no more. The *prestige* which magnifies what is unknown, and the attraction inherent in what is forbidden, coincided in their impulse. The books were procured and read, and produced their natural effects. The brows of many a Cambridge moderator were elevated, half in ire, half in admiration, at the unusual answers which began to appear in examination papers. Even moderators are not made of impenetrable stuff; their souls were touched, though fenced with sevenfold Jacquier, and tough bull-hide of Vince and Wood. They were carried away with the stream, in short, or replaced by successors full of their newly-acquired powers. The modern analysis was adopted in its largest extent, and at this moment we believe that there exists not throughout Europe a centre from which a richer and purer light of mathematical instruction emanates through a community, than one, at least, of our universities.

One of the immediate consequences of the increased demand for a knowledge of the continental analysis, and the manner in which it is made subservient to physical inquiry, was a rapid and abundant supply of elementary works. Lacroix's lesser treatise (we wish it had been the greater) has been translated, with note and comment, from the French, and Meier Hirsch's admirable work on the Theory of Algebraic Equations, from the German; and, in addition to these transplanted authorities, (the former of which may be regarded as having greatly contributed, by its numerous examples, to the final *domestication* of the peculiar notation of the differential calculus among us,) a host of indigenous ones on almost every branch of the pure and applied mathematics have emanated chiefly, but by no means entirely, from the press of the Cambridge University, which has thus signalled itself in a manner equally useful to the country and honourable to its directors. Many of these works bear, it is true, strong and singular marks of the *transition state* of the science in which they were produced; but, on the whole, they contain a copious body of instruction; and although we have still nothing approaching in extent and excellence to the elementary works of

Euclid,

Euler, or to the superb digest of analytical knowledge contained in the great work of Lacroix, to which we have before alluded, yet, at least, our students can no longer complain of being left wholly without a guide, or without preparation for a profounder course of reading, should they feel disposed to enter upon it.

Another consequence, no less natural and obvious, of this altered state of feeling and instruction has been the gradual formation of what, at length, begins to merit the appellation of a British School of Geometry. We are far indeed from hoping soon to outstrip those who have so much the start of us, but the race is at least less hopeless than heretofore. The interval between the competitors has begun sensibly to diminish, and we need, at least, no longer fear being disgracefully distanced. We no longer perceive the same shyness, on the part of our mathematical champions, in entering on the great and vexed questions of the lunar and planetary perturbations, the theory of the tides, and others relating to the system of the world; nor the same indifference on that of the bystanders whether they are successful or no. The eminent geometer whom we have before named is no longer the only one among us who adventures himself fairly and boldly within this magic circle. On the contrary, we have recently witnessed the publication, by one of our countrymen, of several profound memoirs on the most intricate and important parts of the terrestrial and planetary theory; on that of another, the novel, and, since Newton's time, the *unique* fact, of a new planetary inequality, not only detected, as so many have been, by British observation, but successfully referred to its origin, and subjected to exact calculation by British analysis, and that by no trifling effort or command of its resources.

We are very sure that in speaking so decidedly as we have felt compelled to do of the long-subsisting superiority of foreign mathematics to our own we run no hazard of wounding any feeling we would wish to spare. Had our prospects, indeed, remained in the same deplorable state into which, but a very few years ago, they seemed to have settled, we should perhaps have preferred silence to the discouraging task of attempting to arouse an apathy so profound—but a better era is evidently advancing. The auguries are favourable. We hail them with delight, and we feel at the same time assured that our Airys, our Lubbocks, our Hamiltons, and our Challises, the hope of our reviving geometry, will bear us out in the view we have taken, and acknowledge with gratitude and pleasure the sources whence they have drawn those principles they are now using so emulously and so well.

Meanwhile the anomalous state of our mathematical literature which we have above described explains very naturally, what must have struck most mathematical readers as a remarkable feature in it,—

it,—we mean, the scanty supply of English works illustrative of the celestial mechanism, whether in the nature of express commentary and avowed illustration of the immortal work of Laplace, or in the form of independent treatises, calculated to bring the whole subject before the reader in a more compendious and explanatory manner than was compatible with Laplace's object, with the greatness and sweeping generality of his outline, or the close and laboured filling in of his detail. The '*Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of Laplace*,' by the late celebrated Dr. Young, will hardly, we apprehend, be regarded by any reader as supplying satisfactorily the one of these desiderata; and although the *Physical Astronomy* of Professor Woodhouse approaches much nearer to what is requisite for the other, yet it by no means satisfies all, or nearly all, the conditions which such a work should accomplish. The detail of processes and developments into which it enters, though ample for elucidating the principles of the methods employed, is yet hardly sufficient to give a complete and effective grasp of the subject matter, while the combination of historical detail with theoretical elucidation, which it keeps in sight, tends to embarrass the reader by constantly shifting his point of view, and calling off his attention to inquire how mistakes have heretofore been committed and rectified; a most instructive thing in itself, no doubt—but calculated rather to render such a work a useful companion in a course of original reading, than to enable it to supply the place of many books, and offer, in a moderate compass, a compendium of what is known.

The works whose titles head the present article supply to the English reader, so far as they extend, both these desiderata, and supply them in a manner that leaves little to wish for. They are both, moreover, otherwise extremely remarkable in respect of the quarters from which they emanate. A lady, our own countrywoman, is the authoress of one; and to an American, by birth and residence, and to the American press, we stand indebted for the other. If anything were wanting to put our geometers effectually on their mettle, it would we think be found in such a coincidence.

Mrs. Somerville is already advantageously known to the philosophical world by her experiments on the magnetising influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum; a delicate and difficult subject of physical inquiry, which the rarity of opportunities for its prosecution, arising from the nature of our climate, will allow no one to study in this country except at a manifest disadvantage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the feeble, although unequivocal indications of magnetism, which she undoubtedly obtained, should have been regarded by many as insufficient to decide the question at issue. To us their evidence appears entitled to con-

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siderable weight; but it is more to our immediate purpose to notice here, the simple and rational manner in which those experiments were conducted—the absence of needless complication and refinement in their plan, and of unnecessary or costly apparatus in their execution—and the perfect freedom from all pretension or affected embarrassment in their statement. The same simplicity of character and conduct, the same entire absence of anything like female vanity or affectation, pervades the whole of the present work. In the pursuit of her object, and in the natural and commendable wish to embody her acquired knowledge in an useful and instructive form for others, she seems entirely to have lost sight of herself; and, although in perfect consciousness of the possession of powers fully adequate to meet every exigency of her arduous undertaking, it yet never appears to have suggested itself to her mind, that the acquisition of such knowledge, or the possession of such powers, by a person of her sex, is in itself anything extraordinary or remarkable. We find, accordingly, beyond the name in the title-page, nothing throughout the work introduced to remind us of its coming from a female hand. Even the tempting opportunity of deprecating criticism, which a preface affords, is neglected; nor does anything apologetic, in the tone of her admirably-written preliminary discourse, betray a latent consciousness of superiority to the less-gifted of her sex, or a claim either on the admiration or forbearance of ours, beyond what the fair merits of the work itself may justly entitle it to. There is not only good taste, but excellent good sense in this. Whether admiration be due, or allowances needed, we accord both the one and the other, with perfect readiness, when left to the workings of our own good feeling. On the other hand, whenever we see such things as the poems of a minor, or the learning of a lady, introduced by an appeal, direct or indirect, to our good nature, we enter on our task of perusal with no very pleasant impression that this amiable weakness of our disposition is about to be largely taxed—an expectation in which, sooth to say, we are rarely disappointed.

In the present instance, however, we are neither called on for allowances, nor do we find any to make: on the contrary, we know not the geometer in this country who might not reasonably congratulate himself on the execution of such a work. The volume is dedicated to Lord Brougham, and appears to have been originally undertaken, at his instance, for publication by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but the views of the author extending with its progress, it outgrew its first destination, and assumed an independent form. The nature of these views—the scope and object of the work—will perhaps be best understood from Mrs. Somerville's own words:—

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'A complete acquaintance with physical astronomy can only be attained by those who are well versed in the highest branches of mathematical and mechanical science; such alone can appreciate the extreme beauty of the results, and the means by which these results are obtained. Nevertheless, a sufficient skill in analysis to follow the general outline—to see the mutual dependence of the several parts of the system—and to comprehend by what means some of the most extraordinary conclusions have been arrived at—is within the reach of many who shrink from the task, appalled by difficulties which perhaps are not more formidable than those incident to the study of the elements of every branch of knowledge; and possibly overrating them, by not making a sufficient distinction between the degree of mathematical acquirement necessary for making discoveries and that which is requisite for understanding what others have done. That the study of mathematics, and their application to astronomy, are full of interest, will be allowed by all who have devoted their time and attention to these pursuits; and they only can estimate the delight of arriving at truth, whether it be in the discovery of a world or of a new property of numbers.'—p. 7.

Let us now see how far the conduct of Mrs. Somerville's work corresponds with these views. In so doing, it is obvious that we are not to look for original discovery, the ambition of which is disclaimed, and which indeed would be misplaced in a work of the kind—nor even for absolute novelty in the methods of arriving at known results. The subject has been, in fact, so copiously handled, and by such a host of the most profound and accomplished mathematicians, that such novelty is now no longer to be expected, nor indeed desired in any fresh exposition of it. It is sufficient if all the results which it imports to know are clearly and perspicuously derived from their principles—the artifices of calculation on which their deduction rests, distinctly explained, and the processes actually pursued to such an extent as to give the reader a *thorough practical insight* into the developments of the subject. This, we think, is fully accomplished in the work before us, for all those parts of the general subject which it professes to embrace, that is to say, the general exposition of the mechanical principles employed—the planetary and lunar theories, and those of Jupiter's satellites with the incidental points arising naturally out of them. The development of the theory of the tides, and the precession of the equinoxes, the attraction of spheroids and the figure of the earth, appear to be reserved for a second volume. A certain degree of inconvenience is incurred by this in the investigation of those irregularities in the motions of the moon and satellites depending on the oblate form of their planets, which compels an anticipation of results not previously demonstrated; but this inconvenience is one more easily perceived than avoided.

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In Mrs. Somerville's preliminary dissertation, a general view is taken of the consequences of the law of gravitation, so far as they have hitherto been traced, whether as relates to the elliptic motions and mutual perturbations of the planets and their satellites, and the slow variations in the forms of their orbits thereby produced, or to the figures assumed by each of them individually, in consequence of the combination of their rotations on their axes with the attractions of their particles on each other and that of neighbouring bodies, together with the nutations, precessions, and librations of their axes themselves, arising from external actions, or, lastly, to the equilibrium and oscillations of the waters and atmospheres which cover their surfaces, comprehending the theory of the tides, and the great geological question of the general stability of the ocean. These, and the important points which are essentially dependent on such investigations—their application to those greater operations of geography to which the term geodesy is usually applied—to the determination of standards of weight and measure—to the fixation of chronological epochs—and a multitude of other interesting inquiries, are treated with a condensation, but at the same time a precision and clearness, which render this preliminary dissertation a model of its kind, and a most valuable acquisition to our literature. We have indeed no hesitation in saying, that we consider it by far the best condensed view of the Newtonian philosophy which has yet appeared. We do not, of course, mean to include the '*Système du Monde*' of Laplace himself, which embraces a far wider range, both of illustration and detail, and of which Mrs. Somerville's preface may in some sort be regarded as an abstract, but an abstract so vivid and judicious as to have all the merit of originality, and such as could have been produced only by one accustomed to large and general views, as well as perfectly familiar with the particulars of the subject.

As specimens of Mrs. Somerville's style of writing, we shall extract a few sentences almost from the commencement of this discourse:—

'Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation, wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupation of consummate interest and subject of elevated meditation. The contemplation of the works of creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble, accomplishing the object of all study which, in the elegant language of Sir J. Mackintosh, is "to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty," and of that supreme and eternal Mind which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love, or delightful contemplation, of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man

is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.'

We rejoice at this testimony to the intrinsic worth of scientific pursuits, and the pure and ennobling recompense they carry with them, from such a quarter. The female bosom is true to its impulses, and unwarpd in their manifestation by motives which, in the sterner sex, are continually giving a bias to their estimates and conduct. The love of glory, the desire of practical utility, nay, even meaner and more selfish motives, may lead a man to toil in the pursuit of science, and adopt, without deeply feeling, the language of a disinterested worshipper at that sacred shrine—but we can conceive no motive, save immediate enjoyment of the kind so well described in the passage just quoted, which can induce a woman, especially an elegant and accomplished one, to undergo the severe and arduous mental exertion indispensable to the acquisition of a really profound knowledge of the higher analysis and its abstruser applications.

What follows is no less pleasing in another point of view:—

'The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science: the magnitude and splendour of the objects, the inconceivable rapidity with which they move, and the enormous distances between them, impress the mind with some notion of the energy that maintains them in their motions with a durability to which we can see no limit. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great First Cause in having endowed man with faculties by which he can not only appreciate the magnificence of his works, but trace with precision the operation of his laws; use the globe he inhabits as a base wherewith to measure the magnitude and distance of the sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firmament. Such pursuits, while they ennoble the mind, at the same time inculcate humility, by showing that there is a barrier which no energy, mental or physical, will ever enable us to pass; that however profoundly we may penetrate the depths of space, there still remain innumerable systems, compared with which, those which seem so mighty to us must dwindle into insignificance, or even become altogether invisible.'

We shall extract only one other passage from this discourse, as an example of the manner in which our fair authoress treats the less familiar topics, to which this part of her work is devoted. It is that in which the stability of the equilibrium of the seas and the permanence of the axis of the earth's rotation are considered.

'It appears from the marine shells found on the tops of the highest mountains, and in almost every part of the globe, that immense continents have been elevated above the ocean, which [ocean] must have engulfed others. Such a catastrophe would be occasioned by a variation in the position of the axis of rotation on the surface of the earth;
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for the seas tending to the new equator would leave some portions of the globe, and overwhelm others. But theory proves that neither nutation, precession, nor any of the disturbing forces which affect the system, have the smallest influence on the axis of rotation, which maintains a permanent position on the surface, if the earth be not disturbed in its rotation by some foreign cause, as the collision of a comet, which may have happened in the immensity of time. Then, indeed, the equilibrium could only have been restored by the rushing of the seas to the new equator, which they would continue to do till their surface was everywhere perpendicular to the direction of gravity. But it is probable that such an accumulation of the waters would not be sufficient to restore equilibrium, if the derangement had been great; for the mean density of the sea is only about a fifth part of that of the earth, and the mean depth, even of the Pacific Ocean, is not more than four miles, whereas the equatorial radius of the earth exceeds the polar radius by twenty-five or thirty miles: consequently the influence of the sea on the direction of gravity is very small; and as it thus appears that a great change in the position of the axis is incompatible with the law of equilibrium, the geological phenomena must be ascribed to an internal cause. Thus, amidst the mighty revolutions which have swept innumerable races of organized beings from the earth—which have elevated plains, and buried mountains in the ocean—the rotation of the earth, and the position of the axis on its surface, have undergone but slight variations.

We will only pause to remark here, that an argument, which appears to us much more conclusive against the fact of any disturbance having, in remote antiquity, taken place in the axis of the earth's rotation, is to be found in the amount of the lunar irregularities which depend on the earth's spheroidal figure. However insufficient the mere transfer of the mass of the ocean from the old to the new equator might be to ensure the permanence of the new axis, the enormous abrasion of the solid matter of such immensely-protuberant continents, as would, on that supposition, be left, by the violent and constant fluctuation of an unequilibrated ocean, would, (according to an ingenious remark of Professor Playfair,) no doubt, in the lapse of some ages, remodel the surface to the spheroidal form; but the lunar theory teaches us that the *internal strata*, as well as the *external outline*, of our globe, are elliptical, their centres being coincident and their axes identical with that of the surface,—a state of things incompatible with a subsequent accommodation of the surface to a new and different state of rotation from that which determined the original distribution of the component matter.

Mrs. Somerville's work is divided into four books, of which the first is devoted to the establishment of those general relations which prevail in the equilibrium or motion of bodies, or systems of bodies, whether solid or fluid, which are necessary to serve as a groundwork for the subsequent investigations;—the second, to the planetary

planetary theory, the elliptic motions and mutual perturbations of the bodies of our system, and the secular changes which take place in their orbits. The third book is given to the lunar theory; and the fourth to that of Jupiter's satellites, which is now for the first time introduced in any regular and extensive form to the English reader. From some confusion in the arrangement, or at least the numbering of the chapters of this book, it would seem to have been the original intention of the author to have thrown these two divisions of her subject into one, probably under the general head of the theory of Satellites. The actual arrangement is, on every account, infinitely preferable.

In the treatment of the statical and dynamical principles developed in the first part, the processes of the first book of the '*Mécanique Céleste*' are pretty closely but by no means servilely adhered to. Laplace's demonstration, for instance, of the fundamental principle of the composition of forces is suppressed, and its place supplied by one more elementary; and again, in the investigation of the equation of continuity of a fluid, the excessive difficulty and complication of the analysis by which he arrives at this result is evaded, and the whole subject in consequence greatly simplified by adopting a different and easier method of estimating the volume of an elementary molecule of the fluid in its displaced position. The whole of this portion of the work is also copiously illustrated by diagrams, which, however readily dispensed with by those whom long habit has rendered familiar with analytical mechanics, are yet extremely useful in assisting the conception of less experienced readers. We could wish that a little more assistance of this kind had been afforded, and altogether a little more explanatory illustration bestowed on that chapter which treats of the rotatory motion of a solid mass. The subject needs it. There is a difficulty of conception in the notion of an axis of rotation shifting its position within a solid from instant to instant, as well as that of pressures exerted by the revolving matter, on such an imaginary and fugitive line, which is very embarrassing to one not accustomed to such speculations, though easily removed by dilating a little on the subject, and placing it in different and familiar points of view. We have always considered this part of analytical mechanics as among the most beautiful and exquisite of its applications. It is usually, however, regarded by beginners as more abstruse than its real difficulties authorize. This arises partly from the obscurity of conception we have alluded to, but partly, also, from a more technical cause,—the frequent changes of co-ordinates which its analytical treatment involves. This is a difficulty of the same kind as transposition, in a musical performance, from one key to another; and as a musician can never expect
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to become a ready performer till practice has made such difficulties vanish, so the mathematical student can never feel at complete ease in the higher applications, till all such mere technical evolutions cease to be complained of as difficulties, or even felt as inconveniences.

We could have wished, too, that instead of entering, in this part of the work, on the theory of the tides, which is by far the most complicated and infinitely the least satisfactory part of the general subject, that of the attractions of spheroids had been traced, at least so far as to demonstrate the theorems which are afterwards taken for granted in the development of those terms of the mercurial and lunar theory, and that of Jupiter's satellites, which depend on the oblate figure of the primary. As it is only a single term in the development of the series expressing the deviation of the law of gravity in the spheroid from that in the sphere which is wanted, this might have been very easily done, and at the same time the reader prepared to enter more fully into this interesting part of the subject, in a more advanced state of his knowledge.

In the second book the planetary theory is given with a fulness commensurate with its importance. Its first chapters are of course devoted to the theory of elliptic motion, which is concisely, but very perspicuously stated. The equations used are the beautiful integrals of the general differential equations first obtained, if we remember rightly, by Lagrange, and used by him with such wonderful effect for ascertaining the variations of the elements. They are the same which Laplace derives in the 18th article of his second book, by a process which we should be inclined to tax with excessive and useless generality, were it not quite necessary to show that this important part of the theory had been probed to the quick, and every resource which analysis could furnish exhausted on it. Mrs. Somerville, however, very properly derives them by the ordinary processes of direct integration. The usual properties of elliptic motion, with the series for the developments of the anomalies and radius vector afterwards required, are there demonstrated, and a few pages added on the determination of the elements.

We should have been glad to have found in this part of the work some outline of the powerful and elegant researches of Gauss on the determination of the orbits of the celestial bodies, and especially some more practical method of determining those of comets than Laplace's. The subject of the motion of comets is, however, summarily dismissed; and even the beautiful theorem of Lambert, which expresses the time of describing a parabolic arc in terms of the radii vectores of its extremities and its chord, is omitted.

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The fine idea of Lagrange, by which the perturbations of a planet are expressed by means of a variable ellipse, and all its inequalities referred to changes in the elliptic elements which are supposed to be in a state of continual fluctuation, has introduced a degree of simplicity and symmetry into the analytical treatment of the planetary theory such as could hardly have been hoped for, and divested it of all that was repulsive and much that was merely laborious in its investigation. It is in this view of the subject alone, that a neat conception can be formed of the distinction between variations truly secular, and those inequalities of long periods which were originally confounded with secular changes. The former class are those which are independent of the mutual configurations of the planets one among the other, and in their theory no other quantities enter than the elements themselves and the time; all those variables on which depend the situations of the planets in their orbits, such as their longitudes, latitudes, and distances from the sun, being excluded. The reactions contemplated in this part of the theory are not so much those of planet on planet, as of orbit on orbit. Nothing can be more exquisite in analysis, nothing more refined in conception, than this investigation, on which depend all those grand propositions respecting the stability of the system to which we have already alluded. In the conduct of this part of her subject, Mrs. Somerville has chiefly adhered to the analysis of Lagrange, as stated by Laplace in the supplement to the third volume of the *Mécanique Céleste*, only in that important and difficult part of it which concerns the invariability of the axes as affected by the squares and products of the disturbing forces, availing herself of the subsequent elaborate investigations of Poisson.

The periodical part of the perturbations of the elements is next investigated, not so much with a view to the ultimate derivation of formulæ for the practical computations of the longitudes and latitudes of the disturbed planets, which, though practicable, is not so easy in this view of the subject as in that of Laplace, which depends on the principle of successive approximations from the differential equations of the troubled orbit; and, so to speak, consists in a continual gathering up of the loose and unravelled ends of the skein which appear in the form of unperiodic terms out of their proper place. The chief advantage of Lagrange's view of the subject when applied to the periodical terms, consists in the clear insight which it gives us into the nature of those equations of long period, such as, for instance, the secular equations, as they were formerly called, of Jupiter and Saturn, and the secular acceleration of the moon, which appear to alter the mean motion, and therefore to affect the axes of their orbits. They, in fact, do so; but such alterations

alterations are all periodical, and no way interfere with the general truth of their ultimate and average invariability. It ought to be remarked, however, that in the case of highly eccentric orbits, such as those of comets, which may approach very near the greater bodies of our system, deviations from the mean motion, and fluctuations of the periodic time may go to such an extent, and the compensation may be put off so long, that, although theoretically true, the proposition of the permanence of the axis may cease to have any useful or practical meaning. This is remarkably exemplified in the comet of Halley, whose periodic return is affected by inequalities of a great many months, nay, even whole years.

In the actual development of the perturbation of a planet in longitude there is a term introduced, at the very first step, proportional to the time. This is, in fact, the representative of that part of the planetary action which, like the mean effect of the ablative force in Newton's lunar theory, tends to diminish or increase the average intensity of gravitation to the central body, and thereby alter the mean motion and period from what they would be had the disturbing planet no existence. The nature of this term, which appears very obscure as it is disposed of in the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' is placed by Mrs. Somerville in a much clearer light.—(p. 299.)

The developments of the perturbations in longitude, latitude, and distance, though tedious, intricate, and laborious, offer no points of real difficulty, except—first, in respect of the terms proportional to powers of the time introduced by integration, for the treatment of which we are referred to Laplace's memoir, in which this difficulty was first obviated; secondly, in respect of terms which, from the near commensurability of the mean motions, acquire small divisors by integration. These are, of all which occur in the planetary theory, the most troublesome. In the case of Jupiter and Saturn they give rise to the 'great equation' of those planets, to which Mrs. Somerville has devoted a masterly chapter, where it is treated with much clearness, and in a very compact and well digested form. On the whole, we consider the development of the planetary theory, as we have it thus brought before us, to be extremely well performed, and, in fact, a most useful and valuable summary of the subject.

The lunar theory differs in many essential points from the planetary. This is owing to the rapid motion of the apsides and nodes of its orbit, in consequence of which it is impossible to treat it, as we do those of the planets, as an ellipse, subject to small and slow variations: this necessitates a totally different analytical treatment of the problem. That which has been universally followed

followed since its first employment by D'Alembert, consists in expressing, not as for the planets, the longitude, &c. in functions of the time, but *vice versâ*, making the moon's longitude itself the independent variable, and expressing the time and the other co-ordinates in terms of this. The reversion of the first series, and substitution of the result in the others, will then enable us to express all the co-ordinates in functions of the time.

Nothing, however, can be well imagined more formidable than the actual execution of these operations; at the same time that, when the delicacies of the management of the co-efficients depending on the motions of the apsides and nodes are once understood, the whole is little more than a mechanical process, demanding only unwearied patience for its accomplishment. In the treatment, therefore, of this part of the subject, an author, whose object is merely to exhibit a clear view of processes, and a summary of results, is limited to a narrow path, affording little scope for the exercise of any faculty but judgment in deciding where to stop. Mrs. Somerville seems to have considered it her duty here to err on the safe side; so that the equations of her lunar theory are, in fact, little else than a transcript, *mutatis mutandis*, of those of Laplace, and co-extensive with his formulæ. She has, however, had recourse to the gigantic work of Damoiseau for the expression of the longitude in terms of the time, the deduction of which, by the actual reversion of Laplace's series, would have been a work of infinitely too much labour, and which every one but those who make it their especial object to surpass all who have gone before them in this most intricate inquiry, must be content to receive on his authority.

The last division of the work is devoted to the theory of Jupiter's satellites—a curious and elegant system, in which the near approach to commensurability in the mean motions of the three interior satellites gives rise to peculiarities of a very remarkable nature both in the analysis and its results. In this system also the great ellipticity of the central body causes a material deviation in its attraction from the law of gravity, the effect being to introduce a term in the expression of the *perturbative function*, varying inversely as the cube of the distance. As we have before observed, the investigation of this term is not given, and we must, moreover, take this opportunity to notice that, by an inaccuracy of wording, which is repeated wherever the same point is referred to in other parts of the work, this term is always spoken of as expressing 'the attraction of the excess of matter at the equator' of the central body, whereas, in fact, it expresses no *attractive force* at all, but an artificial quantity, being the significant perturbative term in the development of that useful function in the theory of the

attraction of spheroids, which expresses the sum of the molecules of the attracting body, divided each by its respective distance from the point attracted, and which is constantly employed by Laplace in this theory, in preference to the direct expression of the attraction itself, for the convenience and symmetry of analysis. We are the more particular in noticing this point, as the most considerable fault we have to find with the work before us consists in an habitual laxity of language, evidently originating in so complete a familiarity with the *quantities* concerned, as to induce a disregard of the *words* by which they are designated, but which, to any one less intimately conversant with the actual analytical operations than its author, must have infallibly become a source of serious errors, and which, at all events, renders it necessary for the reader to be constantly on his guard. It would not be difficult to support this charge (which is rather a grave one) by citations, but we should be extremely unwilling to leave, at the conclusion of our article, any impression less agreeable than that of the unfeigned delight, and we may add, astonishment, with which the perusal of the work has filled us.

We must not, however, stop without saying something of Mr. Bowditch's performance; though what we do say must be short. The idea of undertaking a translation of the whole '*Mécanique Céleste*,' accompanied throughout with a copious running commentary, is one which savours, at first sight, of the *gigantesque*, and is certainly one which, from what we have hitherto had reason to conceive of the popularity and diffusion of mathematical knowledge on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, we should never have expected to have found originated—or, at least, carried into execution, in that quarter. The first volume only has as yet reached us; and when we consider the great difficulty of printing works of this nature, to say nothing of the heavy and probably unremunerated expense, we are not surprised at the delay of the second. Meanwhile the part actually completed (which contains the first two books of Laplace's work) is, with few and slight exceptions, just what we could have wished to see—an exact and careful translation into very good English—exceedingly well printed, and accompanied with notes appended to each page, which leave no step in the text of moment unsupplied, and hardly any material difficulty either of conception or reasoning unelucidated. To the student of '*Celestial Mechanism*' such a work must be invaluable, and we sincerely hope that the success of this volume, which seems thrown out to try the feeling of the public, both American and British, will be such as to induce the speedy appearance of the sequel. Should this unfortunately not be the case, we shall deeply lament that the liberal offer of the
American

American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to print the whole at their expense, was not accepted. Be that as it may, it is impossible to regard the appearance of such a work, even in its present incomplete state, as otherwise than highly creditable to American science, and as the harbinger of future achievements in the loftiest fields of intellectual prowess. Here, at least, is an arena on which we may contend with an emulation unembittered by rivalry.—‘Whatever,’ says Delambre, ‘be the state of political relations, the sciences ought to form, among those who cultivate them, a republic essentially at peace within itself,’—a sentiment applicable, doubtless, to all, but pre-eminently so to that calm, dispassionate pursuit of truth which forms the very essence of the abstract sciences.

ART. IX.—1. *A Letter to a Noble Lord who voted for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, on the Amendments which it may be expedient to make in the Committee.* London. 1832.

2. *Prospects of England.* June, 1832. 8vo.

3. *Address to all Classes and Conditions of Englishmen.* By the Duke of Newcastle. London. 1832.

IF it were possible for us to indulge any personal feelings in the calamitous situation of the country, it might be some consolation to reflect how wonderfully the events of the last two months have corroborated our reasonings and accomplished our predictions. The march of events has been in the exact line that we traced, though its rapidity towards the revolutionary goal has been rather greater than we had anticipated. *Three weeks* have done what, we thought, might have required *three months*, and which others hoped it might take *three years* to accomplish. The fictitious popularity of the King has vanished; he has been menaced, insulted, assaulted—all respect for monarchical government is gone—the independence of the House of Lords has been annihilated, and that power which calls itself *the People*,—but which is really the combination of illegal clubs and a licentious press—has arrogated and exercises, uncontrolled, all the real authority of the state. There is not one man in the country of any party, or shade of party, (save only the narrow circle of their immediate dependents,) with whom the king's Ministers are not objects of detestation or contempt, or both. And if we are not greatly misinformed, they are themselves ‘perplexed in the extreme,’—terrified at what they see,—appalled at what they foresee,—devoured by remorse for what they have done,—and distracted by the most painful doubts as to what they ought to do. They are in the state of the wretched man, of whose misfortune the newspapers have lately been full, who having incautiously or

criminally lighted a fire in the lower parts of his house, saw it spread among the combustible materials with such sudden and ungovernable fury, that his first impulse was to make his own personal escape, leaving his family, his lodgers, and his neighbours to perish in protracted agony and successive torments, the victims of his rashness or his guilt!

In our number for July, 1831, we endeavoured to 'show his Majesty how different was that *semblance of popularity* with which the radical enemies of the crown *mocked* the Patron of the Reform Bill, from that sober, but steady, that moderated because rational, affection and reverence with which the people of England regard the *Sovereign Guardian* of their Constitution in church and state.' We took the liberty of expressing our more than suspicions of the sincerity or the permanence of that *new-born* loyalty and affection towards his Majesty which had so suddenly seized all those who had been, during their whole lives, the enemies and the libellers of royalty in every shape and under every name; and we intimated, that popularity of that nature was an object unworthy the solicitude of the first magistrate of the state, because, in general, it was to be purchased only by an abandonment of his duties, and to be maintained only by compliances, to which no man of feeling or of sense could long submit his judgment or his conscience. 'When'—we took the liberty of saying—'when the orator of old found himself applauded by the giddy multitude, he exclaimed, "What folly have I said?" When a king finds himself extravagantly popular, he may well inquire whether he has not committed some folly; and if he finds that the popularity is like all new-born zeal, most violent amongst those who had hitherto been the bitterest opponents and revilers of everything royal, he may not unwisely suspect that he has unintentionally done something derogatory or injurious to the royal authority.'—(*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlv. p. 515.)

Of the truth of these observations we have had recent and lamentable experience. The fatal elections of May, 1831, were perpetrated, as we then showed, under an abuse of the King's name, and under, as is now supposed, a misrepresentation of his personal sentiments. The *royal standard* was displayed by the same hands which had shortly before carried the tricoloured flag—*brick-bat and bludgeon* protectors of the freedom of election mobbed it to the tune of *God save the King*; and there was not one contest in the whole country in which Ministers did not ostentatiously produce the KING as the auxiliary of the most violent of the democratic candidates.

By such arts those elections were carried in favour of the Reformers,—by such arts a flame was excited which survived the elections, and which,—on the first attempt of the King to express his

his own real opinion,—on his first pause in his downward course of compliance—suddenly, as if by a change of the wind, turned all its violence against both the office and the person of the sovereign, and bids fair to consume every symbol and vestige of the British monarchy.

It is now stated, by those who are supposed to have access to the King, that all this was an abuse of his name, and a misrepresentation of his sentiments, to which His Majesty was—not only no party, but—ignorant of the extent to which they were carried, and far from friendly to the purposes for which they were employed. It was always presumed by those who considered the nature and duties of the kingly office, that in his heart the King must have been, from the first, a *very moderate Reformer*; and we ourselves endeavoured to show that it was contrary to the essence of the monarchical institution itself, that the highest constituted authority should take the lead in the race of innovation. From the nature of individual man, and from the principles of social order, it seemed a moral impossibility that a *king could* be a Radical Reformer; but, against all such reasonings, the ministers of His Majesty alleged the *fact*!—and, as the King, —carrying to its extreme the constitutional doctrine of hearing only by the ear of his ministers, and speaking only with their voice,—had no means of controverting their assertion,—it passed with the judicious as a mysterious and inexplicable anomaly, and, with the public at large, as a certain though extraordinary truth. The *fact*, however, is now confidently denied; and the day will perhaps come, when the ministers must answer at the bar of the public for the statements which they have made, and for the measures which those statements enabled them to carry. That time is not yet arrived,—and certainly *this* is not the place,—nor is it *our* province to enter into so momentous an inquiry. Thus much only will we venture to say, that when the ministers persuaded or deluded the King into a consent to their proceedings, they were, in our opinion, guilty of giving to His Majesty the most unconstitutional and fatal advice that ever was suggested to a sovereign, except, perhaps, that advice by which Charles I. was induced to send Lord Strafford to the block, or that which prevailed on Louis XVI. to double the number of the representatives of the *Tiers Etat*;* but *if* it shall appear, that—

* Our readers will recollect that the effect of this double vote of the *Tiers Etat* was instanced by Mr. Croker, in his reply to Mr. Macauley, as the first point of the parallel of the French Revolution to ours,—as the *French Reform Bill*. (*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlvii. p. 263.) This resemblance has been since expanded and elucidated in a very able pamphlet, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Escott, called ‘The Second Reading of the Reform Bill,’ in which the analogy of the conduct of M. Necker and Lord Grey is forcibly exhibited, and the English minister is eloquently and justly threatened with the same retribution of misery and remorse that punished, in the evening of his life and in an *unhonoured* retirement, the less culpable errors of the vain and shallow Swiss.

having

having failed so to persuade the conscience or delude the judgment of the monarch,—they *falsely* attributed to him sentiments that he did not entertain, and instituted, in his name, proceedings which he did not approve, the guilt would assume a still deeper colour, and its authors would be deservedly liable to the most extreme responsibility with which an indignant sovereign and people can visit their prevaricating servants.

But we leave this part of the subject, which, although of the first interest and importance, is, with our present means of information, only matter of conjecture and argument, to proceed to notice the disastrous facts on which there is neither doubt nor dispute, and to lay before our readers a continuation of the history of the events which, like the successive and increasing billows of a storm, have swelled around the vessel of the state, till the boldest heart and the most experienced heads have abandoned the unhappy ship to a destruction which seems inevitable.

In our last Number we endeavoured to show the fatal impolicy of the House of Lords concurring in the principles of the Reform Bill by allowing it to be read a second time. We chiefly addressed ourselves to that class of the Peers, (now commonly called the *Waverers*;) who, after having been among the most violent as well as able of the opponents of the former bill, were induced, by motives which we never could clearly understand, to advocate a different course as to the present measure. They professed indeed a hope, that by reading the Bill a second time they might obtain such an accession of public opinion in their favour as would enable them to extract in the committee the more deadly venom of the Bill,—to correct its most outrageous injustice, and to remove or mitigate its most fatal violences; and they alleged that certain communications, which, during the recess, they had had with Lord Grey, authorised them to expect his concurrence in some of the most important of these amendments. We endeavoured to persuade them that they were wholly mistaken—that the Bill, and every part of it, would receive such additional sanction, and be endowed with such uncontrollable strength, by the *adoption of its principle*, that, not only would they fail to make any substantial amendment, but that the ministry would not dare to concede one jot, and that the attempt to alter would be attended with fully as much difficulty and danger, as they could anticipate from the more manly, more straightforward, and more consistent course of rejecting it on the second reading.

We asked,

What hope can any rational man entertain that the ministry, if they accomplish the second reading, will admit *any* modification of the bill?

hey if they would? For instance, we believe the *Waverers* are
most

most anxious to save the country from the Metropolitan boroughs; but can they expect that the ministers will abandon that clause?—that clause is, with a vast body of the supporters of the bill, the keystone of the whole structure—remove it, and a fiercer ontery will follow, than the most violent predict, or the most timid fear, from the refusal of the second reading.’—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xlvii. p. 298.

And again,

‘Is there more of dissatisfaction to be apprehended from the rejection of the bill, than from any important alterations in its most objectionable details?’—*Ibid.* p. 300.

These, and many other similar considerations, were urged upon those noble Lords—but in vain. The Reform Bill was read a second time by a majority of 184 to 175—and by that vote the fate of the constitution was sealed!

We should, we think, be pardoned, if we were unable to abstain from some reproaches against the inconsistency and folly of those who brought about so fatal an event; but in truth, we have towards them no feeling but of sorrow for our common misfortune, not unmingled with pity for what *they* must individually suffer, at finding themselves the dupes of the ministers, and the unintentional instruments of their deplorable success. The Waverers meant well, though they judged ill; and in this crisis, it would little become us to aggravate, by contentious observations, the mischief of their error. But there are other considerations, also, which tend to mitigate our resentment and even our grief, and as these considerations may probably, when fairly stated, have a similar effect on the country at large, we shall proceed to develop them with unpromising sincerity.

It is, in our opinion, but justice to the Waverers to confess, that their conduct deprived us only of the *chance* of salvation—we believe, that, at worst, they have only to reproach themselves with having accelerated and made certain, that which those who had most closely observed the whole course of the affair, considered as eventually hardly to be avoided. From the day in which Lord John Russell, as the official organ of the KING and the GOVERNMENT, propounded a measure of Reform so reckless of all private, personal, and corporate rights—so insulting to every existing institution and authority—so subversive of all the bases, moral and political, on which our constitution was founded—and so utterly destructive of the great principle of *prescription* by which alone human society is held together; from THAT HOUR we anticipated, as nearly inevitable, the consummation at which we are now about to arrive.

Up to that day, the wildest reformers had only proposed partial alterations—mere repairs, as they called them—of the ancient edifice, some more and others less extensive, but none
avowedly

avowedly destructive of the main body of the temple, and all professing a religious respect for its sacred foundations. Moreover, even those who had hitherto proposed the most extensive changes were in no condition to excite any grave alarm; they were mere *individuals*, more or less respectable, but still only individuals, and obviously actuated by party or personal motives, or indulging in theoretical fancies:—few of them had any wish, and none of them had any power, to make serious alterations in our system, or to establish such broad and general principles of innovation, as should survive the particular object which they respectively proposed. And these reformers, personally so little formidable, were still less so when opposed, as they constantly and firmly were, by all the constituted authorities of the empire, and by the pride, the respect, and reverence with which (whatever might be felt as to minute flaws and local imperfections) the great body of mankind, at home and abroad, in early and in recent times, acknowledged and admired the practical excellence of the British constitution. But the case was frightfully altered when it was no longer some factious demagogue—some political partizan—some flighty vision-monger, who proposed, for the gratification of his own vanity or the advancement of his party, some modicum of Reform; but when THE KING'S MINISTERS,—by their stations the official conservators of the existing system, and by their rank, property, and opinions, supposed to be indissolubly attached to the institutions from which they were enjoying such eminent advantages—when THESE, we say, the head and the hands of the existing system, proclaimed the whole to be ‘a scandalous and intolerable abuse,’—‘a flagitious usurpation’—‘the cause of all the private misery of millions and all the public calamities of ages,’ it was evident to our minds that a wound,—a poisoned wound,—was inflicted on the Constitution, from which it was hardly possible it should recover.

Thus honestly premising how very hopeless we considered ultimate success to have been from the very outset of the contest, we shall now glance rapidly over the successive periods in which there was, in our humble judgment, a *chance* of salvation. The first was on that very first night! If, on the instant when the announcement was made, the House of Commons had indignantly, and by a large majority, rejected it—which Lord Althorp has since confessed must have been the result of a division—the extravagant violence, partiality, and absurdity of the plan would, for a season perhaps, have covered the Reform Bill and its projectors with ridicule; but, even in that case, we should probably have had but a *respite*—a plan which appealed, as this did, to the passions and the prejudices of the populace, and which had
 basis the seductive principle of taking from the rich

to give to the poor, and of increasing in an enormous degree the power of the democracy, would soon have revived, and, having been *once* sanctioned by *royal authority* and *ministerial recommendation*, it would probably have been reproduced, 'like a giant refreshed,' with ultimately as much power as it has now, by a shorter cut, obtained. That popular seed sown by a royal hand could never have been eradicated—it was a solemn promulgation of principles, which mankind would have believed that nothing but the overwhelming force of truth could ever have extorted from a *a king* and a *government*;—and to that solemn pledge future kings and future governments would have been held by the same violence and with more reason than have now forced the completion of the plan upon the reluctant monarch, and the repentant ministry who so heedlessly proposed it.

But although this be our deliberate opinion, we cannot but wish that the expectation of the ministers (as avowed by Lord Althorp) had been fulfilled, and the Bill rejected on the first reading. Even if nothing but delay had been gained, delay in all such cases is the best corrective of violence and injustice. Delay might have operated beneficially on all parties;—there was, as yet, more of wonder than of approbation in the public mind,—more of a vague desire that *something* might be done than of enthusiasm for any extensive change. The Boroughs, denounced by the ministerial project, would probably, in their choice of representatives, have associated to their cause additional respectability and talents; and, aware of their danger, would have endeavoured to correct any local abuse, and to have given fuller efficiency to what is substantially advantageous in the system. There would have been no longer, in any quarter, a disinclination to transfer the franchise of delinquent boroughs to populous places: and the examples of shameful bribery which had just occurred, at Evesham, Dublin, and Liverpool, would have taught populous places that *they* also stood much in need of Reform; and the indignation against 'close corporations' and 'burgage tenures' would have been exceedingly mitigated by a contrast of their comparative purity with the infamous corruption of so many places in which the constituency was as popular as any reformer could desire. All these, and innumerable other considerations for which a seasonable delay would have afforded the opportunity, might have retarded the rapidity, and have steadied the course, if they did not altogether suspend the march, of Reform.

Why Lord John Russell's proposition was not so met has been long the subject of wonder and inquiry, but has not, that we are aware, been yet satisfactorily explained. In justice to the great Tory party, we are anxious to state what we understand to have been the cause of this, as it appears to us, unfortunate

error

error of judgment. The Tory party, though so generally calumniated as enemies to any and every degree of Reform, were so far from being universally adverse to *all* reform, that many leading persons thought that there were some improvements which might be safely and beneficially *made*, and some others which it might be expedient to *try*. We happen to know, for instance, a curious fact, that, some years ago, two or three of the gentlemen who have been particularly distinguished in their opposition to the Bill, were more favourable to a moderate reform—enfranchisement of the large towns, for example—than the leaders of that party absurdly called the Liberals, whose revengeful and unconscientious junction with the Whigs has belied the whole course of their public lives, and abjured every principle and predilection, whether political or private, which they had ever felt or pretended to feel. When, to such a predisposition in the minds of the leading Tories to correct certain points in the general system, there came to be added the weight of the *Royal authority*, which, in the speech from the throne, and in the exercise of its constitutional prerogative, recommended the consideration of the subject,—it is not surprising that the Tory party—ignorant indeed of the extent to which the ministers might go, but dreading *nothing* like an entire subversion of the constitution—resolved, in deference at once to the opinions of many of their own members, and to that of the Sovereign, not to oppose the introduction of a bill so recommended, and for so plausible a purpose.

So far they were right; but when a proposition was opened of such unexpected extent and such incredible insanity, it seems to us that the previous resolution of the Tories should have gone for nothing; it had been formed in a complete misconception of the nature of the proposition, and should have fallen to the ground with the hypothesis on which it was built. This we know was felt by many at the moment; but, on the other hand, we must, in fairness, consider the danger of changing one's position in the face of the enemy, and at the very moment of attack,—the impossibility of consulting the various persons who had concurred in the original resolution,—the uncertainty as to how far individuals might sanction by their votes such a change of tactics; and, above all, the belief that a plan, which was received with astonishment, not to say dismay, by the supporters of ministers, and with shouts of laughter by their opponents, would be the more completely extinguished by further exposure and a more critical discussion. All these reasons (and perhaps others, with which we are not acquainted) appear to have influenced the leaders of the Tories on that night to abide by their first resolution; and afford, we confess, if not an entire justification, at least a very rational and sufficient apology.

But

But neither the ministers nor their opponents could have foreseen the effect which, by a strange combination of accidental circumstances, was produced on the minds of the people. It is the nature of man to be excited and delighted by a surprise; the point of an epigram, the catastrophe of a play, the issue of a secret expedition, operate on the feelings and imaginations of men in proportion as they are unexpected; and the suddenness and surprise with which the prospect of this *Niagara* of Reform burst upon us, had at least as much share in the effect produced as the intrinsic character of the proposition itself. And the wonder and consequent excitement were, above all, increased by the influence of the King's name, and the unprecedented and astonishing sight of the king's Ministers placing themselves at the head of the old and inveterate enemies of all royal authority, and promulgating principles which had hitherto been heard only from democrats and demagogues.

Yet still the phrenzy did not reach its height at once; and another occasion soon occurred, in which the plague might perhaps have been stayed. We mean just before the dissolution. That was the most fatal step of the whole proceeding, and that upon which it is the least possible for the Ministers to allege anything like an excuse for their conduct, which, besides its general folly and wickedness, had here the special addition of fraud and falsehood. The then existing House of Commons was the same which had brought them into power,—that House had read their bill, with all its monstrous and flagrant offences and defects, a *second time*, and thus sanctioned the principle. The crime of that House of Commons, in the eyes of the ministry, was only the passing a resolution,—which the ministers themselves subsequently adopted!—of not diminishing the numbers of the House. It is now known, as was always suspected, that the King could not have been prevailed upon to dissolve his House of Commons for such a cause as this; but a pretext was easily found or made. His Majesty was deluded by a statement, that the House of Commons had '*stopped the supplies*,' and must therefore be dissolved! How the King was persuaded, in so high a matter, to give credit to such an assertion we cannot guess—suffice it to repeat, that the statement was *false*—utterly, undeniably false—nay, we may now add, ludicrously false. The only pretext for it was that some delay took place one evening in voting the Ordinance Estimates—which delay was so little like *stopping the supplies*, that the ministers themselves dissolved the parliament without voting them; and the speech from the throne, which dissolved the parliament, 'thanked the faithful Commons for the liberality and readiness with which the *supplies had been granted*!' And we have further to observe, that these blunderers, as if to put on more

ing record the falsehood of their pretext, have, in this very year, so postponed these identical Ordnance Estimates, that they are not yet (30th June) passed; and the delay of one day, which in 1831 was represented as a *stoppage of the supplies*, has been, in 1832, *spontaneously* protracted by the ministers *three months* beyond the date of the dissolution.

Infamous as such a misrepresentation was, and fatal as its immediate effects have been, it may have another, more distant, less obvious, but hardly less fatal, operation:—the '*stopping the supplies*,' which fraud and rashness had thus first suggested to the public mind, as an expedient of control over the crown, became a familiar idea. '*Stopping the supplies*,' which had never been dreamt of since the revolution of 1688, was now, by the highest authority, promulgated, not merely as a theoretical possibility, but as an actual occurrence; and men, who had never before heard that combination of words, or who had never affixed any practical meaning to the expression if they had ever heard it, were surprised and delighted to be thus invested with a new and most formidable instrument of popular power: and accordingly, when, in April 1832, the monarch showed some intention of having an opinion of his own, the fraudulent device of the year before was brought into actual operation, and '*stop the supplies*' was the watchword by which the revolutionary party endeavoured to collect and consolidate their opposition to the King and the Peerage. From this was deduced a corollary, also recommended by *lordly* authority, that not only ought parliament to *stop the supplies*, but that individuals were justified in refusing to pay the taxes imposed by law. These monstrous propositions have had no immediate effect, but we are much mistaken if they will not hereafter rank amongst the foremost mischiefs created by these madmen. The idea has, by being familiarised to the public mind, lost much of the alarm and terror which it ought to create; and the idea of stopping the supplies, first broached by the Lord High Chancellor, and the individual right of refusing to pay the taxes, asserted first by the brother and mere creature of the Lord High Chancellor, and then by a more important person, the noble colleague and nearest friend of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will, instead of being the *ultima ratio populi*, become the ordinary and common mode of expressing public dissent from the policy of the king and the government! We need not waste words in proving that such principles can lead to nothing but anarchy; not merely to the overthrow of the existing constitution and the monarchy—that we believe the Reform Bill *has done*—but to absolute and uncontrollable anarchy.

But however this may be, we return to the fact,—the King was thus deluded into the dissolution of his parliament, under circumstances

circumstances which personally committed the sovereign, and shut him out from all power of pause, deliberation, or modification, while they excited the people to a degree of frenzy and of folly, of which there is no example in our history. The dissolution of a House of Commons favourable to the principle of Reform, because it claimed a right to judge of the extent to which reform should go and of the mode in which it should be effected, was, of course, the signal for the election of a House which should not dare to claim any such right of judging, and which was to pass, without inquiry, hesitation, or restriction, anything and everything which the desperate faction which *rough-rides* the ministry should be pleased, in the insolence of its ignorance and temerity, to propose. It has always appeared to us, that if at this crisis His Majesty could have been informed of the real state of the case, and had refused, on the fraudulent suggestions of his ministers, to dissolve a parliament, whose worst fault was their having created those ministers, there was still perhaps a chance for the salvation of the constitution. For if, after such a refusal, the ministers had stayed in, they would probably have been forced to a more moderate measure of reform, or if they chose to retire, successors would, no doubt, have been found, who, with the favour of the king, the approbation of the Lords, and the support of the House of Commons, and of the real people, might have proposed some plan which would have satisfied the wishes of the public, without endangering the existence of all our institutions. Truth, however, had not yet reached the royal ear, and that chance was also lost!

The next stage, which afforded anything like a resting-place, was the rejection of the second bill by the House of Lords, in October, 1831, and, although the chances of escape were now awfully diminished, yet still some persons believe, that, even then, *all* was not utterly lost. If His Majesty had, even thus late, been enabled to follow what is now supposed to have been his real sentiments;—if, when his first minister had pronounced against the bishops the anathema of the prophet against him who was doomed to immediate death;—if, when another minister—contemptible in every other respect, but of importance, as having led the Reform Bill in the House of Commons,—was rash enough, in a letter of thanks to a radical mob, to call the majority of the House of Lords ‘a faction,’ and weak enough to deny in his place in parliament, that he had meant what he said;—if, when Nottingham Castle was burned, and Colwich Hall plundered;—if, when Bristol was for two days a prey to a reforming mob, and was saved from utter destruction, not by the energy of government, but by the lassitude and ebriety of the populace;—if, when all these things occurred, His Majesty had publicly avowed his disapprobation of the inflammatory language of his ministers, and his royal indignation at the

the scenes by which that language had been followed,—the country would, we are convinced, have rallied round the King. We now know that His Majesty was alive to the imminent peril in which property and liberty were placed by these excesses, and that he insisted that his Ministers should take immediate and effective measures to repress them and their causes,—the Political Unions. The country owes to the King its warmest gratitude for his gracious intentions at that crisis, but the Ministers, who should have executed those intentions, defeated them. The King's wisdom and firmness insisted that a proclamation should be issued against these disturbers of the public peace. The Ministers durst not absolutely disobey their royal master, but having another and a less indulgent master, of whose displeasure they were still more afraid, they so contrived their proclamation as to render it of no effect whatever, unless indeed to lull the apprehensions of the Sovereign and to preserve his confidence by the semblance of obeying his commands. They gave a deprecatory notice of it to those against whom it was directed; and further to conciliate them and to purchase a shadow of submission, it was accompanied by a counter proclamation, dictated by the Unions, for the immediate meeting of parliament. Like the 'juggling fiends' in *Macbeth*,

' They paltered with him in a double sense,
They kept the word of promise to the ear
And broke it to the hope '—

and thus was lost,—and again by deception and fraud,—another chance of arresting the revolution.

A new bill was now introduced, after a prorogation which was—in obedience to the mob, and in opposition to the avowed and decided wishes of the ministers themselves—the *shortest ever known*. We will not repeat all the circumstances of insult to the King and even to the ministers—to common decency and to common sense—with which the populace and its Press drove on the reproduction and rapid progress of this third bill. We have already observed upon them—we will only say, that the mask was now dropped by all the parties in the political masquerade—every moderating influence in the king—every option in his ministers, every control over the mobs, was avowedly abandoned. The House of Commons—though the eyes of *individuals* were opened, and though their sentiments were essentially altered—the House of Commons still bore the same general aspect, and—although a noble contest, which, if reason and eloquence could have decided the question, must have been victorious, was maintained—it was obvious that there was no ultimate hope for the salvation of the country, but in the wisdom and firmness of the House of Lords.

This brings us to the second reading of the third bill, in April
1832.

1832. The readers of our last Number, and, indeed, every reading man in the country, is aware of the state of affairs at that crisis. The House of Lords was in the same opinion, as to the danger and iniquity of the bill, (how could it be otherwise?) that it had been in the preceding October, but a small yet influential body of peers, who had in October been most zealous, we had almost said rash, in their opposition, were now resolved to vote for the second reading of the bill, in the hope of being able, by so great a sacrifice, to acquire such influence in the public mind as would enable them to amend the bill in what they thought its most objectionable points. We denounced that expectation as a miserable delusion, and that course as a most fatal surrender of the whole question. How lamentably has our prediction been verified! We, and we believe every unprejudiced mind in the country, saw that if by the second reading in the House of Peers the principle of the bill should be invested with the sanction, even though only nominal, of King, Lords, and Commons, all further resistance must be not only unavailing, but in the last degree perilous to the aristocracy and the monarchy. Had we then had as much reason as we now have to suspect that the ministers had abused the royal confidence, misrepresented the royal opinion, and overborne the royal conscience, we might have stated our reasoning still higher; but the facts known to all mankind were sufficiently strong (without lifting the curtain of the royal closet) to have satisfied reasonable men that the King *could* not have been, as he was represented, a zealot for revolution, and that even if he had been so over-persuaded by evil counsellors, it was the duty, the peculiar duty of the hereditary advisers of the crown to interpose once more the salutary delay which the constitution had (and especially for such an occasion) vested in their hands. If they had done so,—if that party which turned the scale had not been led away by the silliest will-o'-the-wisp that ever entangled wanderers or waverers,—the king might have been emancipated and the constitution have been, for a season, preserved. 'The ministers would have resigned'—we doubt it; but they would have been turned out, and an administration might have been formed under the auspices of the moderating influence of the sovereign, which might have found some means of conciliating the reforming spirit of the Commons with the reluctance of the House of Lords to lend itself to unlimited innovation. Of the three Estates of the Legislature, one only would, in that case, have been committed to the bill, and of that one it is well known that a considerable and the most respectable portion would not have been averse to a conciliatory medium. Another of the three Estates had pronounced with equal force against the principle of the bill, but a considerable and respectable portion of it, also, were willing to

to adopt a conciliatory medium: while the third and highest, partaking of both opinions, anxious to do something, but adverse to conceding everything, would have been in his true character of a sovereign mediator, and would also have gladly concurred in a conciliatory medium. But that opportunity was again lost!—and by the strange delusion and fatal miscalculation on the part of the Waverers, which we have already alluded to, the principle of the bill received, by its second reading in the upper house, the irrevocable and irresistible sanction of King, Lords, and Commons.

The drama was closed, and the curtain might perhaps as well have dropped—but the brave, and wise, and honest men who had opposed every step of this revolution did not conceive themselves to be at liberty to abdicate their duty, and to abandon their country. They still felt that they were bound, however hopelessly, to maintain the contest to the last, and to fight in the committee (as had been so nobly and, in argument, so victoriously done in the Commons) all the absurd and iniquitous provisions of the Bill.

And now the Waverers came prominently upon the scene, and assuming the second reading to have decided on the principle of the bill, were anxious,—we believe, honestly and sincerely anxious,—to make the best of a bad bargain, and to render the bill less immediately destructive by some amendments in its details.

It appears from a highly curious pamphlet, whose title stands at the head of this article, that one of these noble persons applied to a friend,* who was supposed to have bestowed much study on the details of the Bill, for his opinion as to the mode in which the future conduct of the Lords as to the bill ought to be directed, and by what amendments, taking matters as they then stood, it could be rendered less dangerous; the answer to that question was given in a letter, which has since been printed and published, and is thus before us. The writer foresaw how little was to be done, but was induced not to refuse his advice, by reasons which he states in the opening of his letter, and to the force of which we believe most readers will assent.

‘ You ask me to put myself into the position of a moderate Reformer who has voted for the second reading of the Reform Bill, and to consider by what amendments we may have the best chance of mitigating its injustice to individuals and communities, and of diminishing its danger to the constitution and the monarchy. This is, to me, a hard and a hopeless task; for I do not see a prospect—nay, not a possibility, of arriving at any safe, satisfactory, or final adjustment of the innumerable difficulties with which this fatal measure has encompassed us. Yet I shall endeavour to obey your commands frankly and sincerely, and I will add zealously; for although I could never have brought myself to vote for any stage of the bill, I think the concurrence of the House of Lords in the principle of *some* reform, by giving

* The Earl of Haddington, we are informed, and Mr. Croker.

the bill a second reading, has materially altered the case; and when I see the ship sinking, I shall not, because I originally advised the steering another course, refuse to help to construct a *raft* on which the crew may take the chances of a prolonged existence.'—p. 1.

He then proceeds to say—

'I believe that those who opposed the bill altogether, and those who wish for very important alterations, are, *if they unite*, masters of its fate; but you tell me that you will not be induced by that consideration to propose anything essentially destructive of the bill, nor to which the ministers, as men of honour, would be bound to offer uncompromising resistance. Though I cannot enter into these feelings, I will defer to them; but, of course, I cannot know what the Ministers may or may not consider themselves at liberty to concede. We must, therefore, begin by seeking some guide on that point; and the only one I can find is, their own bill,—their first bill,—*THE BILL* on which they appealed to the country. The provisions of that bill—monstrous as they at first appeared, and as, to me, they still appear—are, in my opinion, considerably less dangerous, as to immediate effect, than that accumulated mass of partiality, injustice, inconsistency, ignorance, and temerity, which is now before your Lordships. Compared with this, the first bill loses some of its terror, and still more of its absurdity. I shall, therefore, take that first bill as the basis of the propositions which I shall submit to you, and shall assume that anything which that bill contained might, with perfect consistency on the part of ministers, be adopted in the present: in those instances in which we may think it *indispensable* to depart from the provisions of the first bill, we shall be able, I think, to show, that we ask no dereliction of a principle, but only the modification of a detail.'—pp. 2, 3.

The author, in pursuance of this just and, we must be allowed to say, candid, if not over-candid, view of the task imposed upon him, proceeds to suggest what he thinks the best arrangement of the details;—of which the most important is, that whereas the first bill unnecessarily and wantonly reduced the number of members by about sixty, while it totally disfranchised sixty boroughs, those sixty members should be restored, *one* to each of the sixty boroughs; so that, in fact, there would have been no Schedule A at all, but that Schedule B would have contained eighty-five names—eighty-five members being all that were required for *enfranchisement*, which might thus have been 'operated without the entire extinction of *any one existing right*.'

'This seems to me,' says the letter-writer, 'so happy a coincidence, that I own it affords me some hope that the House of Lords may see in it a mode the most simple and convenient, as well as the least unjust and violent, of arranging the difficult and complex question now before them; and I humbly, but *most earnestly*, press this most important consideration on the attention of yourself and your friends. It would at once go far to assuage all personal feelings, to conciliate all corpo-

rate interest, and to satisfy all public hopes, wishes, and expectations,—except, indeed, of that party who look to *reform* only as a step to *revolution*.

‘But it may be said, would you have no disfranchisement at all—not even of “Gatton, Old Sarum, or Midhurst,” originally denounced by Lord John Russell, as examples of “intolerable and scandalous abuse?” I reply, first, that the subtraction of one member each from eighty-five boroughs is of itself an enormous disfranchisement. Mr. Pitt, in his early plan, and Lord John Russell himself, in 1832, proposed only the partial disfranchisement of 100. Nor would I (under present circumstances and in *your* position) object even to 100, if that number were required for any rational scheme of *enfranchisement*. But surely there can be no solid reason for going beyond that necessity!’

He goes on to show that

‘There was not, as might, perhaps, at first sight appear, anything inconsistent with the principle of the Bill in thus partially preserving the boroughs in schedule A.—The ministers, themselves, have, as I stated in the outset, abandoned all reference to the *present state* of the several places, and have, by extensive additions, preserved (as we shall see presently) some of the *closest* and most inconsiderable boroughs in England—nay, even ‘*intolerable and scandalous*’ MIDHURST and OLD SARUM themselves!’

‘Of 141 old boroughs preserved by the present bill, 112 are, by the Boundary Bill, enlarged (generally very considerably), and only 29 remain unchanged. For our *present view* it is enough—but very important—to remark that this great number of enlarged boroughs, and the vast increase which some of them receive (one is increased *tenfold*, and above thirty appear to be *doubled*), afford abundant examples and precedents for enlarging to an adequate size any boroughs which you may be able to rescue from schedule A.

‘I am very far from approving this general dislocation, and am rather inclined to join in the scriptural commination against him “who removes his neighbour’s land-mark;” still more do I object to the irregular and, I fear, partial mode in which these additions have been made. But *whatever* principle may be applied to the 112 preserved but altered boroughs, may surely be as well applied to schedule A.’—pp. 45, 46, 47.

This proposition is illustrated by the examples of *Midhurst, Wilton, Old Sarum, Wareham, Westbury, &c.*, each of which he shows to have had neither more nor less claim to be preserved than all the other boroughs in schedule A. We shall extract, as an instance,—not the grossest but the shortest—the case of *Westbury*:—*Westbury* was supposed to be a Tory borough—one at least of its members was a staunch anti-reformer—and *Westbury* was in schedule A of the first bill. On the dissolution of parliament this anti-reform member was replaced by a zealous reformer,

reformer, and Westbury, in the second bill, escaped from both schedules and preserved its entire franchise, although the old borough, upon which all the calculations professed to be founded, turned out, on the local examination of the commissioner,

‘ to contain

Population.	Houses.	10l. Houses.	Assessed Taxes.
800	183	91	90l.

and is therefore, in all respects, inferior to a majority of the boroughs still included in schedule A; and yet it is preserved from total disfranchisement, and, by the additions made to it by the boundary bill, it is to consist of

Population.	Houses.	10l. Houses.	Assessed Taxes.
7324	1552	318	995l.

that is, to be increased *tenfold*! From this example, it is evident that it is not the *present state* of the existing borough which guides the ministers; and that every borough in schedule A should, in common fairness, have the same advantage that Westbury has had, of being judged by its future capabilities.

We have neither room nor leisure to follow the writer through these acute and able disquisitions; they are now we fear useless except as history; but to those who may feel an interest in tracing the infamous means by which an infamous end was accomplished, we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of those details—which are given by this pamphlet in a more convenient and intelligible form (by the assistance of maps and plans) than we have elsewhere seen. We were particularly struck by the masterly development of the series of tricks by which MIDHURST, ‘ the intolerable and scandalous,’ has been preserved, and of the series of frauds and falsehoods by which APPLEBY, the shire town and only borough of Westmoreland, has been disfranchised. These cases are now only matter of fruitless indignation; but there is another subject—the Metropolitan boroughs—which is of such vital importance, and is handled with so much force, novelty, and truth, that although the passage is too long to be extracted here, we earnestly entreat our readers to procure the pamphlet and weigh those observations; which, so far from being out of date, are, by the passing of the Bill, become of most urgent practical interest.

After a long train of facts and reasonings, through which it is now unnecessary to follow him, the letter-writer thus sums up his advice:—

‘ I have now, my dear Lord, obeyed,—to the best of my judgment, but with great haste, and, I fear, consequent imperfection,—your commands. Without changing, or seeing the slightest reason to change, the opinions which I have, all along, held on this subject, and being more and more alarmed at the result to which the *principles*,

now let loose, must ultimately carry us, I yet have framed my observations, on the supposition,—which you and others seem to entertain,—that the bill can be so essentially improved as to ensure comparative safety,—or, at least, a pause,—a check in the giddy whirl of revolution.

‘Would to God that those who have formed that comfortable opinion should be right! Would to God that YOUR LORDSHIPS, who have it in your power to make such improvements, may be FIRM and UNANIMOUS in your resolution to carry them. You must not moot small points, nor differ on curious trifles, nor make nice distinctions: the strength of this giant does not lie in his hair—waste not your time in clipping it. You will, we trust, be ALL disposed to *unite* on the five following cardinal propositions, on which it would be my humble advice that your whole proceedings should hinge:—

‘I.—Begin with *enfranchisement*, and enfranchise *no more* than the first Bill did—*nor less!*—except in those special cases, like the Metropolitans, in which the public safety is concerned—or those others, like the Durham and Staffordshire boroughs, which bear the appearance of being, if not private, at least local jobs.

‘II.—Carry *disfranchisement* no further than is required for enfranchisement; and in disfranchising disturb as little as possible existing rights; if you want *forty* Members, rather take *one* each from *forty* boroughs, than wholly annihilate *twenty*.

‘III.—Adhere to the *first* bill in rejecting the third member for the seven middle-sized counties; this is not only right on its *own* account, but it prevents the disfranchisement of seven boroughs.

‘IV.—As to the 10*l.* franchise, adopt the provisions of the second bill (clause 21), which *was the Ministers’ own deliberate and well-advised arrangement and proposition*;—providing, however, that the *assessment or rate*, (whichever may be adopted,) shall act as a *registration*.

‘V.—Enact that all persons shall vote for representatives in that place where the property, in right of which they vote, is situated.

‘If you can carry these FIVE points, all of which (except the second) have been, in *principle*, adopted in the FIRST or SECOND BILLS, and which, therefore, ministers cannot say are in PRINCIPLE *incompatible* with their original project of reform—If, I say, you will,—for if you will, you can,—accomplish these five objects, you will have, in my humble judgment, the satisfaction of having done the best that, in this—the agony of our constitution—can be done to save it from immediate destruction, and to afford it a chance of ultimate recovery.’

This seems to us to have been, under the circumstances, sound and judicious advice. Indeed it appears to have chalked out the *only* course which, at this period of the affair, could have reconciled the personal pledges of the monarch with the recent decision of the Upper House, and with the conditions under which the majority of the Lords had consented to the second reading. It contained enough of what is called Reform to have satisfied any

man

man who was not in his heart bent on Revolution, and it preserved more of the ancient system than any anti-reformer could, at that period, hope by any other measure to obtain;—it saved the honour of the ministers by adopting a large portion of their first bill—and it conciliated the acquiescence of their opponents by preserving a considerable portion of the existing system, and by removing some of the most striking anomalies and injustice of the proposed one. It afforded, in short, a *mezzotermine*,—a rational and honourable medium, in which all men who, as we have just said, wished for a Reform short of Revolution, or who saw Revolution in the ministerial Reform, might have concurred, and by their concurrence, and the weight of such a combined power of opinion might have, to use the writer's own expression, produced 'at least a pause,—a check in the giddy whirl of revolution!'

That, indeed, such a scheme could have been ultimately successful, the writer himself, we see, more than doubts. He seems to think, and we think with him, that the great accession of power to the democratical branch (already proved by the passing events to be too strong for the other two estates) must *eventually*, and at no distant period, have worked out the *whole* of Lord John Russell's original proposition, and *much more*. But still this plan, if it had been adopted, would have afforded some chance of arresting the Revolution.

We now proceed with an historical statement of the events which rendered unavailing this and every other plan for the diminution of our danger.

The first step in the Committee of the Lords was a proposition of Lord Lyndhurst's to *postpone* disfranchisement to enfranchisement; which was carried against the ministers by the union of the Waverers and Conservatives—151 to 116. As proxies do not vote in committees, this majority of 35 was more than equivalent to the majority of 41 on the second reading last year, and proved that there was no essential change of sentiment in the House. On this event Lord Grey and Lord Brougham waited on his Majesty, and proposed a large creation of peers, or offered, as an alternative, their resignation. The precise nature of their communication with the King we cannot pretend to know. It is, however, stated on good authority that the ministers insisted on an *indefinite* power of creation to any extent which might be necessary to pass the measure; and—on being pressed as to what number they contemplated as likely to be required—modestly mentioned about *sixty or seventy*!!! Such an overwhelming invasion of the House of Lords his Majesty, of course, could not sanction, though we have heard that—with that excess of a feeling in itself amiable to which throughout

throughout this whole matter he had often submitted his own better opinions—he was prepared to have made a considerable concession even on this point. Be that as it may, the ministers resigned. This was a step at once artful and audacious, and placed, as we shall soon see, the king and the country at their mercy; for the second reading having been passed and the principle thus irrevocably established, they calculated that no administration could be formed which, on the one hand, could resist the principle so solemnly sanctioned by King, Lords, and Commons, or which, on the other, would consent to complete the perilous task which they left in so forward a state—in any case they saw that the position to which *they* had reduced the *King*, and to which the *Waverers* had reduced the *question*, rendered the triumphant passing of the bill, in all its essential points, inevitable, and they were not at all sorry to have the chance of sharing, with any man or men, the deep responsibility with which even they began to feel their own quasi-consciences oppressed.

There could be no *honest* motive for their resignation. The House of Lords, and particularly the Waverers, had been induced to support the second reading by Lord Grey's public pledges 'that the committee should be at liberty to discuss the bill freely; and although he was not prepared to say that he would concur in any amendments, yet it would be his duty to bow to the decision of the House in anything which was not destructive of the great objects of the bill.' Now, though we readily admit that Lord Lyndhurst's amendment was not a mere matter of form, it was certainly no matter of *principle*, as has been proved by the result, for it was carried, and yet the bill suffered no mutilation; and therefore Lord Grey, in refusing in the very outset—on the threshold as it were—to the House of Lords the power of making *any* amendment, did most undoubtedly retract the pledge by which their Lordships had been entrapped into the second reading.

'But,' says Lord Grey, 'I saw in that majority the power of beating me on the principle, and I therefore was bound in honour to resign.' But we beg leave to ask him why he did not feel the same obligation to resign the year before, when he was really beaten on the principle,—and with what face he could make such a statement when the principle had been triumphantly carried, and mainly by the speeches and votes of some of those who now, *trusting in his solemn assurances, both public and private*, had imagined that they were at liberty to deal with the details? We ask him, as a man of honour, whether he did not, in his private communications with the Waverers, admit of *much more important* changes than this? whether he believes he could have carried the second reading if, instead of professing a hypocritical de-

ference

ference to the future judgment of the committee, he had told their lordships, that, if he was outnumbered on any detail, he should consider *that* as a defeat on the principle, and throw up the administration at the exact moment when it would be impossible to form another? We have readily admitted that Lord Lyndhurst's motion was not a mere matter of form; but what *principle* did it involve? None at all!—What detail even did it vary? Only this, that whereas the ministerial bill had partially, and, if not corruptly, at least arbitrarily, inflicted disfranchisement and conferred enfranchisement, Lord Lyndhurst proposed, that before the positive number and actual names of the boroughs condemned or created were voted, their lordships should consider how many deserved to be so condemned, and how many were entitled to be so created. No very unreasonable request under any circumstances, but certainly a most natural one in this case, when the ministers themselves had altered, in the course of their bills, the *number* of disfranchised boroughs from 107 to 86, and of enfranchised boroughs from 32 to 43, and had so changed and shifted the *names* of the places, that above *sixty* alterations had occurred, backwards and forwards, in the disfranchising schedules, and *seventeen* in the enfranchising schedules,—and this, too, so recently, that alterations, both in disfranchisement and enfranchisement, had been made after the Bill had passed through the three months' committee of the House of Commons, and the very day before it was sent up to their Lordships.

But there was a circumstance which, however we may on other grounds lament it, took from Lord Grey even the shadow of an excuse for the course which he adopted. Immediately after the division in the Lords, Lord Ellenborough, who (though inclined to moderate Reform) had distinguished himself in his very able opposition to the Bill, seeing that Lord Grey was anxious to consider the division as decisive of the fate of the Bill, was induced, partly with a view of preventing such a misrepresentation, but chiefly, as we believe, at the earnest entreaty of Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, and the other Waverers, to state to their lordships that it was not the intention of the victorious party to effect any alteration in the principle of the Bill,—nay, that they were prepared to adopt schedule A, and thus go the whole proposed length of total disfranchisement. This statement, which filled the Tories throughout the kingdom with surprise, and defeated by anticipation all chance of forming a conservative government, took away from Lord Grey even the slightest pretence for saying that the principle of his Bill, or even the great and leading detail of disfranchisement, had been impugned: but candour is not the fit weapon for dealing with such men.

men. Lord Grey no sooner foresaw, from the avowal which Lord Ellenborough had been authorized to make, the impossibility of forming a conservative government, than he resolved to resign, convinced that he could do so not only with safety but with profit. To be sure it would require some effrontery to say, after such a declaration, that the disfranchisement clauses were in danger—but no matter; he took just as much of Lord Ellenborough's statement as suited his purpose; and when he had assured himself of the almost insuperable difficulties in forming a new administration, which this adoption of the principle of disfranchisement would create, he boldly declared that the principle of disfranchisement was rejected; and he dutifully desired his Majesty to look out for a successor just when he had satisfied himself that no successor could be found.

We believe that if all the intrigues that are so vulgarly attributed to kings and courts were to be brought to open day, nothing more tortuous, more false in pretence, or more meanly calculated for personal advantage, could be produced. If the Bubb Doddingtons of Lord Grey's cabinet (and there are one or two of them, *the wit excepted*) keep diaries, how the publication will astonish and disgust our posterity! and '*all for quarter day*' will be discovered to be the motto of the Whigs of 1832, as it was of the Whigs of 1742 and 1782; and indeed of every period in our history, at which the Whigs have had the opportunity of displaying their plain dealing and disinterestedness.

A great difference of opinion has, we understand, prevailed as to the policy of Lord Ellenborough's compliance on that night with the wishes of the Waverers, in prematurely, as it seems, declaring what the intentions of the majority in the Upper House were. If the parties had been playing, as in old times, a political game of chess, in which the sole object was to win the game by putting the king in check-mate, Lord Ellenborough's tactics might be censured; but on a question so entirely transcending the ordinary interest of party, in which it might have been truly said, *toto certatur de corpore regni*, in which the conservative party professed and believed that the honour of the King and the existence of the monarchy were at stake, all paltry arts and personal considerations would have been at once unworthy any honest man, and worthless for any honest object. We lament (nobody more) the influence which the Waverers had over the better judgment of an influential portion of the Conservatives in effecting this kind of compromise; but when the resolution had been taken, it was manly, and honest, and becoming those who wished to contrast themselves with Lord Grey and his colleagues, to speak frankly,
and

and to act with an open and straight forward sincerity. If Lord Ellenborough had not avowed the intention of his party, Lord Grey would not, we believe, have resigned; he would, probably, have taken some other turn, and made some other, we know not what, shift; but the result would probably have been the same, and no possible turn, and no practicable shift, could have been more disgraceful to his own character and that of his administration, than the one which he—

‘ With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise’—

was induced to adopt.

We therefore are not disposed to complain, under the difficulties of the case, either of the adoption by Lord Ellenborough and his friends of a considerable Reform, nor of his avowal of it—the influence of the Waverers we suppose necessitated both—but we must doubt the policy of going to *so great length* as he announced. The king had been so circumvented and deluded, that his approbation and pledge to *an extensive Reform* had been obtained; and it must therefore be admitted that there was no chance of relieving the royal honour and conscience from the thralldom in which they were held, but by some endeavour to reconcile his Majesty’s promises, and the decision of the House of Lords on the second reading, with the views of that party, which however averse to Reform generally, were yet anxious to save as much as was possible out of the fire, and to mitigate the evil as far as mitigation could now be hoped for. The second reading of the Bill had, as the writer of the ‘Letter to a Noble Lord’ admits, essentially altered the case; and although we, like him, never could have expected any satisfactory issue from our difficulties after the proceedings had reached the stage in which the Lords’ Committee had found them, yet we should be far from blaming those, who, taking things as they were, endeavoured to make a capitulation with a victorious enemy in the hope of saving the whole army and the country which it protected, from *immediate* destruction. We should have acquiesced—reluctantly indeed, but as the less dangerous alternative—in the plan suggested in the ‘Letter to the Noble Lord,’ or anything like it; but we never could have concurred in the whole of Lord Ellenborough’s proposition—we never could have consented to adopt the whole principle of *utter disfranchisement*, because we think that when *that* was conceded there was, in truth, little left worth fighting for, and when that mass of iniquity, *schedule A*, was adopted, all the rest must have as inevitably followed as night succeeds day. The sequel of the transaction will illustrate our meaning and establish our argument.

The ministers resigned, and the king was left, *alone* and unadvised,

advised, to deal with questions more vital and perplexing than any monarch since the last revolution had had, with all the assistance of ministers and statesmen, to manage. We emphatically say, 'the King was left *alone*,' in spite of the sneer of Lord Grey at the use of that expression by the Duke of Wellington, because no king had ever before been so artfully and effectually isolated by his ministers from all influence but their own, and so completely entangled and restricted as to his future course. His Majesty's personal position was indeed most difficult and painful; he had been led by rash, if not deceitful, guides into what they told him was a practicable ford; and when, on approaching the centre of the stream he found himself unable to stem the torrent, his guides suddenly abandoned him, and left him to make his way backward or forward as he best might. We have heard, that when his Majesty, on taking leave of his Whig servants, consulted two or three of those whom he thought the most moderate and candid as to the first step which, when thus abandoned, it would be proper for him personally to take, they doggedly refused him all advice or sympathy. Thus unexpectedly and cruelly *left alone*, his Majesty's conduct was strictly constitutional and eminently prudent. The chancellors of England are the legal acknowledged keepers, as it is phrased, of his Majesty's conscience,—that is, his first constitutional advisers, in cases of constitutional difficulty. His actual chancellor, who had been one of the foremost to lead him into the embarrassment, had been one of the first to disclaim all further responsibility, and to throw up the seals. What then could his Majesty do? He naturally thought of the only other person who had ever filled the office of his chancellor, and to him—recommended by that circumstance, as well as by his now filling a judicial office, which removed him in a certain degree from the personal interests of party—he had recourse. He sent for Lord Lyndhurst—not to form a government, but—to advise with him, as a privy councillor lately highest in his service, what course should, in such an unparalleled emergency, be taken. As far as the public can know, his lordship's proceedings were every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him. In such an extremity *he* did not abandon his duty, forfeit his oaths, or forget his sovereign's former gracious favour. Seeking nothing for himself, and repudiating all personal interest while he was ready to undertake all personal responsibility, he gave his Majesty the only advice which we think a man of honour and common sense could have given,—namely, that his Majesty should have recourse to the advice of some of those political characters whose station in parliament and the country afforded the best hope of their being able to serve the king. To this was limited,

limited, as it appears, the interference of Lord Lyndhurst: by his advice his Majesty sent for the Duke of Wellington,—and strangely perverted must be that mind which does not think it natural and wise that the king should have sought the advice of that great man whose services to the throne, the state, and the country, had been more various and eminent than those of any individual recorded in our history. His Majesty might have been naturally expected to have sent *at once* for his Grace; but we think it was a proof of personal delicacy and constitutional discretion in the King, to consult in the first place with a person in the position of Lord Lyndhurst.

It appears, from the parliamentary explanations, that the conduct of the king and of the duke, in this trying conjuncture, was worthy of their stations and character.

The King felt that his assent to an *extensive Reform*—no matter by what delusion or misrepresentation it had been obtained,—was given, and from that sacred engagement his royal dignity and his personal honour would not allow him to depart.

The duke appears to have met his Majesty's declaration with equal frankness:—to a Reform, of the nature to which his majesty appeared to be pledged, he had, and continued to have, the most conscientious objections; but the state of affairs no longer left it as a question, whether Reform was in itself desirable;—the question was, whether, by the immediate and evident degradation and annihilation of the House of Peers, Reform was at one leap to become Revolution, or whether, by preserving the independence of the peerage, Reform, dangerous as it was, might be kept within some bounds, and the forms, at least, of the Constitution maintained inviolate for better times.

The second reading of the bill had left his Grace no prospect of being able to oppose it altogether; an immense majority of the Commons—a majority of the Lords—had decided on some Reform, and the only question then existing was between—on the one hand conceding some Reform and maintaining the, at least apparent, independence of the Crown and the Lords, and—on the other, the passing the whole measure, with the additional misfortunes of *openly* degrading the Crown and *summarily* annihilating the House of Lords. His Grace decided, and we own we think justly, and, at least, considering his own personal sacrifice, generously, that the former was the lesser of the alternative evils, and he accepted—not *any office*—but the mission of endeavouring to assist his Majesty in the formation of an administration to be composed of such men as could with honour enter into his Majesty's views of an *extensive Reform*, and thus avert any violation of the independence of the second branch
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of the legislature. Some such men were to be found, who though adverse to the insane and subversive project of the late ministry, had always professed themselves favourable to a moderate reform; but the question had struck too deep in the hearts of the country, and had been too long in discussion, to have left many gentlemen in that intermediate position which alone could have suited his Majesty's purpose; Lord Ellenborough's declaration had announced the terms on which the new measures must be taken, and to those terms the most active and efficient of the Conservatives could not in honour or in conscience subscribe. A conversation which incidentally occurred in the House of Commons proved that even those who *could* have accepted office were reluctant to do so, and that there was a pretty general concurrence of opinion, that *if the bill must pass*, it was better that it should be carried by those who were originally responsible for it; and after some deliberation and inquiry, the Duke of Wellington found himself obliged to acquaint his Majesty that there did not appear to exist in the country a number of statesmen unfettered by pledges and opinions sufficient to enable the king to form a government on the principles which his Majesty had laid down as the basis of his own conduct. There then remained no alternative—the old ministry must be recalled, and the Reform Bill, with all its iniquities must be passed; but from one degradation the king and the lords might be saved: though the bill must be passed, there was still an expedient by which it might be passed without affording the returning ministers an excuse for the immediate destruction of the House of Lords by the creation of sixty or a hundred peers; namely, by the *secession* of the great body of conservative Lords from debates in which their presence could no longer do any good, and would be only a pretext for perpetrating an irremediable mischief. This secession took place, and has been persevered in, not only on all Reform questions, but on every other topic. There have been factitious debates, and sham divisions, but it is notorious that the majority of the peers are adverse to the ministry, and permit them to enjoy the shadow of authority in that House only, lest any check, however trivial or unimportant, might be seized upon as an excuse for that creation of peers which the ministerial adherents in the Lower House are pressing for as their *promised reward*. We have not time to examine, at present, whether the course thus adopted by the House of Lords be the most dignified or the most prudent. We incline to think it the most prudent, and the least dignified; but we must postpone that consideration, and return to the circumstances more immediately connected with the recall of the Whigs.

The hopes of the country—of all those who from station, intelligence,

gence, and property, have been hitherto considered the true organs of public opinion—had been raised so high by the announcement of the king's real sentiments, and the dismissal (as it was called) of the revolutionary ministers, that great and natural disappointment followed the failure of his Majesty's attempt to form a new administration; and the feelings of men, under so entire a prostration of such exalted hopes, were painfully though diversely excited. The general opinion *at first* was, that on the principle of *choosing the less of the two evils*, the former opponents of Reform ought to have consented to carry into effect his Majesty's pledges, and by submitting to be the instruments of an extensive Reform, to have postponed at least the wild and interminable project of Lord Grey. Persons who took this view argued, as was quite true, that the country was equally wearied with, and alarmed at, the ministerial plan—that, for the sake of getting rid of the *firebrand administration*, it would have zealously supported the King and a Cabinet which should propose any less destructive measure; they thought that when a pause had been thus effected, the natural good sense of the people at large would have resumed its influence, and that Reform might have been stopped at the limits assigned by the king, and the Revolution possibly indefinitely postponed.

There is much force in these arguments; but to have given this scheme full and fair operation, the business should have been placed in the hands of those who could, with the least inconsistency or sacrifice of opinion, have conducted it. It would have been idle to think of inviting Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Croker, Mr. Goulburn or Sir Charles Wetherell, to the confirmation of Schedule A. Lord Harrowby should have been placed at the head of the new ministry. We are aware that his Lordship's health and domestic habits would have disinclined him from undertaking the task, but as the difficulty was chiefly of his own making, he would have been bound, as a man of honour, to have met it, in defiance of all personal considerations.

We are not aware whether any overture was made to Lord Harrowby; it was so natural to have looked to him and those who acted with him, to disentangle what they had complicated, that we can hardly suppose that they were not applied to; and yet, on the other hand, we cannot guess on what honourable excuse they could, if applied to, have resisted the appeal. In an administration formed of men, who, like them, were at once attached to the ancient constitution, yet willing to admit extensive alteration, was the last hope of saving the country. With them might have combined the moderate reformers from every side of both houses, and of every shade of opinion. Supported and assisted by the Conservatives under the Duke
of

of Wellington and Sir Robert Pee., they would have had better majorities than a government of Tories could, even in the opinion of the most sanguine, have expected. Such a project seemed to us, from the outset of the negotiation, to have been the only one which offered any *possibility* of success; but we must add, that even if it had succeeded, we do not see what advantage, *except delay*, it would have afforded; because the points which the Waverers considered as so important were, in fact, mere details, which, even if carried, would have left the *principle* of the Bill in full and irresistible force. Nay, more,—we are not sure that the country has not a better chance of a temporary respite or repose by the entire and unimpaired success of the whole ministerial project, than if any of the various plans of amendment had been substituted. The present bill is the unmutilated idol of the Reformers,—they cannot, with any decency, quarrel with it for a season or two; but if it had been altered by either Tories or Waverers, all its intrinsic absurdities and mischiefs would have been charged upon the amendments, and we should have had forced upon us, within three months, a re-amended bill, more, if possible, subversive and revolutionary than the original proposition.

On reviewing, then, the course of this struggle, we console ourselves with thinking, that, however the conduct of the conservative party may be criticised on individual points, and as to particular occasions, the ultimate issue of the contest must have been nearly the same. To a revolution, the dissolution of April, 1831, irrevocably doomed us. It might, by a bolder opposition, have been, perhaps, delayed; but, on the other hand, it might also, by a rash step or a false move, have been *accelerated*; and, on the whole, (with the single exception of the *extent* to which Lord Ellenborough was induced by the Waverers to carry his concessions,) we do not know that there is any part of the battle, since the first reading of the first bill, which, if it were to be fought over again, we should much care to see differently managed.

And now, what is to be the result of all? We must answer—as we did in the very outset—Revolution! And we have made great progress towards that goal even since the bill has been passed;—the quieting medicine, the anodyne potion, has been mixed and swallowed, but the disease is so much more urgent than ever, that even the quacks themselves, who compounded it, begin to think that they have by mistake poisoned their patient. How has the celebrated promise of the King's speech on the 21st June, 1831, been fulfilled? Where is now '*the security for the prerogatives of the Crown, and the authority of both houses of Parliament?*' Gone—vanished—and the words remain on the journals, a solemn mockery

mockery—a sarcastic antithesis—which belie themselves and deride the unhappy dupes whom they have deceived, insulted, and undone. We spare ourselves and our readers the pain of recapitulating all the atrocious insults offered, not merely to the royal authority, but to the very persons of their Majesties. We say nothing of the attempts to incite a cowardly mob to inflict the fate of *De Witte* upon the glory of England, the saviour of Europe. We will not dwell on the bewildered incapacity of the ministry, nor taunt them with the *failure* of their proclamations against the Unions, or the *success* of their denunciations against order and property—their strength to do mischief and their impotence to do anything else; the fatal catalogue of their follies and faults is, we fear, incomplete; the awful account is still current, and we, as yet, see only the first items of the series of misfortune and crime with which they are chargeable. We know not whether the day of retribution will come, but the day of reckoning assuredly will, and a repentant people, looking back with horror and remorse at the maniacal follies and atrocities which they may have committed, will, like the Santon in the story, curse the tempter who administered the intoxicating draught which produced at once their frenzy and their crimes.

And yet—is there no hope? Far be it from us to venture to say so:—hope from mere human efforts we have little, but we cannot believe that Providence, to whom we owe so long a series of happiness and glory, can have doomed this great country to entire and irretrievable desolation. We are disposed, even now—like the Duke of Newcastle, whose touching ‘Address to all classes and conditions of Englishmen’ lies before us, and with the sad but not despairing author of ‘Prospects of England’—to cling still to the hope of better things. That we have merited a severe chastisement, no one, who has observed our moral and religious condition, with Christian eyes, can doubt; and though the extent to which that just chastisement may be carried be inscrutable to human eyes, we cannot but feel so much confidence in the mercy of the great Disposer of events, as to believe that redemption is yet possible, if it be sought with that spirit of contrition and humiliation towards heaven, and that moral firmness and Christian courage towards men, which the instincts of religion and nature alike suggest as the last refuge and best auxiliaries, ‘*in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us.*’ In the midst of our deep apprehensions, we hail some auspicious appearances. We would fain persuade ourselves, that we see ‘some spots of azure in the cloudy sky.’ The King is undeceived—the House of Lords has been saved from utter contamination and degradation—those classes of society, on whose good sense all society must be founded, seem to be resuming their
authority

authority over public opinion—the demagogues are not quite satisfied with their prospects, and begin to suspect that fraud and frenzy will be found, in the long run, no match for common honesty and common sense. France, so long our salutary lesson, and so lately our delusive guide, is resuming her *monitory* aspect; and the *despotic* revolution of June, 1832, has already weakened the dangerous precedent of the *democratic* revolution of July, 1830. The sceptre of the citizen king is become the sword of an autocrat. By employing more than ten times the force which defended the legitimate throne, and by a slaughter twice greater than that of the *Three Great Days*, Louis Philippe still painfully and perilously balances himself on the tight rope, from which Charles X., with less nerve and more humanity, was willing to fall. The license of the press, which the legitimate monarch endeavoured to restrain by *ordonnances*, the republican king has silenced by cannon and scaffolds. Paris—the glorious example of revolutionary moderation and good order—is in a *state of siege*: the prisons are fuller from one day of *liberty*, than they had been for fifteen years of what was called *oppression*: and the tribunals—the legal guardians of persons and property—vanished, at the *word of command* from Marshal Soult, before the liberal and constitutional authority of *courts martial*! * The example of *July* had but too much effect upon us—let us hope that the lesson of *June* may not be thrown away.

Desperate as our condition may seem, there are these and many other consolatory considerations; and it is the duty of every honest man—of all who have hearts to feel, heads to understand, and hands to execute the duties of brave and high-minded Britons—to do all that may belong to each man in his individual station to endeavour to arrest the progress of the enemy, and by courage and, if necessary, self-devotion, to retrieve the day, or at least to secure such a position as may enable them to resume the contest with better hope to-morrow. The Romans after a great calamity did not waste their energies in complaints nor bury them in gloomy torpor; and they surrounded with public honours the man who, whatever were his errors, had the redeeming quality of not despairing, even in the last emergency, of the fortunes of his country. That heroic spirit saved the state in many emergencies, which a faint-hearted people would have considered as desperate. Rome recovered herself after

* We learn, as this sheet is passing through the press, that the Tribunals have obtained an advantage over Marshal Soult, and that his *paper siege* (imitated from Buonaparte's *paper blockades*) is raised: but this does not alter our view; it is but a complication of the difficulties of the Citizen King, and the prelude to a fresh struggle.

Italy had been overrun by Hannibal—after the Gothic invaders had profaned the curule chairs of her Senate and burned the Capitol—after plebeian seditions and even a servile war had devastated the very heart of the empire and extinguished all but the undying courage of patriot hope. Our posterity will honour those brave and illustrious men who have hitherto so nobly fought an unequal battle; but it will still more, and more deservedly, honour the bolder and still more illustrious men, who, after our Constitution has passed through the Caudine forks of the Reform Bill, shall be still found not to have despaired of the salvation of England.

Let us recollect, as an incentive to hope, though it has been disregarded as a lesson of prudence, that we have *once before* had a revolution—a reformed parliament—a suppression of close boroughs—a subjugation of the House of Lords—and a substitution of cheap republican forms for the costly trappings of the monarchy. We have had all that; and we shall have it again; and again, we trust, with the same result. Those theories of government, which captivate and delude for the moment, cannot stand the test of time. They neither possess the reverence which antiquity gives, nor gratify the hope which their novelty inspired: all parties—the adherents of the old system and the aspirants of the new—are equally dissatisfied: turbulence, tumults, anarchies ensue: and all mankind, even those who were foremost in the first commotions, are, by and bye, glad to revert, for the security of persons and stability of property, to the sober experience of better days. The Regicide Reform of 1649 ended in a royal triumph, and Charles II. rode, crowned with the garlands of popular joy, over the very spot on which had stood, ten years before, his father's scaffold. As certainly, shall we, *or our children*, see the Revolution of 1832, with all its consequences, however fatal or extensive they may be, terminate its execrated career in another more joyful and triumphant *Restoration*. Let us watch then with courageous hope and pious confidence for that day; and let us husband our strength and nourish our spirit, to enable us to take advantage of such means as Heaven may employ to bring about, in due season, that happy consummation!

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